

Collier's

TEN CENTS

APRIL 8, 1944

© THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION



PHOTOGRAPH BY MARIAN STEPHENSON AND FLORIAN DE HARDE

INVASION • By QUENTI

April 8, 1944

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Armour

ideas make the most

of meat

4 ways You can help save food

Food fights for freedom!
Don't waste it
—save it!



Armour gives you these suggestions to help you share and play fair with food

America is feeding its fighting men and its home front, and sending urgently-needed food to its allies. America produces enough food to do this . . . just enough and no more.

So we all must help conserve food, every day.

Armour and Company supplies a lot of meat for our men overseas and their families at home. To do this big job, we are using all our experience, all our facilities to stretch the meat supply so everyone has a fair share.

Your kitchen is another place where food can and must be conserved.

Follow these simple food-saving rules: Buy only what you need. Use all you buy. Avoid black markets. Pay no more than ceiling prices. Give required ration points for rationed food.

And use the ideas from the Armour kitchens. There are four of them on this page. They were developed by people who know how to save food. They'll help you get the most nutrition and enjoyment from your food . . . and thus make the supply go farther for everyone.



Make the Most of Leftover Lamb

Just 2 cupfuls of Star Lamb are needed for this rich-tasting dish!

Lamb Barbecue

2 cups cooked Star Lamb, cut in narrow strips	2 tbsps. brown sugar
2 tbsps. Cloverbloom Butter, or Star Bacon drippings	1½ tps. salt
6 tbsps. onion, sliced fine	¾ tsp. chili powder
¾ cup celery, diced	3 tbsps. vinegar
¾ tsp. dry mustard	1½ cups Armour's Tomato Juice
	½ cup water

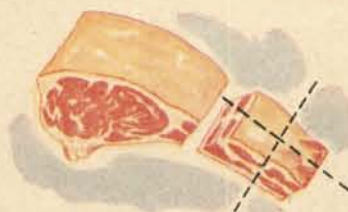
Lightly brown onion and celery in fat. Add dry ingredients. Add vinegar, tomato juice and water. Simmer 20 minutes. Add lamb and simmer slowly for 40 minutes more, or until the sauce has thickened and flavored the lamb. Serve the barbecued lamb in a ring of green or dry lima beans. This recipe makes 4 servings.



Handy Hint for All Meat Cookery

Low temperature meat cooking minimizes shrinkage; gives you the most servings and flavor. Here are some basic rules:

1. Use low (325° F.) oven for roasting all meats and poultry (350° F. for fresh pork.) Do not sear roasts first. 2. A roast is self-basting if placed fat side up in roasting pan. 3. Meats cooked in water should be simmered, not boiled. 4. Lower broiling heat gives more evenly-cooked, juicier steaks and chops.



Here's the Way to Get the Most From a Rib Roast

The next time you buy a 2-rib beef roast—have the dealer cut the long rib end from the roast, up to the "eye" of beef. The long end of the roast should then be cut into 4 individual short ribs for a braised short rib dinner. The thick, meaty roast cooks more evenly, carves better. The diagram above shows how your meat man should cut it. This same idea works on 1-rib roast, and this gives short ribs for dinner for a family of 2.



Two Thrifty Ways to Tastier Pies!

If you have only a little cheese left for tonight's apple pie, grate the cheese and sprinkle on the top crust before serving. Takes less . . . but the flavor's just the same. When making pie crust, remember that lard has the highest shortening power and gives wonderful flavor . . . yet takes the fewest ration points per pound. It's the most plentiful of all shortenings. (Armour's Star Lard is texturated for faster, easier baking.)

© ARMOUR AND COMPANY



Armour and Company

Suppliers of Meat and Dairy Products for America's Military and Civilian needs

Makers of Star Ham and Bacon, Star Beef, Lamb and Veal, Star Sausages, Star Canned Meats, Cloverbloom Poultry and Dairy Products

The truth...the whole truth...and nothing but !

This SHAVING CREAM won't *make shaving a pleasure*

**Why are men tickled
when we offer no-hokum lather and
declare shaving a chore and a bore?**

Over the years, so much has been written and printed about how this or that "makes shaving a pleasure," that many a man has developed almost an inferiority complex.

"Something must be wrong with me," he has thought, when he found that the magic ingredient or the mystic beard-softener didn't immediately permit his personal crop of chin-weeds to depart without pain and struggle.

By putting our cards frankly on the table, we have put our Listerine Shaving Cream on many a man's face... and given him back his self-respect in the bargain.

We offer, *not pleasure*, but a pure, unadulterated, *quality* shaving cream. It comes in a big sea-green and white tube, chock-full from base to cap. You squeeze out just a fraction of an inch, literally, and it quickly brushes up on your face into big billows of moisture-laden lather.

And we'll let you in on a trade secret: The more water you add, the better... because water is really the simple solution to the whole beard-softening mystery.

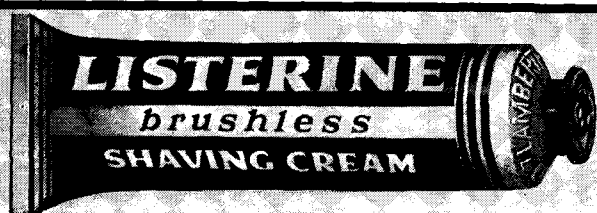
Every day more and more men welcome our Listerine Shaving Cream with open faces, because we have promised them nothing but a *sensible* shaving aid. Why not join them? It's easy to meet Listerine Shaving Cream face to face. Just ask for it at any drug counter. The price is low, the tube lasts long; so it is just as smart to buy as it is smartless to use.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

35¢ TUBE LASTS AND L-A-S-T-S
month after month after month



P.S. TO THE LADIES: For a great shampoo try friend husband's Listerine Shaving Cream... just a little makes clouds of foamy, cleansing lather.



REMEMBER, THERE ARE 2 TYPES OF LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM
*Out of this tube come swell shaves
for men who prefer no-brush cream*



Motorola
"HANDIE-TALKIE"
fighting with
CARLSON'S RAIDERS
in
GUNG HO!

The great story of Lt. Col. Evans Carlson and his Marine Corps raid on Jap-held Makin Island can now be seen in Walter Wanger's exciting Universal war movie. It's a four-star picture!

You'll see Motorola Radio's famous Handie-Talkie at work in battles against the Jap that add greater glory to our fighting leathernecks. The picture takes its title from the Marine battle cry, "GUNG HO," which in Chinese means "work together". That's a good slogan for everyone on the home front too!



Collier's

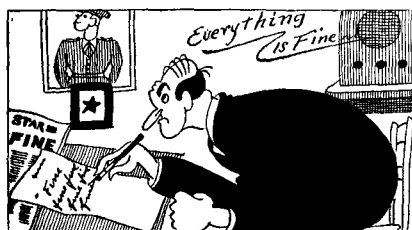
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ANY WEEK

MANY gems of opinion and thought have arrived this week. Some of them are in the quarter-carat class and a few have odd colors. But we're in no position to look a gem in the flaw. One gentleman protests that our government is insisting that he become a liar. He says that the radio and newspaper propagandists insist that he write nothing but cheer to his son in the South Pacific: that "everything is fine at home, that the government is not being run by tired liberals who need retirement, that it's not true that schizophrenics and psychoneurotics whom the Army has turned down are running our domestic affairs." He thinks "to tell the lads the truth about home would make them more eager to stay where they are."



HERE'S a soldier who deplores the government's insistence that we love our allies and our allies love us. He says, "By the time this war's over, we who are doing the fighting are going to be sick and tired of one another and, as far as I know, American isolationism is very amateurish compared with British isolationism. But," says he, "we soldiers are only fighting the war, not running it." A lady in Butte, Montana, warns us that "all these civilians who are running for President had better get themselves nominated by somebody this year, because nobody who isn't in uniform now is going to have a chance in 1948." Another soldier wants to bet us ten dollars that no congressman has the nerve to appear in Europe, Africa or the Pacific and deliver to the lads the kind of speeches they've been giving out with on the soldier vote rowdydow. Anyway, that's the kind of mail we're getting this week.

"MY FATHER told me," writes the Reverend Doctor George T. Haggard of Walla Walla, Washington, "that when Abraham Lincoln was running for his

second term, the captains of each company lined up their men and shouted: 'All who vote for Lincoln, one pace forward.' They did the same for General McClellan. The votes were counted quickly and sent in without delay. In my opinion what was good enough for Abraham Lincoln ought to be good enough for Franklin Roosevelt and his opponent, too."

HERE'S a lady who'd like to Lend-Lease her husband. And a card from a fellow who has just been drafted. It reads: "Franklin Delano Roosevelt and General George Marshall have the honor to announce that Mr. Fred T. Phuffett of I. Israel's Fine Ladies and Gents Shoe Store has been taken into partnership for the duration." And many letters from ladies who read, with mingled feelings, Amy Porter's article about how to be a mother and keep your shape. They all want to know whether any of the ladies cited by Miss Porter ever had four, five or six children and still got whistled at. And one lady who has developed, she says, "fine maternal sag" at the age of forty-eight, has had dates with servicemen "six nights running and would've had six more if her feet didn't hurt from working in an airplane plant."



THEN there are things happening at the Navy induction center across the street that we wouldn't believe if we weren't seeing them. For example, there's a guy named Angelo in our Navy now, and seven girls were there this morning to see Angelo off. Not a sister in the crowd, either, the chief petty officer tells us. Two of the girls asked him tearfully how long the Navy would be needing Angelo. We had a look at Angelo, too. And nope, we don't believe our own eyes. Angelo went marching off, almost in step, with a cheery: "Well, so long, all." ... W. D.

THIS WEEK

APRIL 8, 1944

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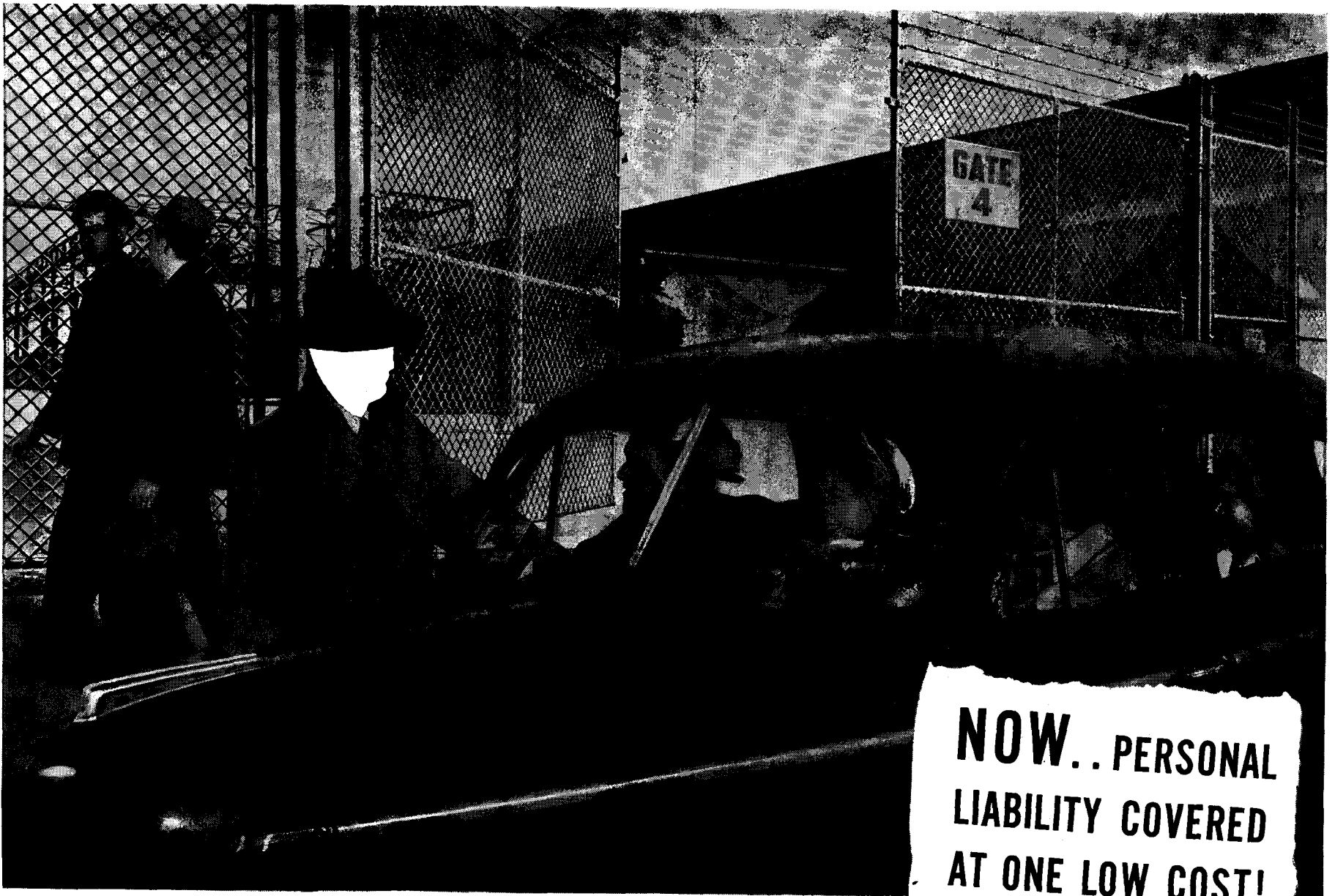
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EDITORIALS

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COVER MARIAN STEPHENSON
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The "5:15" has a new passenger

There goes Bob Rodgers and his "5:15," leaving Gate 4 on Highway 34 packed to the windshield with man and womanpower enough to turn out 750,000 90-mm. anti-aircraft shells a month. *Who's the new passenger?*



The new passenger is Bob's "unseen" friend. He represents State Farm Mutual.

He serves as Bob's doctor-lawyer-bankbook all in one. *He had a message for Bob Rodgers. He has a message for you!*

Whether you drive in a car pool, pick up friends, permit others to drive, use your car daily or weekly, auto insurance is vital to your wartime security. 9,500,000 drivers were involved in accidents in one war year, most of which happened, as usual, at speeds under 35! One accident could be financially disastrous.

Besides providing wartime "share-the-ride" coverages and "gas-ration-card" rates, State Farm Mutual now offers you even broader protection under its famous *More-Insurance-for-your-Money Plan*—

a streamlined, simplified series of new policies, broader in protection, easier to understand.

It is our sincere belief that our *new* Full Service auto policy gives you and your family the *broadest protection for the money ever offered!*

You *and your wife* are insured against (1) legal liability that might be imposed as the result of driving your own insured, *or any other private passenger auto*, and (2) damage to, or loss of, your car. With full coverage you get: (a) medical payments up to \$500 a person for yourself, family, guests, and pedestrians, *even if you are not responsible for the accident*; (b) twice the usual \$5,000—\$10,000 coverage; (c) 80% collision, bail bond, and emergency road service coverages; (d) car rental if your auto is stolen.

The risk you take is great—the cost of protection is small. State Farm Mutual is the *world's largest auto insurance company*, with 7000 agents at your service. Remember that all auto insurance is NOT alike, and that State Farm policies are non-assessable. Your State Farm Mutual agent can show you how these new policies apply to you, help you with life and fire insurance, too. *Get rid of worry—see him TODAY!*

NOW.. PERSONAL LIABILITY COVERED AT ONE LOW COST!

As a part of State Farm's Full Service policy, or any one of its 3 other new auto policies, you can now get unusually broad Comprehensive Personal and Residence liability protection at extremely low rates. See your State Farm agent today!



STATE FARM INSURANCE COMPANIES
BLOOMINGTON, ILL.

Pacific Coast Office:
Berkeley, Calif.

Canadian Office:
Toronto, Canada



FREE to Drivers — Informative Booklet

Mr. G. E. Mecherle,
State Farm Insurance Companies,
Bloomington, Illinois

Please send me your new booklet presenting basic facts about automobile insurance. I understand this request will not obligate me in any way.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

LET'S ALL BACK THE ATTACK—BUY ANOTHER WAR BOND!

FLORSHEIM *Quality*

KEEPS NEW SHOES LOOKING BETTER LONGER



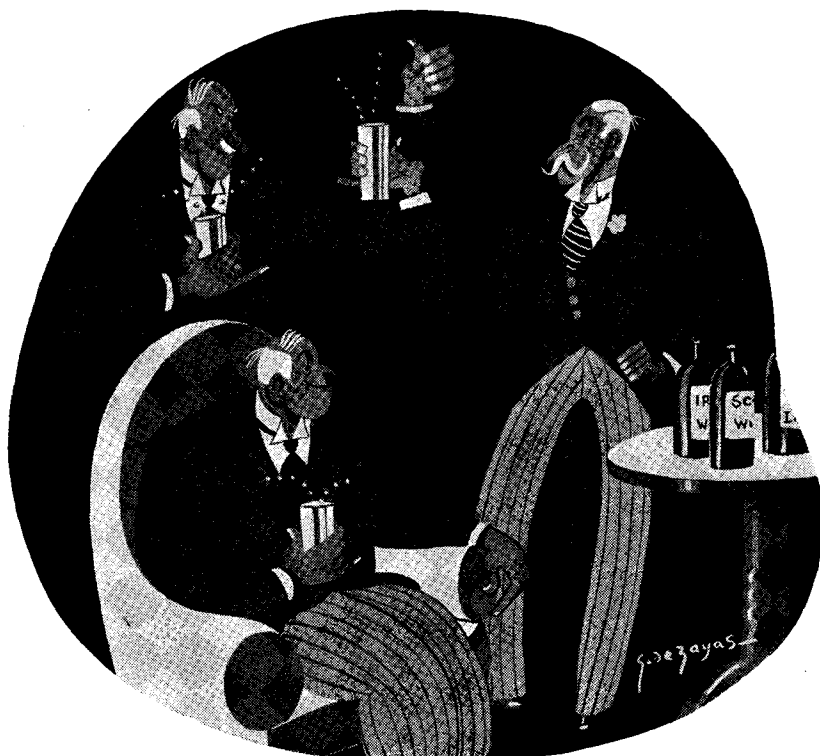
The DEARBORN

Quality today must be more than skin deep; it's not enough for a shoe to *look* good . . . it must *last*, through months and miles of longer rationed wear. This traditional combination of style and wear makes Florsheim Shoes the wartime choice of America's largest single group of quality shoe buyers.

Most Styles
\$10.50 and \$11

Florsheim Shoes

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Although the British are among the world's largest consumers of whisky, none is produced in England, all of the 130 distilleries in the United Kingdom being located in Scotland and Northern Ireland.

Machines are now used on American farms to harvest sweet corn, sugar beets, carrots, spinach and tomatoes. The corn picker also removes the husks, the beet picker shakes off the dirt and disposes of the tops, and the tomato picker sorts the tomatoes into three different color groups through the use of phototubes.

In the past Kentucky Derbies, a total of 677 colts and geldings ran in all the 69 races and won 68 of them. And 26 fillies ran in 22 races and won only one.

Since Pearl Harbor, some 40,000 Americans have sent a total of \$5,300,000 to Washington to help pay for the war, feeling that such outright gifts are more patriotic than investment in War Bonds. Many individuals and groups even send checks regularly, among them being the employees of a California airplane factory who contribute \$1,000 a month.

Thirteen states, 12 of which will hold a gubernatorial election this year, do not provide their governor with an Executive Mansion: Arizona, Colorado, Delaware, Idaho, Iowa, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Oregon, Rhode Island and Vermont.

In 1919, the explosion of several bombs, supposedly set off by anarchists, created such fear of revolution that 29 states passed red flag laws, many of which prohibited even the display of this "socialist emblem" by anyone at any time, except at auctions, on highway obstructions and in railroad signaling. Today, 26 of these statutes are still in effect.

The registration of all voters is not required in ten states, which deem it unnecessary in cities and counties under a certain size because polling inspectors can easily weed out strangers. For example, voters are exempt in towns under 16,000 population in Ohio and in counties under 150,000 population in Missouri.

Experts say that more than 25,000 airplanes could fly simultaneously over our 41,000 miles of existing airways on 20 levels up to 20,000 feet. This theoretical estimate is based on the air space now allotted to each plane in bad weather, a "box" 1,000 feet high, five miles wide and 30 miles long, or ten minutes at 180 m.p.h.

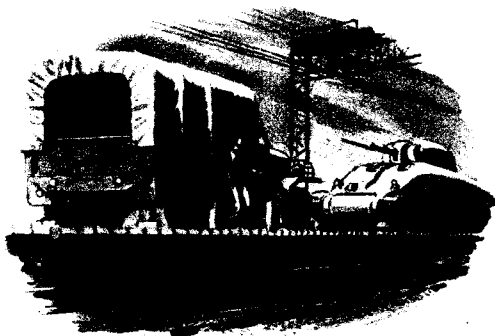
About 25 large and small radio networks in the United States are identified by an individual color by telephone technicians, even on the switchboards through which the programs are transmitted. The system originated 20 years ago when engineers, mapping the first two networks for NBC, used red pencil for one and blue pencil for the other, and the colors became the official names of these radio chains.

No great work of art has been stolen more often than The Adoration of the Lamb, the altarpiece of the Cathedral of St. Bavon in Ghent. Between 1432 and 1781, it remained undisturbed, but since then all or several of its panels have disappeared and been recovered many times. In 1940, this masterpiece was sent to France for safekeeping and, in 1943, it was presented to Goering by the Vichy government.—By Roger K. Buxton, Greensburg, Pennsylvania.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted by Collier's. The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher.

More and more Ethyl is going overseas

—and you'll find some of the reasons why in this
MILITARY QUIZ FOR CAR OWNERS



1. In World War I an average division had about 4000 horsepower. What horsepower does a division have today?
4,000 8,000 25,000 200,000 500,000



2. How many gallons of high-octane gasoline did the Army Air Force consume in the first two years of the war?
500,000 10,000,000 50,000,000 2,000,000,000



3. How many gallons of aviation gasoline did the Navy flying boat "Mars" use flying from San Francisco to Hawaii?
500 1500 2000 5000 6000



4. What ingredient is used to improve every gallon of fighting gasoline used by the Army and Navy?
Cylinder oil Salt Ethyl fluid Carbon tetrachloride



5. What's the No. 1 reason government agencies have placed limits on the quantity and quality of gasoline for civilian use?

Rubber shortage Military needs Transportation problem

ANSWERS

1. 200,000

2. 2,000,000,000

3. 6,000

4. **ETHYL FLUID** is used to improve the antiknock quality of every gallon of fighting gasoline used by our Army and Navy. Remember, our fighting men must have the very best.

5. **MILITARY NEEDS.** The petroleum industry is doing a magnificent job of meeting the ever-mounting requirements of our own Army and Navy and those of our Allies. But fighting the war requires such vast quantities of high quality gasoline that government agencies have had to place limits on the quantity and quality of gasoline for civilian use.



ETHYL CORPORATION
Chrysler Building, New York City

The statements in this advertisement have been submitted to the Office of Censorship, and it has no objection to their publication.

That's what the yearbook said, Class of '41. Tonight, he wouldn't bet on it... He sits in his "office", watches his charts, and worries... Final navigation training check flight—a thousand miles in three legs, daylight and dark. The first leg started in the late afternoon, headed out to sea. The sun's down, and a million stars salt and pepper the sky. Points A and B are mere coordinates in the dark, 300 miles apart...

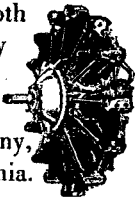
He studies charts and compass, shoots the stars again, calls for a check on drift. A flare is dropped. The bored pilot "trundling a damn baby carriage for infant navigators" swings the plane back over the flare. Looking through his drift meter, the "infant navigator" calls for a slight course correction, goes over his calculations, eyes his wrist watch... This is point A—or it never will be!

ANOTHER two hours of decimals and doubts, checks and rechecks, brings point B, and the third leg. The sea fogs up. Three times he figures Estimated Time of Arrival and finally reports to the pilot... Nothing to do now but wait, while

the fateful minutes pass, the gas gauges drop steadily...

Suddenly the mist breaks, the moon comes out. Point C, coastwise town and problem's end, is black and silver ahead... "Okay kid, you're a navigator", says the pilot... And then the plane becomes a lovely thing. The two engines seem to raise their roar in congratulation, after seven hours aloft—triumphant over chance and danger!

THE bi-motored trainers—that school Air Force pilots, navigators and bombardiers—powered by engines made by Jacobs, run full throttle more time than those in actual combat service, deliver full load dependably day after day, stand up without major overhaul *three times* as long as original specifications called for, serve equally well both airmen and taxpayers! Leading manufacturer today of engines of medium power rating, Jacobs will have much to offer both aviation and industry tomorrow. Remember the name... Jacobs Aircraft Engine Company, Pottstown, Pennsylvania.



JACOBS . Pottstown, Pa.

Wing Talk



Poking its snout from a Mitchell B-25 is a 75-millimeter cannon. North American Aviation's Gerry Williams poses the ammunition

THE successful installation and operation, against the enemy, of the 75-millimeter cannon in the North American B-25 Mitchell medium bombers, brings to America undisputed leadership in the field of aircraft armament. It also brings a new member to the crews of the B-25s—the cannoneer—who presides over the gun in flight, loads it and signals the pilot by a green light so that he may fire it when he is ready, by pressing a button.

Our planes now have the finest array of shooting irons of any air force in the world, beginning with the .50-caliber machine gun; then the 20-millimeter cannon; a step higher to the 37-millimeter and now the big jump to the 75.

When the war broke out, our standard combat planes in use were limited to one or two .30- or .50-caliber guns firing through the propeller. But the advocates of firepower did have big ideas in the experimental stage, notably the Army Airacuda with two 37-millimeter cannon firing forward from each nacelle of its pusher-type engine installation; the 37-millimeter cannon firing through a hollow propeller hub on the Airacobra; a 37-millimeter also in the nose of the twin-engine Lightning (now carrying a 20-millimeter and four .50-caliber guns) and a 75-millimeter, snuggled under the nose of the old-type Douglas B-18 medium bomber.

That the Army Air Forces could install and operate a gun so large, when most minds on aircraft armament throughout the world were still .30-caliber in size, was considered ludicrous by most Americans when they saw it on display at a special show of Army airpower in Washington in January, 1940, which General H. H. Arnold arranged to impress Congress with what we had in small quantities and should have in large.

Incidentally, the foreign air attachés in Washington also were invited to see what we had, and while the Americans laughed at the grotesque idea of hauling a field-piece as big as a 75 into the air and shooting it, the German and Japanese air attachés maintained respectful silence.

Colonel Frank C. Wolfe, Chief of the Armament Laboratory of the Army's Wright Field sums up the punching power American aircraft armament now have in this manner: A flight of thirteen Thun-

derbolts, each with eight .50-caliber guns, has three times the striking power of a machine-gun unit of a German infantry regiment. A formation of thirteen Mitchells carries twice the firepower of the 75 howitzer used by a Nazi regiment, and thirteen Airacobras, carrying 37-millimeter cannon, are equal to the antitank guns of the regiment. The speed with which these guns and cannon can get into and out of a target ranges from 350 to well over 400 miles per hour.

However, good and terrific as all these big guns sound, Colonel Wolfe and hundreds of combat airmen regard the .50-caliber machine gun as the finest arm of its kind. An American development, the "fifty" weighs 65 pounds and can fire 800 rounds per minute. The bullet leaving the muzzle at a speed of nearly 3,000 feet per second can penetrate all parts of an airplane.

The British, stone-cold at first to anything heavier than .30-caliber guns—for it was the array of this type on the Spitfires and Hurricanes that saved England—have gone in for the 40-millimeter cannon and have installed them on some models of Hurricanes for antitank work. They also have installed four 20-millimeter cannon in the wings of Spitfires and North American Mustang P-51s.

The Germans so far have banked on their high-velocity Mauser 20-millimeter cannon in their Focke-Wulf 190s to shoot up Fortresses and Liberators and, while they inflict heavy damage when they score a hit, they have never prevented the heavies from getting to the target. Army people familiar with the German cannon praise it highly, chiefly because of its high muzzle velocity and high rate of fire and the fact that Focke-Wulf 190s can hang outside the range of American "fifties" and lob in shells on the B-17 and B-24 tight formations.

The Japs also use a 20-millimeter cannon, of German design, but of a slower muzzle velocity. Its destructiveness, tied in with a different type of fighter, tactics and pilot competency, is not as effective as the 20-millimeters in the German ships.

However, the 75s on wings are here to stay, for B-25s coming out of North American's Inglewood, California, plant are cannon-equipped. F.R.N.



How to Hit a Target

2 miles underground

When you're drilling for oil, the unexpected can always happen. There's gas down there, a mile or two below—suppose it cuts loose, blowing your "string of tools" and derrick into the next township . . .

Or a spark can turn your producing well into a torch.

And every drop of oil is precious now!

* * *

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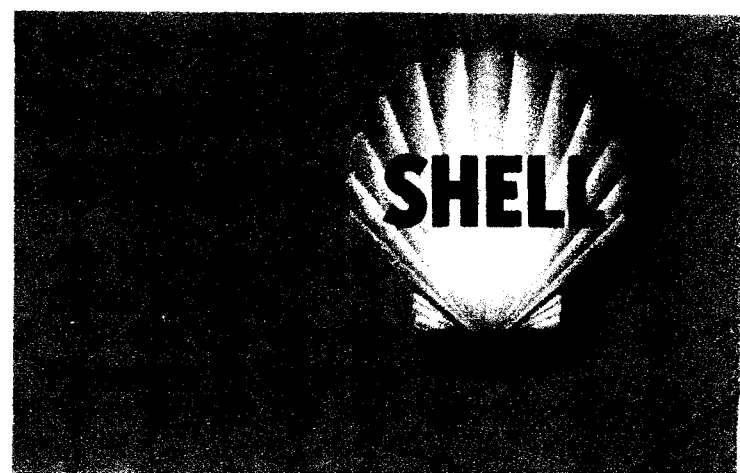
Every extra drop of petroleum being brought up by Directional Drilling now has a "critical" function. Molecules from this drop may appear in Shell's 100 octane aviation gasoline, in butadiene for synthetic rubber, in toluene for TNT . . . or in the sedative which soothes a flyer to restful sleep after a nerve-torturing mission . . .

* * *

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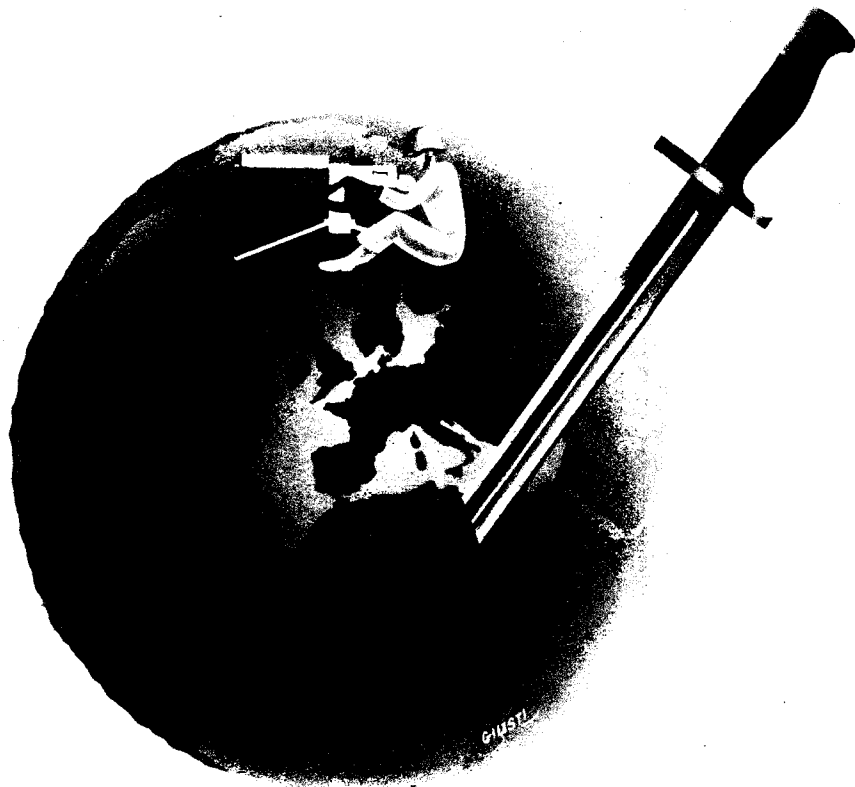


First oil refinery to win the Army-Navy "E"—
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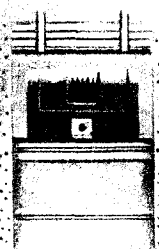
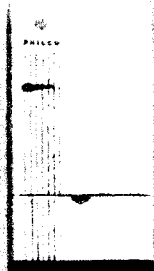
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the men and women of Philco are
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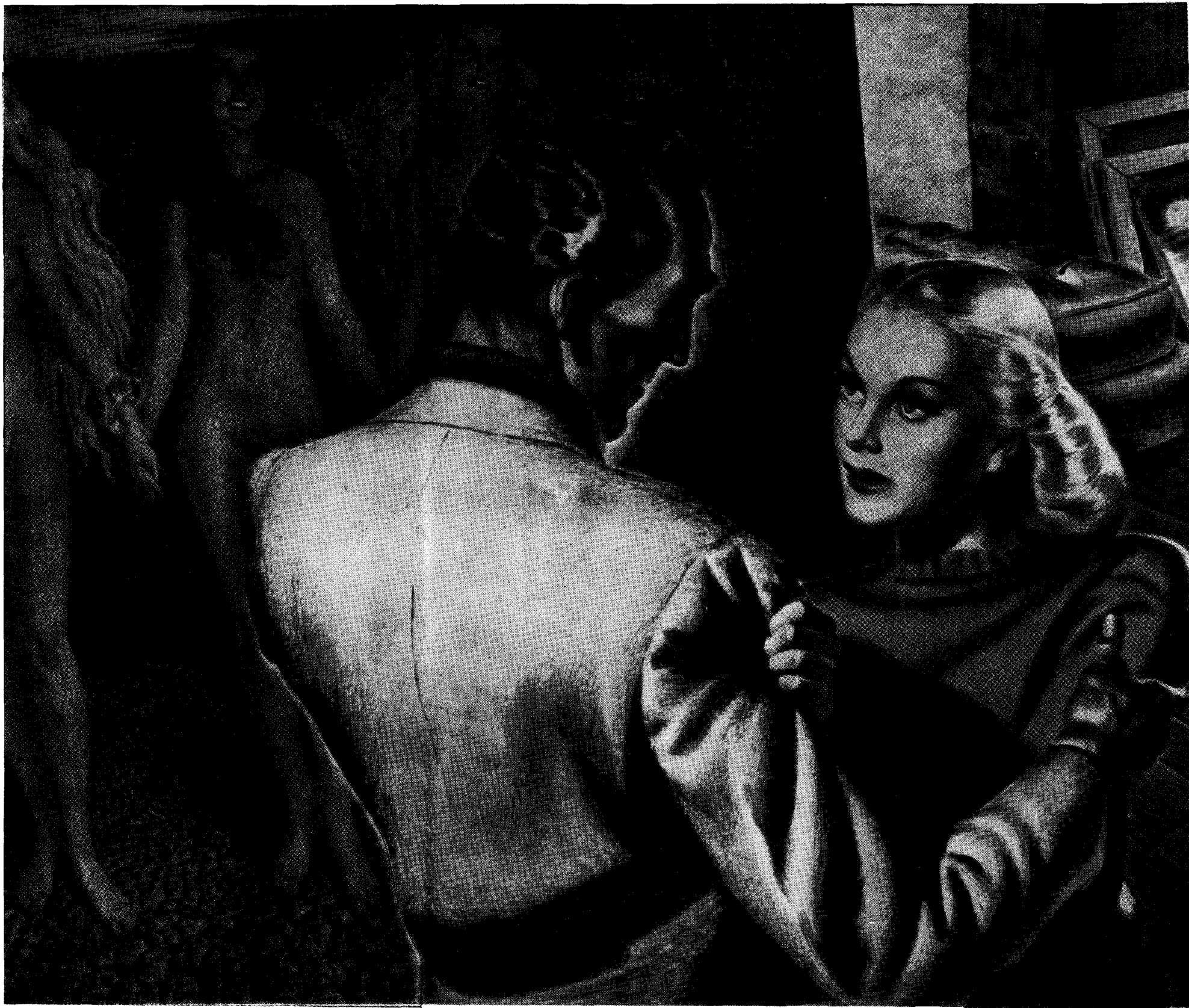
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BACK THE ATTACK — BUY WAR BONDS



"I worked on it for years," Stephen said to the astonished Erin. "I made sketches of you three in bathing suits and imagined the rest"

ESCAPE FROM BEAUTY

BY PETER PAUL O'MARA

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

Since Helen of Troy women have slaved for beauty and men have fought for it. The three fabulous Hathaway sisters were so lovely that they became a legend—and lived to see their beauty threaten everything it had brought them. Here begins their story—in four parts

THE silvery marches of Tidewater Virginia melted into rolling hills, and the hills fled westward until they met the mountains. And there, where the hills and the mountains mingled in long fruitful valleys, the little city of Whitestone sat on the banks of its winding river.

It was a nice town, old and shabby but not poor. It had a college, which was small but dear to the heart of the South, three first-rate movie houses and a couple of department stores. It had a handsome new WPA combination post office and courthouse, and a colonial town hall in which once, for three glorious days, Jef-

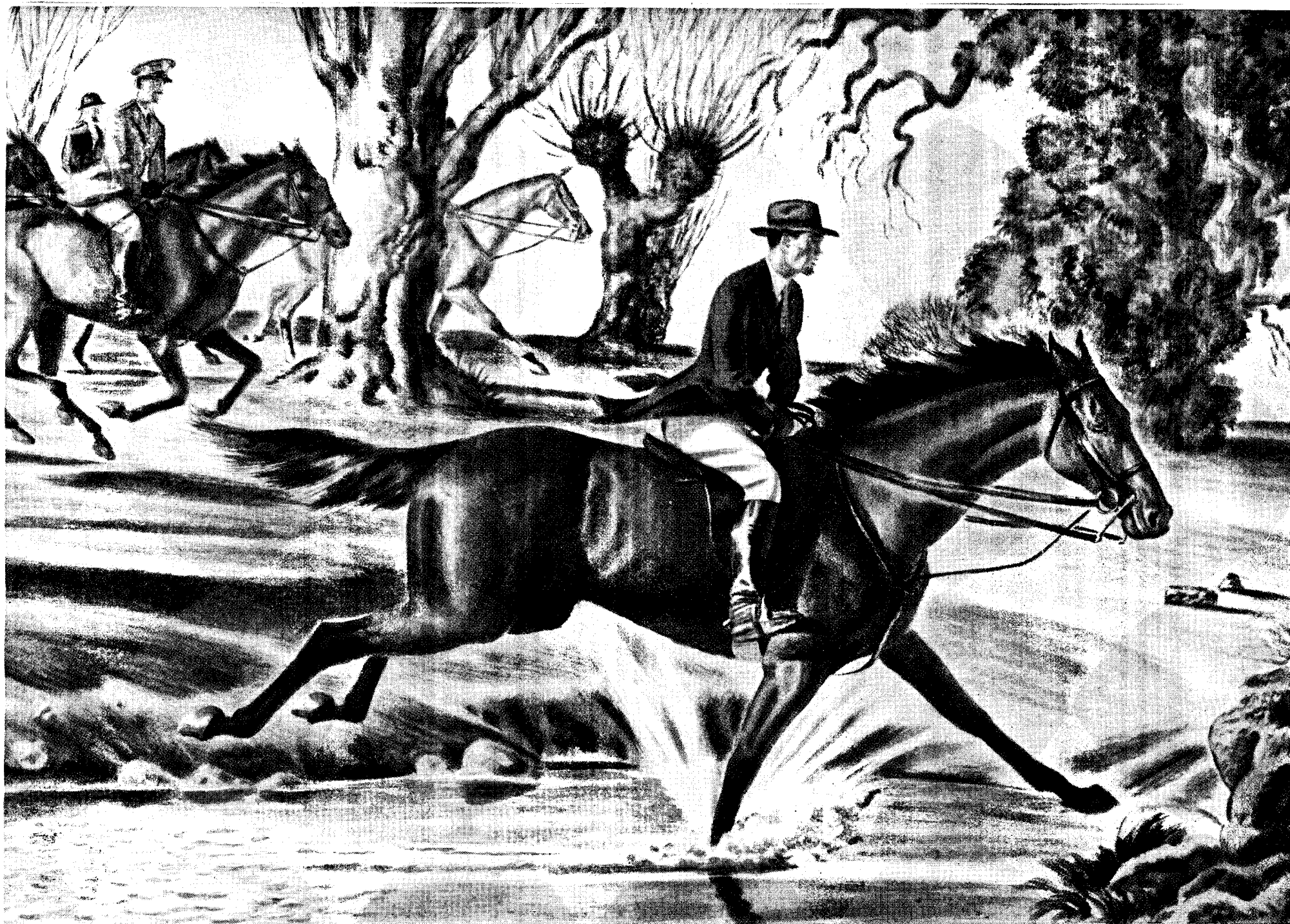
erson Davis had held temporary headquarters. The residential streets, for the most part, were wide and arched with trees. The main business avenue, Princess Anne Street, was narrow and twisting and shadowy.

The farmers brought their crops to Whitestone for sale and shipment—great loads of tobacco and fruits from the blossoming mountain valleys. The people from the little towns and villages scattered through the hills came with their hair to Whitestone beauty parlors, their teeth to Whitestone dentists and their sick to the O'Brien Memorial Hospital.

The hospital was small but good, still

run by the man who had founded it and named it in honor of his mother. Doctor Warwick O'Brien Hathaway was a good doctor in the old-fashioned tradition and a kindly man, though he liked to be paid—and rather well paid—for his services, because he had three daughters.

Of all the things in which the town might take pride—the college, the courthouse, the tree-lined streets—Whitestone was proudest of the Hathaway girls. Other towns had more theaters and bigger colleges. But what other town on earth could claim three such daughters as Moira and Sheila and Erin Hathaway? Their names were magic on the tongues of all the



world, and the story of their beauty had echoed from city to city, from country to country, from continent to continent over all the face of the earth. And it was here, in Whitestone, that the story had begun.

The town seldom saw the girls now, but people still remembered how many times Moira had danced with the Prince of Wales in the long-ago twenties, remembered the order of Sheila's husbands and discussed their relative importance. People kept abreast of Erin's rumored engagements and wondered for whom she was waiting.

Now, unexpectedly, it seemed likely that Erin had made up her mind. The clan was gathering for Christmas in Doctor Hathaway's house, as they did every year, and, as usual, the Clarion-Democrat speculated on the people who might be expected.

There was Dane Johns—Doctor Dane Johns—who was practically a brother to the girls, since old Doctor Hathaway had raised him. Dane had an office in New York City now, and a children's hospital out on Long Island, but he was still just a home-town boy to Whitestone, and as such was of no particular interest.

Air Vice-Marshal Sir Alistair Bowers was coming, and the Clarion-Democrat printed a biography of the young man, telling of his decorations and recounting once more the ringing story of the raid he had led against the Germans' great dam—the raid which had cost him his left hand and gained him promotion and his Victoria Cross—and ending with the still more triumphant story of how he had met Sheila Hathaway and had managed to become her fourth husband.

That was all very interesting, but the town had heard most of it before, when Sheila had married him. The real story did not break until the Clarion-Democrat tried to check on a rumor that Erin Hathaway was about to announce her engagement to Major Lloyd Curran. On being consulted, Doctor Hathaway merely smiled and told them they would have to wait until Erin got home. However, he admitted that Major Curran was expected for Christmas. Whitestone whistled between its teeth.

Here was no stuffy banker, such as Moira's Jean Desalles, though he was rumored to be rich as any banker. Here was no decadent aristocrat, such as Sheila's air marshal, though his name had more glamor than that of any aristocrat. Here was Lloyd Curran, major for the duration, but first, last and always Hollywood's glittering genius, the young man who made and broke stars, the young man who had taken one of the great film companies from the lees of bankruptcy to the highest pinnacle of prosperity, and who had managed, somehow, to make it his own during the process. Here was the American dream come to brilliant flower.

Erin, Whitestone said admiringly, was a clever piece.

DANE JOHNS was a successful young man, though he did not look it. He was big-boned and thin and always a little unkempt, because he could never find time for tailors or the barber. His face was craggy and quiet and rather forbidding until one noticed that the wide mouth was not hard, and that the eyes, dark blue

and deep-set, were as kind as they were sardonic.

At thirty-two, he was assistant to a man who was possibly the greatest pediatrician in the country. Also, he had his own children's hospital, a small, well-equipped institution in a rambling old Victorian house in Gloucesterhaven on Long Island. He claimed no credit for the latter achievement; it had come about only because Jean Desalles had wanted a doctor close to his home to serve the needs of his own children. Desalles had bought the house and equipped it and adequately endowed it. He had put Dane in charge partly because he was more or less family but mostly because Jean Desalles always insisted on having the best.

Now, in his Manhattan offices, Dane ran tired hands through his thick black hair and picked up the cup of steaming coffee which his office nurse had brought.

"Thanks," he said. "How much time have I to make that train?"

"Enough. I've got a taxi coming."

He gulped at the coffee, trying to drive his mind into a methodical rechecking of all the things he should have done before leaving, wondering what he had forgotten. But his mind would not be driven; it kept darting off at tangents, like a tired child feverishly pursuing one interest after another in an effort to keep from sleep.

"Did you see Winchell this morning?" the nurse asked. "He says Erin Hathaway is going to marry Lloyd Curran."

"Mrs. Hathaway mentioned something about that when they were in town," he admitted, and grinned wryly at the memory of her triumph. "She seemed quite pleased."

"Did you see the story about them in last Sunday's paper?"

He hadn't and she took it from the drawer of her desk to show him. It was another one of those Sunday magazine supplement stories, with pictures of the three girls and of practically everybody else who had ever touched their lives. Pictures of the sinister, walled Desalles estate in Gloucesterhaven, of the huge bulk of Sheila's Castle Craigavon, of the shabby, gracious house in Whitestone that was still Erin's official home. A picture of Sheila's first husband was captioned baldly, "Did he die by his own hand?" One of Moira with jewels in her hair, wearing a chinchilla cloak that touched the floor, read, "Mysterious Moira makes her only appearance of the year for the opening of the Opera." Erin's caption read simply, "The most beautiful?"

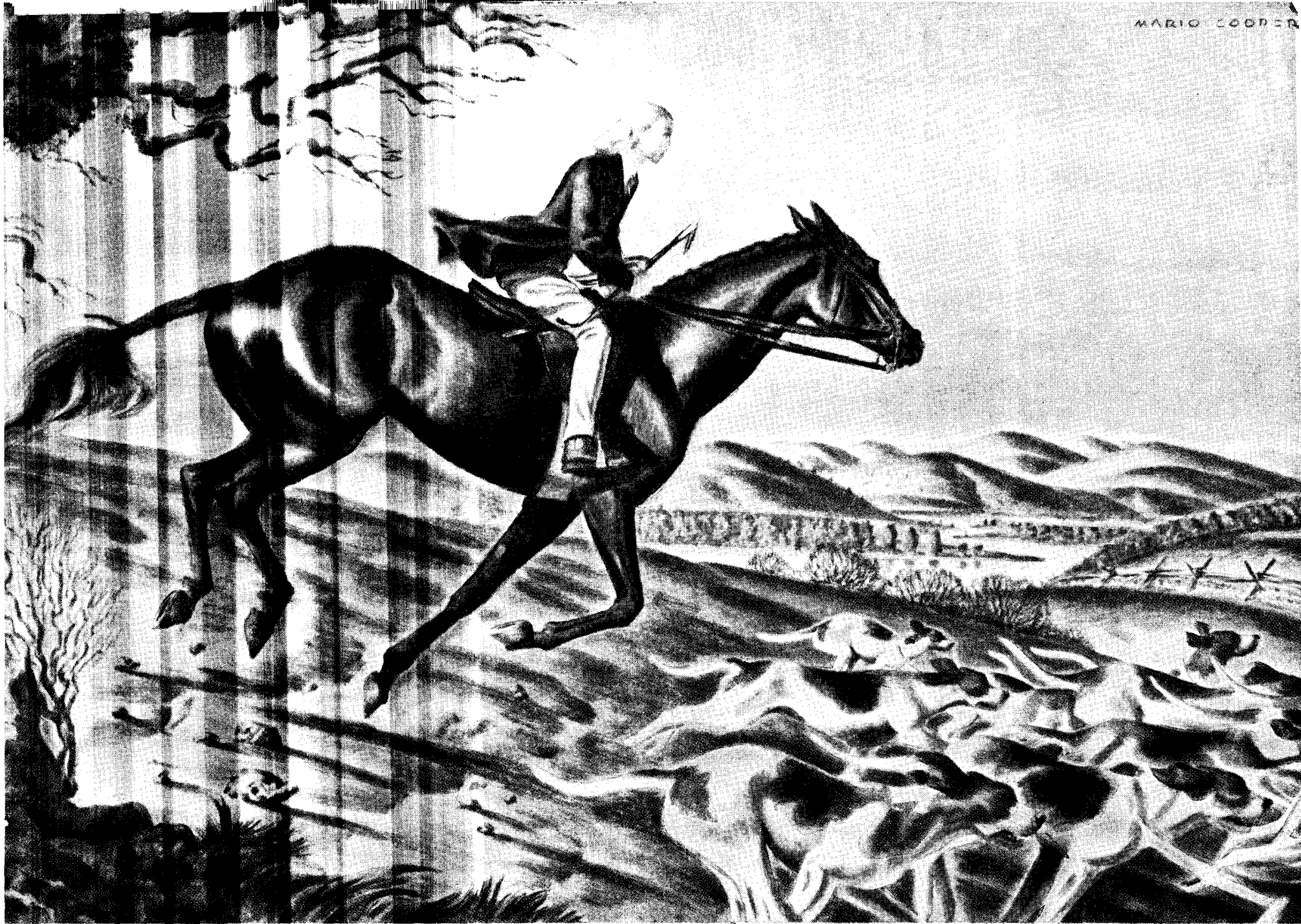
DANE pushed it away. It was sensational and cheap, recounting a lot of gossip and innuendo with no more excuse than that Sheila and her husband were now in Washington.

"Are they really beautiful, Doctor Johns?" the nurse asked.

Her voice was wistful, and Dane looked at her sharply. "Why, yes," he said. "Yes, I suppose they are." He tried really to think of it, to see in his mind's eye Moira's face, and Sheila's face, and Erin's, and to evaluate each, but the memories blurred and ran together. "If you consider ornaments without purpose or usefulness beautiful, I guess they are beautiful."

"Is Erin really the prettiest? What is she like?"

A thousand memories of Erin sprang



into focus in Dane's mind, memories mostly of Erin as a child, thin and active, tagging around after him, begging him to fix her doll carriage or her electric train, begging him to teach her to swim or to ride, storming at him one moment because he would not do something she wanted, giving him next moment all her childish confidence.

"I used to have some hope for Erin," he said, and the anger within him leaked into his voice. "She had intelligence." He finished his coffee and got to his feet. "Telephone me if anything comes up. You'll find your present in the top drawer. And—merry Christmas!"

At Pennsylvania Station, he sank into his reserved chair just as the train pulled out. He leaned back and sighed with relief. Four hours to Washington, and not a thing to do, or even to think about.

He watched the flat New Jersey countryside flash by the window, looking at the miles and miles of flatcars laden with guns and ammunition and tanks and trucks and great crates of airplane parts. Millions of dollars' worth of beautiful and intricate machinery, he thought, waiting to be shipped thousands of miles away, waiting to be sunk in the depths of the ocean or blown to hell in the hills of Italy or the fields of France, waiting for its chance to destroy just such skillful men as the men who had made it.

For the thousandth time he wondered if he were sorry that a peculiar, though quite good heart made it impossible for him to go to the wars, and he decided, rather vehemently, that he was not. The Army would have little use for his specialized skill, and the civilian population

seemed to be engaged in a frantic contest to see who could have the most children in the shortest possible time.

Still, it would have been rather fine to be able to go with all the other young men into battle, to use his hands and brain to help patch the broken bodies of the wounded and to ease the dying into merciful death.

HE SIGHED sharply and wondered why he was being a fool. Probably it was going back to Whitestone. The town and the sprawling old Hathaway house and Mrs. Hathaway and the girls always made him remember too much, made him feel again a ghost of the desperate humility he had known as a poor, parentless little boy when Doctor Hathaway first brought him home. The Hathaways had all been so grand: Mrs. Hathaway such a lady as he had never seen before, cool and magnificent in silk and sweet-smelling perfume; Moira, already a raving beauty, as soft and shy and wild as a fawn; Sheila, only a year or so younger than himself, who loved the whole world and serenely expected to be loved in turn; Erin, the baby, exquisite and belligerent, spotlessly clean and sweet-smelling despite the fact that she was just learning to walk. The mere sight of them had made him conscious for the first time of his own condition, had made him realize that he was dirty and half-starved.

He remembered the fastidious disapproval with which the doctor's wife had welcomed him, and Moira's shy fear of him, and Sheila's direct friendliness. And he remembered Erin staggering around after him, so insecure on her short legs.

Mrs. Hathaway's disapproval, Moira's shyness, Sheila's friendly overtures, even the baby's beautiful cleanliness, had all frightened him, making him humble and angry both at once. They were safe and remote and protected, and could not even imagine the forces that had created him, the kind of life that had shaped him.

"How could they?" he asked himself now. "Why should anybody experience poverty unless they have to?"

When the train entered the suburbs of Washington, he got up and began walking through the cars toward the engine, carrying his small suitcase with him. It was raining a cold drizzle outside, and he did not fancy a long, wet, windy walk when the train pulled into the station. He had gone as far as he could go when he found himself outside the half-open door of a drawing room in one of the Pullman cars.

Apparently, the man and woman in the drawing room did not realize that the door was open, because they were being quite fervent. The girl was young and a little haggard, and very expensive-looking in a mink coat and diamonds. The man was wearing the uniform of an Army officer and looked vaguely familiar.

"I wish you'd take me along, darling!" the girl said in a throaty voice.

"Don't be silly!" the man said. "You're due back on the Coast for a picture."

The girl threw her arms around his neck. "But I love you so. I do love you, Lloyd darling!"

Dane, able at last to move toward the car platform, looked back sharply. Lloyd! Lloyd Curran, of course. That was why he looked familiar. He was probably

Erin rode on the heels of the hounds, yet never once overrode them. Dane could see the fox, a tiny creature far ahead of them, streaking straight for the wooded, rocky mountain trails and safety

bound for Whitestone, too; they would be changing to the same train in Washington.

The significance of the scene struck him, and he began to laugh quietly to himself. Erin should have seen that, he thought. The most beautiful girl in the world was getting the leavings of a little blond actress. Dane laughed again when he thought of what would happen if Erin ever found out; there would be a display of her famous temper that would keep the papers in gossip for months.

HE WAS still amused, and a little sad beneath the amusement, when he got into the train for Whitestone and found Major Curran in the same car. He dropped his bag by his own chair and walked down the aisle.

"Major Curran?"

The other man's sharp, handsome face lifted and cold, intelligent eyes surveyed him without interest. "Yes?"

"My name is Johns. Doctor Dane Johns. I believe we're both bound for the Hathaways."

With ease and completeness, as though he were actually changing masks, Curran wiped from his face the chilly hauteur due a stranger who might possibly want something, and substituted a look of charm

(Continued on page 27)

Mission for Miss Stark

BY AMY PORTER



A camera is standard equipment on all of Miss Stark's Arab expeditions. She illustrates her books with photos she takes

Miss Stark's strategy worked. Religion or no religion, the oldest wife told her to proceed with the magic pictures.

The next day, a messenger came to Miss Stark's house to request that she bring her films to the palace again. The male members of the royal family wished to see them. Not the Imam, of course, but his male relatives.

This time, Miss Stark set up her projector on a little balcony while the royal males sat below. They could not, of course, associate with a woman. As Miss Stark left the room at the conclusion of the showing, she had to pass near her little audience. Quickly its members formed a circle about one of their number. The hidden one, Miss Stark wondered—could he have been the Imam himself?

By the time Miss Stark went back to Aden, a few weeks later, things were different in Yemen. Perhaps her movies turned the trick, perhaps there were other considerations. In any case, the Italians were out and the British were in. The Yemenites would not think of aiding the Axis—certainly not.

"Why, I didn't do anything," deprecates the gentle-voiced Miss Stark. "I just explained that the Allies were going to win the war, as of course we are."

Lady Lawrence of Arabia

But in that breathless moment when nobody knew which way the Arabs would jump, Miss Stark did enough, on the Yemen and other missions, to earn the unofficial title, Lady Lawrence of Arabia. For she is doing in this war what the famous Colonel Lawrence did in the last one—helping to hold the Arab world to the Allied cause. Her methods are different—he was primarily a military leader while she works quietly behind the scenes—but her results are the same, and of the same vast importance to the British Empire and its allies.

Since 1939, when the British Foreign Office requisitioned her services, Miss Stark has shuttled back and forth from Egypt to Aden, to Palestine to Iraq, to Syria. She has gone to spots where trouble was expected, traveling by boat, car, donkey, camel. Undeterred by gunfire, imprisonment, illness, she has organized pro-British groups among Arab leaders so that they might proselytize the rest of the fifty-five million Middle East Arabs and bring them around to the Allied side.

Miss Stark's success is grounded in her sure knowledge of the Arabs. As an explorer and a writer she had lived among them for more than twelve years before the war began. She had slept in their tents, shared their food, tended their sick. She knows the lonely dangerous haunts of the less civilized Arabs where even the police hesitate to intrude. She spent a fortnight in "that part of Luristan where one is less frequently murdered" and heard a sheik tell a grisly tale to illustrate the courage of his tribe's women.

In the midst of a tribal war, he said, his wife gave birth to a boy. When he asked to see his son, his wife replied, "This is no time for children," and, taking the child by the feet, dashed it against a cliff.

When Miss Stark lay down to sleep in a crowded tent, a woman nudged her. "Your belongings," the woman said. And Miss Stark understood, finally, that in Luristan, "if one does not wish to be robbed, one sleeps on top of everything one possesses."

Among such people Miss Stark moves with friendly ease.

(Continued on page 76)

Although she resembles your nice Aunt Emma, Freya Stark is Britain's most diplomatic operative. She stepped in where armies feared to tread and convinced the Arabs that the Allied side was their side

THE small fragile Englishwoman sat on the floor of a mud palace in the little Arabian state of Yemen, sipping coffee with the Imam's four wives. It was a tense moment for Miss Freya Stark. Somehow she must reach the ruler, the Imam Yahya, and convince him that the British and not the Italians were going to win the war. Her trump card, if only she could find a way to play it, was a motion picture showing the British armed forces in all their strength. For

the credulous Yemenites believed what the Italians had told them: That the British had no fleet, no air force, no hope of victory. If only the Imam would look at the film . . .

But the Imam would not even grant Miss Stark an audience, and even if he should see her, he would not look at her films. Movies were forbidden to the orthodox Yemenites, whose religion taught them that to gaze upon pictures of the human figure was to invite idolatry.

Perhaps Miss Stark could arouse the ladies of the harem to curiosity about her movies. She broached the subject cautiously.

It was a tense moment for the British Empire and for its allies, too. The British had learned of an Italian plot to land troops in Yemen. From a foothold there, near the southern tip of the Arabian peninsula, the Axis could threaten the Allied position in the entire Middle East.

Already Rommel was at the doors of Egypt. The Axis dream of joining hands with Japan by way of the Middle East and India seemed frighteningly close to realization.

For months, the British had tried to get the ear of Yemen authorities. But the Imam had refused the right of entry to each agent they suggested sending there—until they submitted the name of Freya Stark.

Ah—Miss Stark. That was another matter. Everyone who spoke Arabic knew Miss Stark. She would be most acceptable to the Imam.

To the ladies of the harem, Miss Stark cautiously spoke of her films. Of course, said Miss Stark, she realized they would not care to look at them, but perhaps they'd be interested to see how the projector worked. She set up a screen, flashed one picture upon it and turned off the switch. She was so sorry. It was a mistake.

Amanda was by nature and early training an honest girl. But when she got involved with a sailor, somebody else's engagement ring and a strait-laced boardinghouse keeper, the situation called for evasive tactics

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

EARLIER this sun-saturated spring afternoon, the girl in the beauty parlor had stepped back to admire what she had done to Amanda. But Amanda was herself viewing it, not only with her own eyes, but also through the eyes of her fond but too often satirical immediate ancestors.

She knew what both would probably say. Her father—who was professor of psychology in a small college town but who prided himself on what he felt was his command of slang—would grin.

"Why, hello, Chippy," *he'd* say.

Amanda's mother would raise lovely eyebrows. And *she'd* say, "I thought you wanted to go to Hartford to major in welding. Is camouflage included in the course?"

But the girl in the beauty parlor was saying, "Your hair is lovely that way—and I *love* that lipstick on you. It's *really* exciting. Now, if I could *really* do something with your hands."

"I'll keep them under the table," Amanda had promised.

"Big date?"

Amanda had said, "Well—a girl can hope, can't she?"

But she hadn't hoped much. She had been in Hartford only a week, and the only date she had on this, her first day off, was to take herself to the movies, have dinner enjoying her own company, if possible, and then return to her room at Miss Weatherbee's.

"I can't keep an eye on you any more," her mother had said, when she kissed Amanda goodbye. "But I'm sure that Miss Weatherbee will—and ship you home express collect if your feet stray an inch from the straight and narrow."

Mother had been right. Amanda had felt she had better even remove the exciting lipstick before she returned to Miss Weatherbee's, which seemed to be her ultimate fate this afternoon.

"A fate much worse than death," Amanda had decided.

But it hadn't worked out that way. Not yet. For instead, here Amanda was—in the little restaurant the sailor had steered her into. The sailor sat across the little table and he had a bottle of beer in front of him that the waiter had brought, and a bottle of rye that he had produced out of what the Navy considered his blouse but which he used as a personal cellarette.

If her mother and father could see her now—well Amanda knew what their faces would say, without their saying a word.

Her father was devoting all his spare time to the psychology of juvenile delinquency. His face would say, "Doing some personal research to help me out? Very nice, I am sure—but why not leave it to experts?"

HER mother was no psychologist, but she was perceptive. Her face would say, "Oh, Mandy, are you picking up two-legged strays now instead of four-legged? What's the matter with this one? He hasn't a broken leg—is it a broken heart—or has someone just tied tin cans to his ego?"

All Amanda knew about him so far was that he was a sailor—because he wore a sailor suit and also a sailor hat. The hat he was adjusting and readjusting to demonstrate its possibilities. Evidently there were as many ways a sailor can wear his hat as there are ways a girl can do her hair.

"This," he informed her, with his hat riding so far on the back of his head that it seemed it must be hung on a knob there, "is the young and guileless approach. That's the way I wore it when I picked you up. Remember?"

Amanda remembered. He needn't have reminded her. But he might, she felt, search for some more chivalrous phrase.

Instead, he moved the little round hat up farther on his head and smirked at her.

"Now I'm meeting your mother," he explained. "The honest, open-faced lad from the pee-rai-ees. Aren't I cute?"

He really was, in spite of the awful smirk. He reminded Amanda of the boy who had been quarterback the year she had been a high-school freshman.

"Wouldn't your mother think me sweet?" he persisted.

(Continued on page 68)

Naval Engagement

BY ROYAL BROWN

Amanda had never "rolled" a man, but she had seen the trick done in the movies





INVASION

BY QUENTIN REYNOLDS

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT MORTON STOOPS

Collier's correspondent tells you what it is like to go along as a soldier on an invasion of Europe from the west. All his experience points to one thing: It will be murderously tough

THEY brought these German prisoners aboard the command ship at Salerno. It was D plus six, or six days after the invasion. All of us by now were a little punch-drunk from the sound and vibration of bombs that had dropped too close as well as from the sound, vibration and cordite-laden air generated by our own ack-ack guns.

We looked at the dozen or so prisoners who waited on the quarter-deck to be questioned. It would be nice to report that they looked ill-fed and weary, that their uniforms were ragged and poor, and that they cringed with fear or looked happy because, for them, the war was over. It would be nice, but untrue. They were tall, strong-looking men with fine uniforms and they looked at us with curiosity; not

exactly with contempt but with a patronizing air. They were quite willing to talk in exchange for American cigarettes.

"It looks as though you have control of the Mediterranean now," one of them said, with a tinge of amusement. "Well, you can have the Mediterranean. But just wait until you try to invade Germany or France. That," he added with a smile, "will be something else again. You are due for a big surprise."

The others nodded and some of them even broke into gleeful smiles. They talked among themselves. They treated their capture as an unfortunate and almost inexplicable accident. Their contempt for our military might was too obvious to have been simulated. They wouldn't talk about their defenses in Germany or France. They only expressed amusement when we asked questions and always added, "Just wait and see. You are in for a surprise."

I'd heard German prisoners say the same thing fifty times before. The German army has complete confidence in its ability to defend the mainland against the invasion, and the confidence of the German army may well be justified. The

United Nations leaders are on record as saying that this attempt will be made, and when General Eisenhower said quite bluntly two months ago that the European war could be won in 1944, he was, of course, implying that an invasion would be attempted.

It might be interesting to consider some of the hazards and obstacles our men will have to face when they try that "all or nothing" play against the continent.

Who Knows the Answers?

Now I don't know whether there will be an invasion of the continent or not and I seem to be alone in not even having an idea as to the approximate date and place. But any streetcar conductor, cab driver, office boy or elevator starter can and will very gladly supply these details. Or you can find this information by reading any dish of assorted tea leaves.

The Germans have taken no particular pains to hide their general plan of defense against any invasion which we might contemplate. In fact, any time you turn on your short wave you will hear some German general or one of Doctor Goebbels'

little men telling of the preparations which have been made for our reception. Early in February, General von Rundstedt boasted that the whole invasion coast from the North Cape to the French-Spanish border was invulnerable and he dared the United Nations to attempt any invasion. Then there is the so-called soft underbelly (the phrase is Mr. Churchill's) which stretches from Spain to Italy. The German radio has laughed at that phrase and again dared us to try testing it.

Well, it looks as if we might take up that challenge. Any time anyone growls "knock that chip off my shoulder," as the Germans have done, an American is apt at least to throw a punch. Generals Marshall and Eisenhower don't make any speeches or issue many communiqués, but, happily for the rest of us, they are two very tough citizens indeed, and for a long time they have been taking this goading and not liking it any more than the rest of us like it. You can bet on these two leaders of ours. They're as American as wheatcakes and their only aim is to get this war over with as quickly as possible.

If we do invade, the whole operation will be, of course, an amphibious one, a



style of attack brand-new until this war made it necessary. Until recently, an axiom of military commanders was that you couldn't land any large force on a hostile shore. Until this war, it had never been done successfully, and if you want to quote such incidents as the Romans landing in Britain, I can only say that the beaches themselves were neither hostile nor prepared.

Dieppe, Tarawa, Salerno, the Marshalls, Anzio have taught us the hazards of dropping in uninvited on enemy beaches, and these experiences have taught us valuable lessons which will be of inestimable value if the big push ever takes place. A couple of fairly capable military leaders named Napoleon and Hitler refused to wade out any farther than ankle-deep when they only had some eighteen or twenty miles of water to cross to take Britain. They wouldn't even try to short-route across the English Channel, a small body of water that doesn't look very big on the map at all.

Why, back in 1926, a 23-year-old American girl named Gertrude Caroline Ederle swam it in less than fifteen hours. But, small as it is, two mighty dictators who wanted to conquer Britain very badly shook their heads dubiously and refused to go out any farther than wading distance. Napoleon held 150,000 men at Boulogne for nearly two years, training them in the elements of what we now call amphibious warfare. But even this master egomaniac finally shook his head and turned his back on the Channel without ever having made the attempt at invading England.

When the British troops came reeling

out of Dunkerque in June, 1941, Hitler himself traveled to the sands of that unhappy city and looked gloatingly across the water to the enticing whiteness of the Dover Cliffs just 25 miles away. England waited grimly for the invasion attempt and at that time England had nothing but a few Spitfires, a handful of ack-ack guns, a very few twenty-five pounders, a hope and a prayer.

We used to travel to Dover and Ramsgate and Hastings and Brighton in those days and wince at the pathetically inadequate barbed-wire defenses, the unmined beaches, the hastily constructed cement blockhouses that might have stopped machine-gun bullets but little else.

The Easier Alternative

And yet the mighty Hitler, flushed with success and convinced that he was omnipotent, hesitated. He would have gladly given a million men to take Britain—but he failed to try the overseas route. Russia, he thought, would be easier.

However, let's forget that part of the continent which borders the Channel, for this is only a very small part of the so-called invasion coast. Let's consider, on the basis of past amphibious landings and on information already supplied by the Germans in their radio boasting, just what we will be up against wherever we land. Neither I, nor any war correspondent I know, has the slightest idea when or where this invasion will take place, so any speculation along these lines would not only be absurd but quite impudent. We have a few pretty good military men worrying about that right now, so we

might as well leave it to them. But we can generalize on the difficulties of any invasion and, when it comes, we might have a better understanding of what our boys will be up against. Suppose you come along with us on this trip.

We're off from 50 ports in our LSTs, our LCIs, our transports, our destroyers. If we follow the pattern of Dieppe, the North African invasion or the Salerno operation, we will rendezvous at a given point with other forces and then we will head for our objective.

The enemy's observation planes (which fly at 45,000 feet) will have spotted us very quickly, so we can't expect either strategic or tactical surprise. (Only at Kwajalein and at Anzio did we get that.) The blunt noses of the unlovely-looking mine sweepers plow ahead of us, and we cross our fingers, hoping they can clear a path for us. Our air reconnaissance has spotted some of their mine fields, but they may have laid others within the last twenty-four hours. (That happened at Salerno.)

As we slide through the calm water (we must pick good weather), we hear the reassuring hum of our aircraft above us. It's a nice sound, and we relax a little as we get closer to enemy territory. Everything is going nicely. This, as the R.A.F. lads say, is going to be a "piece of cake." After hours of this traveling, we come at dawn to a coast and now we know the party is going to begin.

Just before dawn, our naval barrage opens, and angry bursts of golden flame blossom in the night. We know that our bombers have been plastering this and fifty other points on the coast for days,

Bostons fly low, laying smoke. Lights crayon the gloom. We remember one rule: "Don't dig in. Force the action. Get in closer. Force the action." We rush, and then our officers yell at us, "Wait!"

giving all equal attention so that the enemy wouldn't know the exact points of our landings. Thousands of five- and six-inch shells are hurled shoreward from our destroyers. Farther back, our battle wagons, well protected by our fighters, toss the big stuff, and the shells whine over our heads; we duck instinctively, then laugh sheepishly. Boats are being lowered, and now landing craft head for the beaches.

Then the Luftwaffe makes its first appearance. Our air cover is magnificent, and we take a fearful toll, but the odd plane always gets through, and the Dorniers will be dropping the new rocket bomb that hits a ship with the force of an armor-piercing shell. Rocket guns and bombs are nothing new, as anyone who knows the words to The Star-Spangled Banner realizes. The "rockets' red glare" meant just that. However, the Germans have developed a rocket bomb which is deadly. I saw one hit the cruiser Savannah in the Bay of Salerno, and it traveled so fast that none of us heard its scream. We'll catch a few of these all right, as we get in close.

Now we start toward the beach. The Navy will land us exactly where we are supposed to land. The Navy never misses.

(Continued on page 53)



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY
 MARIAN STEPHENSON AND FLORIAN DE NARDE

Confetti flowers is the name of these hats, meaning festivity, color, something to make you gay. They are made of a magpie collection of anything that's pretty. The bonnet shown at left contains beads on wire, flowers, spangles, ribbons, pearls and sea shells

"Never," says John, "mold yourself to a hat. Make it suit you." So the girl below took the hat at the left, put it on upside down, and posed in a halo of beadwork



Blossoming Out

18 **I**T'S a funny thing about women's hats. Why not put spangles on flowers? They're The goofier they are the more the men laugh at them, and the better the women like them, and the happier every one is. So John-Fredericks—milliners with a flare for fantasy and foolishness—set to work to brighten your life this Easter by whipping together the hats you see on our astonished cover girl and on these pages. "Why not?" cries John, snatching at tidbits around the place. "Why not make hats out of string and sea shells and tinsel and buttons and beads? They're as decorative as veils and flowers and ribbons. Then, being also a smart showman, he took his giddy new hats and hid them. "Go away," he said to big-store buyers and to customers with ready cash in their elegant handbags. "You have to wait These hats are so good we are not going to let you rush the season." All right, you can look now. It's Easter time, and the hatbox lid is off.

RUTH CARSON



The straw cloth turban shown above like all confetti flower hats, is easy to pack, has a boutonniere to match

Below, fluted gold straw and a bunch of maidenhair fern make a pretty hat for a suit. Just as pretty with spring prints and summer dresses



The Alice-in-Wonderland band above is made out of heavy string, gilt Christmas cord, pearls, flowers and ingenuity. It can be worn this way or flower side up



Above, bandeau of ribbon, veiling and field flowers, spangled with sequins and accented with yellow gloves, is festive enough to enliven the day and simple enough for everyday dress or suit

Blossoms on a cobweb of straw, for flirting purposes, right. When you want to look him in the eye, cock your hat another way



There's a confetti hat for every age and face. Above, young girl's Easter bonnet of straw with flower wreath, a nosegay under the brim





As daybreak advanced, the gaunt device on the hill gradually came into clearer focus. Planted erect, it supported a man. The limp body and drooped head looked ominous

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES

ONCE AND FOR ALL

BY L. L. FOREMAN

Against the fiery Sangre de Cristo Mountains is played this mystic drama of violence and simple faith among the Penitentes of New Mexico

LIGHT flurries of snow were blowing down from the higher mountains, but a small fire warmed the two rooms of the thick-walled adobe cabin. The doctor watched the girl, Concepcion, lower the lantern wick for less glare, and in the softened yellow light he thought of her face as a smooth, coffee-tinted plaque. The artist in him appreciated its mild beauty, and, from his detailed viewpoint, he credited tragedy with having given it character and interest.

He studied the girl's eyes. They were more expressive than the face, but they changed constantly so that almost anything could be read in them: sorrow, passion, anger, perhaps even a lurking violence.

The wounded youth, Roldan, gradually drifted out of the effects of morphine and into delirium, and the girl went and knelt by him. No sound came from the other room, where the county sheriff lay like a stone man, unmoving, too vinegary proud to admit pain. The county sheriff's wound was a clean one through the chest, but his was the best chance of pulling through. No infection.

The youth mumbled feverishly, and the girl raised her eyes and sent a mute appeal to the doctor, who studied her for a moment before he spoke. "Nothing much to do now but wait," he told her briefly.

He perceived that his tone of tired indifference revolted her, but he cared little about that, beyond his objective interest in her reactions. She was a new type to him.

Painting and cool observation were his hobbies. To them both he brought the same unemotional convictions and discriminations with which he translated

everything that concerned him or came under his notice. When certain matters back East—unpleasant rather than disgraceful—had threatened to crowd in on his life there, he had simply packed up and left. He had not intended New Mexico to become his settling point, and certainly not the sketchy little adobe-and-wood town of Logan.

It was the country surrounding Logan that caught his eye. He had stayed on, painting the great Sangre de Cristo Mountains in muddy purples, not bright and clean as others had painted them, and further amusing himself by studying the local people, who were of somewhat rarer types than those back East.

This evening, after dark, a swarthy man had called on him. A man was hurt, he said in difficult English. Would the doctor please come? Not far. "I have a horse for you," he added.

A horseback doctor—me, the doctor thought, and extracted from it some of the dry, urbane humor that he liked. His eastern practice had been a select one. To the New Mexican, he said, "I haven't done much riding. Can you carry my bag?"

ON THE mountain road, the guide was a black blob ahead, that rode steadily on for what seemed hours. The doctor was thinking of demanding more details, when another rider joined them in the rear. He held back comment, and after a while he guessed that they were taking him up to the Chamorra Valley country. It was a long ride before the cliffs on his right retreated and the road leveled off, and he saw a few lights before him.

The lights became the lighted windows of a settlement. Quiet men appeared and the horses halted. The guide dismounted, saying politely, "This way, Doctor." He carried the bag to a cabin and stood aside for the doctor to enter.

The doctor found himself in a small room, clean, with smooth clay walls and floor. His professional glance fastened on

(Continued on page 48)

A BUZZER shattered the matutinal quiet of a third-floor Harlem walkup like an angry hornet, and the door of the office labeled "Powell-Savory Corp. et al." yielded to a twist of the knob.

At the far side of the well-furnished office, a lean Negro with an Indian cast of countenance, his shirt sleeves rolled up to his elbows, sat behind a large mahogany desk. What preoccupied Doctor Cilan Bethany Powell at the moment would be hard to guess, because he has more irons in the fire than a burning golf shop.

Doctor Cilan Bethany Powell is New York's first Negro boxing commissioner. But he is also an X-ray specialist, an insurance magnate, a newspaper publisher, a loan broker, a large real-estate holder, a check casher and a leading figure in the civic life of Harlem.

He had salvaged an insurance company from bankruptcy, bought an insolvent newspaper and made it click, and rescued his Harlem neighbors from the clutches of loan sharks. Now he was rushing in where angels feared to tread—a St. George who would save the boxing racket from the dragons. Governor Thomas E. Dewey had selected him as his cauliflower crusader, and Doctor Powell, despite his many more important interests, had accepted.

By a quirk of fate, Commissioner Powell was sworn in as New York's new boxing commissioner a few hours before Henry Armstrong and Ray Robinson, two Negro fighters, met in Madison Square Garden in what was to have been a prize fight but turned out to be a slow-motion Lindy Hop. After the booing had subsided, everyone looked at Doctor Powell and wondered.

A Statement for the Press

Doctor Powell unburdened himself of a statement for the press that, for a New York boxing commissioner at least, was revolutionary. In order that it may be preserved for posterity as the only document of its kind extant, it is presented herewith:

"As the junior member of the commission, I wish to make this public statement in the form of an address to the principals in the feature event at Madison Square Garden next Friday night and each bout thereafter.

"Boxing in New York State has come a long way in the past few years, thanks to the fighters who dominated it during that period. Its present position must not be jeopardized today by contestants who do not live up to their responsibility to the public and to the game, and who fail to give good performances in the ring.

"Good performances at all times are duties of boxers, who are usually handsomely rewarded by the public which has every right to expect full value for its money. This, the public must get.

"The State Athletic Commission does its part to insure the public a good performance. No fighter is permitted to enter the ring unless he is in good physical condition, according to a doctor assigned by the commission. Matches involving men whose weight and experience differ so greatly as to put one at a serious disadvantage are not allowed.

"Therefore, in the interest of boxing generally, as well as that of the public and the fighters themselves, I call your attention to Regulation No. 12, which provides 'forfeiture of any prize, remuneration or purse, or any part thereof, belonging to the contestants or one of them if, in their (the commissioners') judgment, such contestant or contestants are not honestly competing.'"

Regulation No. 12, which Doctor Powell referred to, has been proved time and again in the courts to be just a meaningless collection of words. The juridical

(Continued on page 77)

SEPIA ST. GEORGE

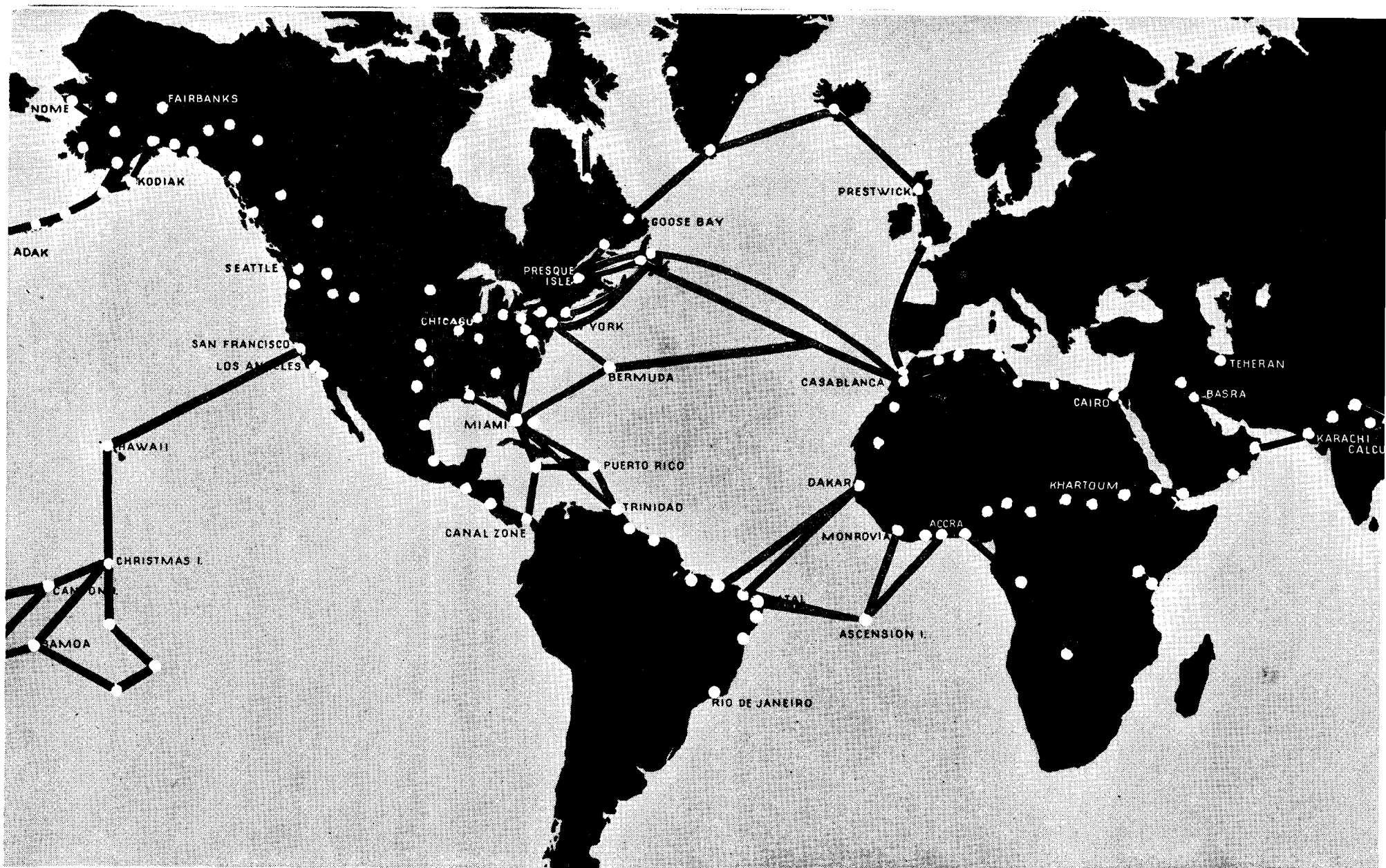
BY DAN PARKER

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS

New York's new boxing commissioner girds for battle with the dragons of the pugilistic racket. He actually believes the customer has some rights—a revolutionary idea

Crusader for better boxing is Dr. Cilan Bethany Powell, the New York State Boxing Commission's Negro member





MAP BY KENNETH THOMPSON

THE GOLDEN SKY HOOK

BY JIM BISHOP

The United States Army now has a complete world airway. It operates 1,000 stations from East Maine to Espiritu Santo. They send out range beams, weather reports, secret messages and orders to pilots. The story of this global airway and the proud little band of men who built it is told here for the first time

THEY'RE good. They know they're good, too. They're young and hard and they have an esprit de corps that's so high it's almost indecent. They're proud of everything about themselves except possibly the length of their name "Army Airways Communications System" and their new insignia, a globe with a B-25 trailing red telegraphic ribbon around the equator. "This doesn't mean," they say belligerently, "that we carry red tape around the world."

But get them talking about the time they set up a radio station in the roaring white cold of Greenland, and the Eskimo helper trudged up and said, "I quit. Too cold. You guys nuts." Or the time they almost beat the Marines into Munda and had to comb the Japs out of their hair as they set up a radio range. Or the time the concrete had to be heated at Goose Bay, Labrador, before it could be poured. When the runway hardened, the crews of

fifty Fortresses and six Lightnings put it to prime use. They knelt on it and shot craps.

Or maybe, if they're in the mood, they might tell you the real story of AACS. The story of how less than 20,000 men built and now maintain a world system of U. S. Army airways communications. The final link will open this week. It's between India and Australia. The men of AACS, remembering that the Union Pacific drove a golden spike to complete the first trans-continental railroad, call this their Golden Sky Hook.

Air Transport Command pilots, if they chose, can now fly you from Los Angeles to Los Angeles by way of New Orleans, Miami, Trinidad, Natal, Dakar, Casablanca, Cairo, Karachi, Calcutta, Darwin, Espiritu Santo, Canton Island, Hawaii and home. Or, they might decide to route you through New York, Presque Isle, Maine, Goose Bay, Greenland and Prestwick, Scotland. If that is too cold, they can give you the Caribbean, Natal, Ascension Island and Accra, Africa, routine.

These routes are not just lines on a map. They are not a postwar dream. They are here. Now. They are all in operation and they are protected by a communications system of radio beams, airways radio stations, and orderly flight procedure.

The whole system is run by a small, hard-working staff in Asheville, North Carolina. The town sits like a double portion of vanilla ice cream in the chipped green dish of the Great Smokies. In the center is a garish cherry. That's the town hall. And behind the oak door that used

to read "Mayor" sits Ivan Farman, head man of the AACS, a one-time radio ham who probably knows more about setting up airways communications than anyone in the world. He's a full colonel and command pilot, and he's responsible to Brigadier General H. M. McClelland, who is Air Communications Officer for General Hap Arnold.

If you ask Colonel Farman what the AACS is, he says: "It's an organization of young Americans in the Army Air Forces, who have the spirit, know-how and imagination needed to give military pilots the information and service they must have."

Guide for the World's Airships

But it is more than that, really. Much more. Its services and beacons guide the Air Transport Command's planes, the Army Air Forces planes, all commercial ships flying overseas, and among their best customers are the Russians, the Canadians, the British navy and the U. S. Navy.

Late at night, Colonel Farman rocks gently in his swivel chair and dreams of 6,000 Wacs. He can use that many gals, right now, for radio work in the United States. He knows he won't get that many. But if he did, he'd put them into his radio-operator school and send 6,000 AACS male operators overseas to relieve some of the boys who have been working in lonely shacks for many long months. Not so long ago, one of the lonely boys heaved a coal bucket through a window. Farman asked the senior officer what punishment was decreed.

"Oh," said the officer, "none, of course.

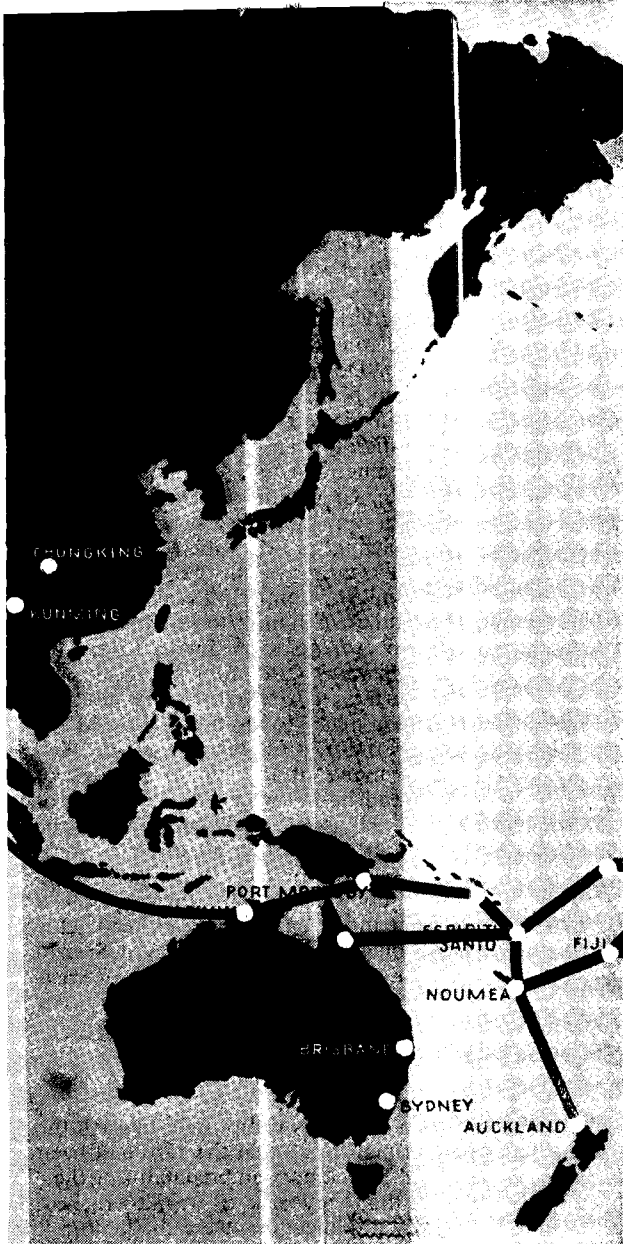
He's fine, now. What I'm worried about are the three men who work with him. They haven't heaved anything—yet."

The rules of flying have changed so much that pilots now do only what they are told. The days of derring-do are almost dead. It's a sorry postscript to the deeds of pilots like Wiley Post and Bernt Balchen and Bert Acosta, men who thought nothing of flying an egg beater through an oyster stew for the sheer hell of flying, without radio and without instruments.

Now, you can't taxi up to a runway without permission from the control tower. And when they were named "control towers" somebody understated the case. When you're ready to clear out of Newfoundland for, say, Scotland, the pilot contacts the tower and says: "Army number six six two one ready to taxi out for take-off, over." And the tower operator murmurs: "Army six six two one cleared to runway three one, wind north twelve, altimeter setting two one five nine, time twelve fourteen, over."

The plane rolls slowly out until its nose almost, but not quite, reaches runway thirty-one. Then the pilot pauses and calls the tower again: "Army six six two one ready for take-off, over." Tower: "Army six six two one cleared for take-off, over." The bomber swings onto the

The first tower set up at Guadalcanal. The AACS men stayed in it through Jap bombings. Later, when they saw shrapnel gouges on the up-rights, they grinned, said: "Termites"



Here, for the first time, is a map of the world airways now operated by the U. S. Army. The last link—The Golden Sky Hook—is from India to Australia

ARMY AIR FORCES

runway and starts roaring down the concrete. Pilot: "Roger. Army six six two one, out."

Roger means okay. Wilco means will comply. Out means end of conversation. The pilot is not through with the tower after his take-off. As he departs, the tower controls him for the first three miles. After that, he is put into the lap of the AACS station, which advises him the best altitude to fly, admonishes him to stick to the right side of the beam, tells him what weather lies ahead, receives his report by voice or key every half-hour, or every hour. All this in addition to the fact that the pilot has been thoroughly briefed and has a complete flight plan covering every possible emergency.

At a certain point between Newfoundland and Scotland, the Newfoundland man will deliver his final orders and give him last-minute weather data from his destination. This is called "The Point of No Return" because, at this spot, if he goes one more mile ahead, he will not have gasoline enough to come back to Newfoundland. Thus, if for any reason he may fear to continue, this is the point where he must turn back.

Suppose he elects to go ahead? And suppose the weather hides Scotland like a crumb in a pot of paste? He still has nothing to worry about. When Newfoundland cuts out, he picks up the Prestwick beam. He follows this on in until a small light flashes on his instrument panel. He has just passed over a vertical beam. He reports that fact to his destination. The field cuts in on voice and advises him that he's cleared at 3,000 feet for the rest of the trip. In code, they tell him of wind and weather. Let's assume that the news is all bad.

Army six six two one bores through the mucilage until certain mechanical devices pick up his presence near the airport. He is then advised to hold at 3,000 feet in wide circles until cleared for landing. There may be other planes circling slowly at 2,000 feet, 4,000 feet and at other levels. But he's cleared for 3,000, and there is no danger of collision if he follows instructions.

Several minutes later, he's cleared to come in "on standard instrument approach." He starts coming in on a compass bearing. His angle of glide is from the direction advised and is no greater than two and a half degrees. In a few minutes, the range signal stops. His panel light goes on briefly. He calls to the tower that he is in the cone of silence. The tower tells him to land now. At the pilot's left, on the instrument board, are two black cross hairs swimming in an optical glass. The pilot maintains his slight angle of glide and keeps his eyes on those hairs.

If the signals now coming obliquely up from the end of the runway to the plane find that the ship is to the right of the runway, the vertical cross hair will move to the right. The pilot will realign the cross hairs by swinging his plane slightly to the left. If he's coming in too high or too low, the horizontal cross hair will show it. If he keeps them properly aligned, in a few moments, without ever looking out of the window, he will feel his wheels spinning on the runway. Then he throttles down and waits for someone to come out and lead him through the fog to the proper hangar.

At no time, you see, is the pilot running his own plane without the help of worrywarts on the ground. He is helped at every stage by advice from the ground. Sometimes, the pilot bridles at ground control. Like the time the tower operator said: "If you can hear me, rock your wings."

"Roger," said the pilot, "and if you can hear me, rock your tower."

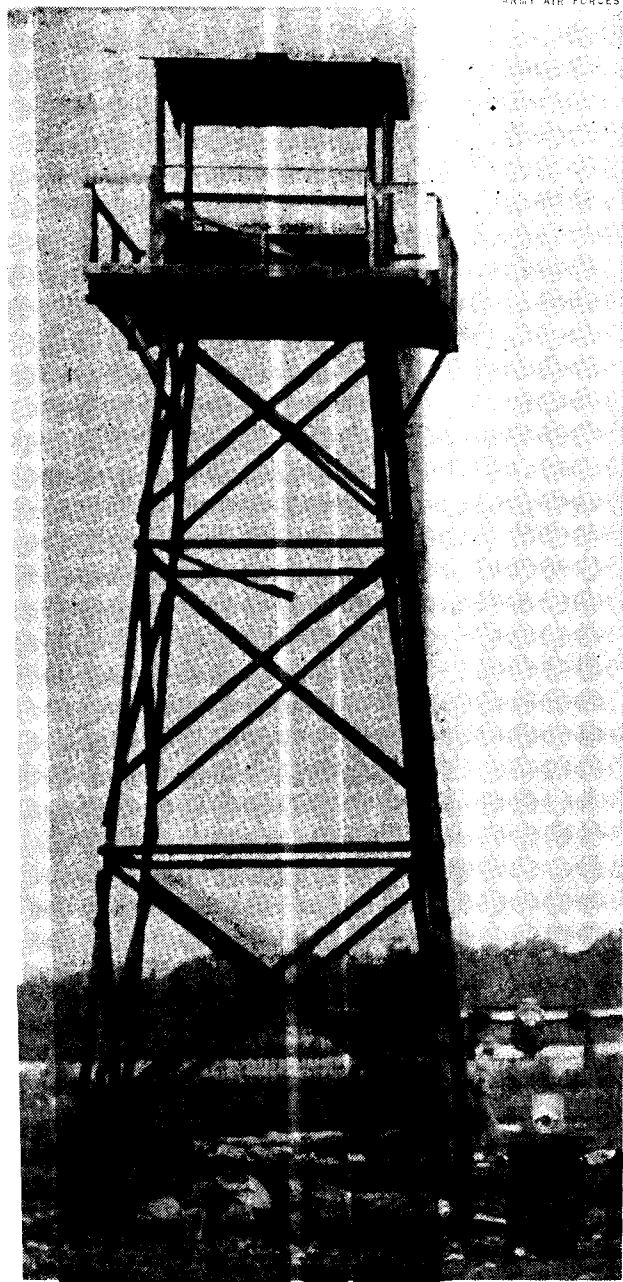
Nine years ago, the United States began to realize that some sort of flight control would be necessary. That's when the first towers were built. The radio ranges—we call them radio beams—sent out two letters: "A" and "N." They still do. "A" sounds like "Dit-daaa." "N" sounds like "Daaa-dit." If you fly squarely between them you get a steady hum, caused by the overlapping of the dit-daaa and the daaa-dit.

In those days, a plane leaving Mitchel Field for Washington hit for the middle of the beam at whatever altitude seemed to be a nice choice to the pilot. Mitchel radio contacted Washington and said: "B-10 leaving Mitchel for Bolling." An hour and a half later, Washington would contact Mitchel, saying: "B-10 from Mitchel arrived Bolling."

They called that control. Today, the AACS station must have (1) a tower to handle local traffic and assign safe altitudes, times of departure, landing times and local weather advice; (2) a high-frequency radio station to maintain contact with all planes flying between it and all stations to the south, north, east or west; (3) a radio beam which is constant between it and surrounding stations; (4) a homing transmitter to guide lost or wander-

A typical AACS control tower in operation. The man shown in the foreground is advising a bomber that he is number one to land. The second man keeps a record of all flights inbound and out. Third man scouts the skies to identify craft aloft

ARMY AIR FORCES





In the Far North, this direction finder not only keeps pilots on the beam, it finds them when they're lost. It does everything but write letters home

ARMY AIR FORCES



ARMY AIR FORCES

The Japs sometimes locate AACS beams and track them down for merciless bombing. The one shown above, well protected, was bombed as often as ten times a day—vainly

ing aircraft in; (5) special blind-landing equipment.

Current AACS equipment is worth about \$200,000,000. And yet the outfit cannot be considered, aeronautically, to be ready for long pants yet. They have plans ready for the setting up of AACS stations in Rome, Paris, Berlin and Tokyo. They have two routes in use for getting to Alaska, seven to England, six to Dakar.

The soft, cagey-speaking Lieutenant Colonel Don C. McRae, who stares long over a black pipe before answering any questions, is Chief of AACS Plans and Operations. He says, "We have a world network of stations. This network was devised here. It was built from here. By Americans. And a pilot leaving here encounters the same airport procedures at every station around the globe."

McRae smiled once. That was when he said he used to be a radio ham. So was Mrs. McRae. They met by voice over the amateur air waves. They have two Scotch terriers. Their names are Roger and Wilco.

Directly below McRae's office in the Asheville Town Hall is the office of Procurement and Supply. Major W. J. Retzback is in charge. The small, lean, mo-

lasses-skinned man, Major R. G. Werner, is his assistant. He has a G.I. haircut and he comes from "Nawlins." Another assistant is a handsome, wavy-haired youngster from Walnut, Illinois. He's Captain Ned Lewis and he proves the point that you must have a sense of humor to last in Procurement and Supply. He once got a request for two 40-foot whaleboats. Soberly, he got them and delivered them. But he thought he had seen everything when he saw the bomb bay of a B-24 packed into a C-54 and flown overseas for delivery.

"That isn't all," he moans, shaking his head. "After they got that giant bomb bay into the C-54, they packed hundreds of smaller items inside the bomb bay."

Nothing too Good for the Boys

Up at a Labrador station, the lonely AACS crew radioed to Presque Isle, Maine, saying that they had busted their coffeepot, and would Presque please get them one in a hurry. Presque said sure. The person who went shopping for it remembered that Labrador had electric power. The only electric pot in town was a gleaming silver one in a jeweler's window. He got it for fifty dollars. The quartermaster hollered himself purple. But the pot is still perking in Labrador. And so, we are assured, is the genius who bought it.

In the AACS, they hop off for the ends of the earth at a moment's notice. In London, a tired AACS man wanted to

fly to a northern station. He found a plane loading. He was told to sit on some of the cargo. After he sat, someone handed him a heavy bundle and said, "Hold this." He was bumping around the sky for an hour before the copilot told him that what he was sitting on were torpedo war heads and what he held in his hands were the fuses for same.

The AACS is so little known, even in the Army, that when Captain Raymond Chamberlain stepped down to the docks of Calcutta, India, to claim some crated radios, the officer in charge of the docks pointed to the AACS stencil and said, "That's not for you. It's for the Anti-aircraft China Station. See?"

Chamberlain, known to one and all as the platinum grin, found that he could get vital material to the AACS in India quicker by putting the stuff in his own name. Thus, for a while, he "owned" several warplanes, tractors by the score, and enough radio equipment to scare NBC. He said that over two million pounds of equipment was sent to AACS in India alone and that not one pound was lost. In world-wide operations, AACS has lost three tenths of one per cent—and that by torpedoed ships.

The man in charge of personnel, Lieutenant Colonel H. M. Buenzli, is tall and scholarly and hits the manpower problem on the nose when he says: "If you need a hundred radio operators right this minute, you should have ordered them six months ago. The same goes for mechanics. It takes twenty-two weeks to mold unskilled men for these jobs. And it takes an additional four months before they really know what they're doing."

He thinks one of the greatest of the new timesavers is the telegraphic tape. Formerly, an operator had to listen to his dots and dashes, and take them down as they came. Now, a high-speed tape does the job, and he can permit the tape to pile up for a few extra seconds. It is then transcribed in message form.

Buenzli worships what he calls a "trick chief." He is usually a sergeant and he helps run one of nearly 1,000 AACS stations now in operation. He is often the top-ranking noncom on duty. There is one up in Baffin Bay who wrote Buenzli that the men were so lonely that they spent all their off-duty moments discussing the next meal. Buenzli scanned the recruiting sheet, showing the names and occupations of the newest AACS men. So, if you want to get in touch with the ex-pastry chef of the Waldorf Astoria, just wire him care of AACS, Baffin Bay.

Major Cleo Lawrence is a tall, slow-speaking Texan. He's technical inspector for AACS. He inspects everything from station records to the soldering of joints. "My job," he says, "is to see that the boys know their jobs and do them well." He supervised the original U. S. radio station in Greenland, in 1941. He did the same at Guadalcanal. "A good shell hole," he drawls, "is a nice beginning for a radio station." One of his many jobs is to see that no unauthorized persons can peek through windows of an AACS station at classified equipment.

He says the fastest time a radio station was ever set up was at Munda, where twelve of his boys landed with the first wave of Marines, and, while Jap rifle bullets sang by their ears, they rigged up their towers, set up their sets, and, eight hours later, sent out the first messages. Lawrence thinks maybe the Jap bullets helped set the record.

Sergeant Marvin Peterson of Shreveport, Louisiana, is the type of "trick chief" Lieutenant Colonel Buenzli was talking about. They sent Marvin with a number of others up to Goose Bay, Labrador, in June, 1942. There was a lot of muskeg, a lot of gale, a temperature of 47 below in winter, and one wooden barracks building. A month later, they had a radio sta-

tion set up, complete with tall antennae, range finder and weather reports. Peterson stayed there a year and four months. Once, the radio station burned down. Peterson was off the air only two hours and thirty-five minutes—less time than most people spend at the movies!

The boys became very tired of Berlin's Lord Haw Haw. The propagandist used to cut in on AACS wave length and say, "Do a good job, boys. Because we'll soon be there to take it from you." When Marvin left Goose last October, he says it didn't even resemble the ghastly place he knew. AACS then had scores of men there. Civilization had arrived. There were long runways; there were great buildings, snarling plows which "blow" the snow off runways, all the comforts of home, and, in summertime, about twenty square miles of honest-to-goodness grass.

If you ever go to Asheville to see the Army Airways Communications System headquarters, a well-fed, toothy guy will make you feel "to home." He's Major Henry Kannon, press relations chief. He's been to many of the global stations of AACS and he knows every little beat of its heart. He is extremely conscious of the importance of weather in all our world offensives. And he feels that if AACS did nothing but send out weather reports, it would be more than earning its keep. One of the biggest operations of AACS is to transmit the observations and forecasts made by the experts in the Army Air Forces Weather Wing.

Where the Weather Begins

When Attu was recaptured, he says the weathermen found that the Japs had been using U. S. weather equipment during their stay on the foggy rock. It wasn't wrecked, so a few modifications were made, and it was used anew. From Attu, they can tell the Alaskan mainland, the Canadian Northwest, and our own Pacific Coast what kind of weather we'll have several days from now. In the South Pacific, 35,000 weather forecasts were sent out in the last half of 1943. Eighty-five per cent were correct.

In the attack on Wewak, the Army asked for a certain type of weather. Seven days passed before the right kind could be forecast. Then the weatherman told the Army to go ahead. We got 208 Jap planes that first day, mostly on the ground.

At Kasserine Pass, the AAF weather people called the turn beautifully. Marshal Rommel was moving through the narrow pass with twenty-seven miles of motorized equipment snaking along at three miles per hour. General Jimmy Doolittle wanted to hit them hard and hit them quickly. The weather office said no.

"In an hour," said the weather officer, "there won't be an airport in all North Africa that won't be closed in with fog." The weather at the moment was beautiful.

"You'd better be right," Doolittle said. The weatherman was. Doolittle moaned. The following morning, he moaned louder. The weather was foggy. But the weatherman was sunny.

"If your bombers move in now," he said, "they will find low clouds for protection going to and from Kasserine Pass. When they get into the pass, they will find clear weather. This weather is ideal for you."

Doolittle gave the order. The rest is history. The boys who participated roared out of thick weather into the clear pass and had a field day. Escape back into the fog was easy.

"It was like dropping a letter down a chute," one pilot said.

Kannon shrugged as he concluded the story: "Who the hell would believe there could be any kind of a story in an outfit known as the Army Airways Communications System!"

We would.

★★★



How to do something about the weather

IT'S PERFECTLY all right to talk about the weather—as long as you *do* something about it, too.

For instance, rain or shine, we can't think of any more agreeable way of discussing the weather than over a Four Roses Old Fashioned.

One thing's certain: No matter what the barometer says, we believe you'll say

an Old Fashioned made with Four Roses is by all odds the most magnificent cocktail you've tasted in many a day. Try one today and see!

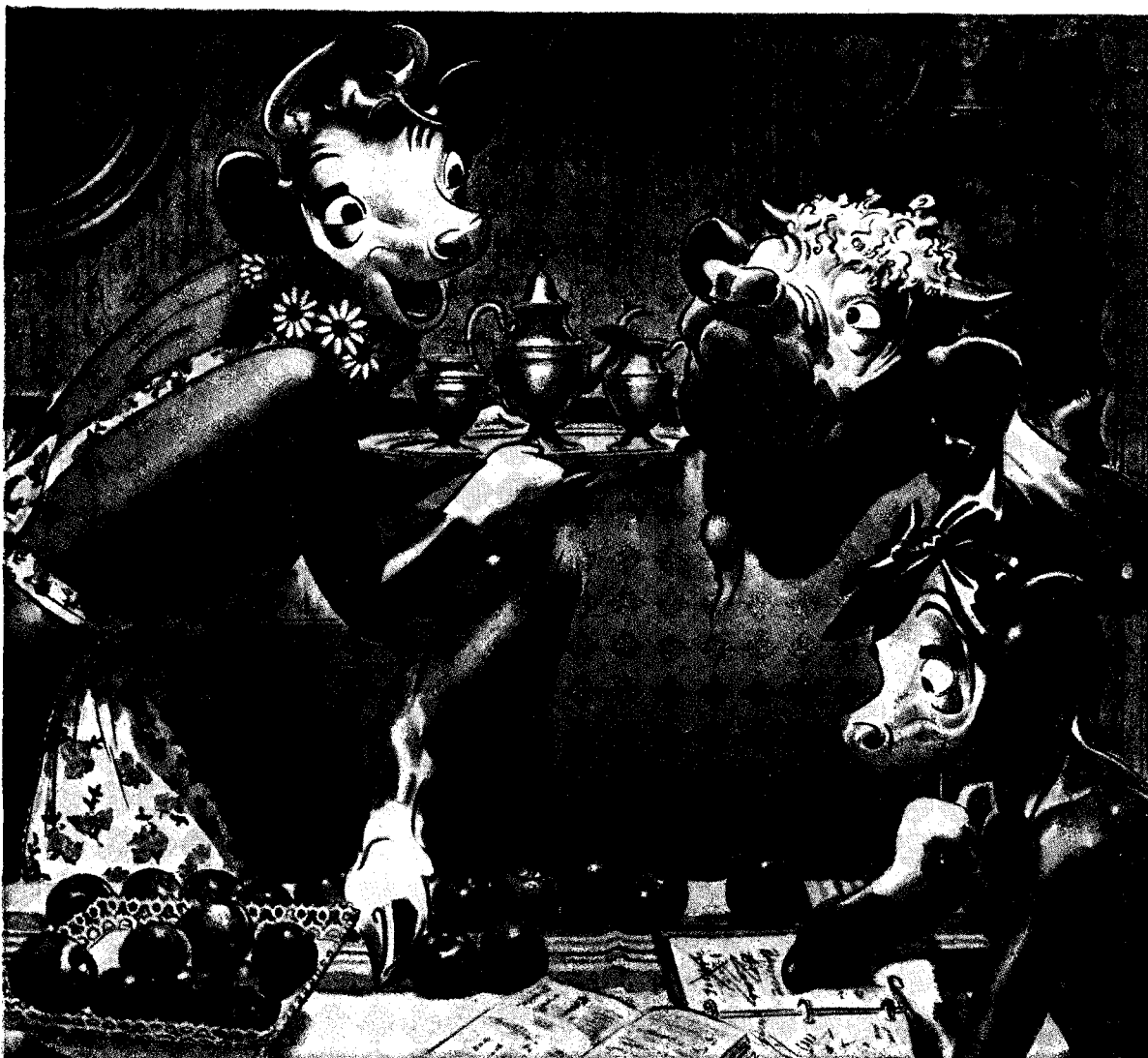
Just one thing more: If, when you ask your dealer for a bottle of Four Roses, you find that he's temporarily out of it, please be patient and try again. He'll have more, soon.

FOUR ROSES
A TRULY GREAT WHISKEY



*Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof.
Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York City.*





"But, Elmer—all the answers in the book can't be wrong!"

ELMER, THE BULL, glared at Beulah's arithmetic book and the world in general.

"Madam," he snapped, turning to Elsie, the Borden Cow, "you handle the house-work and I'll take care of the mathematics. The answers in the book are wrong and I can prove it. See—not one of them is the same as mine."

"That's just what you said the last time you helped me with my homework," whimpered little Beulah. "And the teacher gave me a zero."

"Your teacher was just being narrow-minded!" bel-lowed Elmer. "After all, there are two sides to every question."

"But there aren't always two answers," interrupted Elsie. "Take the question, 'What is the grandest milk any cow ever boasted of?' There's just one answer to



that question and the answer is *Borden's*! The way those Borden inspectors fuss over us cows, every drop just naturally has to be pure, creamy, and wholesome."

"Humpf," grunted Elmer, "I thought we were discussing figures."

"Speaking of figures," beamed Elsie, "you'd be astonished if I showed you the figures on the number of

people who enjoy *Borden's Hemo*—the new way to drink your vitamins and like 'em. Hemo, you see,



tastes better than the best malted milk and every glass is almost a lunch in itself."

"Boohoo," sobbed Beulah, "all you do is talk about things to eat and nobody helps me with my home-work!"

"Don't cry, dear," comforted Elsie. "Let mother see if she can help. If these problems were only on how to serve a grand dessert chock-full of milk nourish-



ment, I'd always have the right answer—*Borden's Ice Cream and Sherbets*. They're splendid foods to cheer

you up, they're treats that never let you down."

"But my problem is that I have 20 apples," sniffed Beulah, wiping away her tears. "What can I do with 20 apples?"

"Goodness, Beulah, I'm surprised at you," rebuked Elsie. "Every one of those 20 apples would be a welcome treat in anybody's lunch box. Almost as big a treat as sandwiches made with creamy, butter-rich



Borden's Wej-Cut Cream Cheese. Wej-Cut is only one member of a large family of *Borden's Fine Cheeses* and—"

"And Beulah still has 20 apples and the rest of her homework to do," finished Elmer sarcastically. "Read the rest of the problem: she gives half the apples to Henry and one fourth of the apples to John. How many doctors can she keep away with the rest?"

"Why should our daughter want to keep away from doctors?" asked Elsie. "I think doctors are nice. Why, any number of doctors approve my *Borden's Evaporated Milk* for feeding tiny babies. It's so digestible

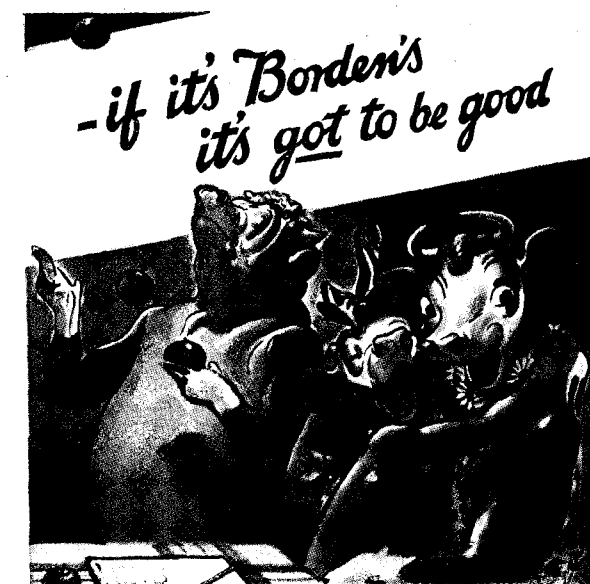


and rich in Vitamin D, you know. Of course you don't *have* to be a baby to enjoy *Borden's Evaporated Milk*—it makes perfectly scrumptious creamed soups and mashed potatoes for grown-ups, too."

"That isn't the answer in the book, mommy," said little Beulah anxiously. "Don't you know any more about arithmetic than daddy does?"

"I don't think I could know any less," said Elsie thoughtfully. "But perhaps we'd better not go into that. Suppose you try your best to solve those problems yourself. And if you still can't get the right answer—well, you might try giving the apples to teacher!"

ELSIE SAYS: "You don't need a head for figures to figure that War Bonds are the world's best investment. Are you buying all you can?"



© The Borden Company

Escape from Beauty

Continued from page 13

and warmth. He got to his feet and grasped Dane's hand.

"Yes. Yes, of course. Erin has spoken of you often."

Dane felt surprise and pleasure that Erin should have spoken of him, and then he grinned wryly.

"Dear Erin! There's no telling what she may have said."

"Complimentary, I assure you. Mrs. Hathaway has also told me about you."

And now Dane felt real amusement, and his smile lost its tightness. "That must have been odd. Mrs. Hathaway still considers me one of her husband's less interesting experiments."

Curran answered his smile. "A rather formidable lady," he admitted cautiously. "But charming. Quite charming. Won't you sit down, Doctor? Wait, I'll have the porter move your bag up here. Whoever has this chair can take yours."

DANE sat and watched while Curran changed the seating arrangements of the car to his satisfaction. It interested him to notice that the major apparently never doubted that his wishes would be honored, and that it did not seem to occur to the other people to protest. It must be wonderful, Dane thought, to have that perfect confidence in oneself.

"I wonder if Sheila and her husband are on the train?" he said when things had quieted down. "The papers said they were coming."

Major Curran looked a little shocked. "Good Lord, no! They've been staying at the White House," he explained quietly and kindly. "They will be taken by plane to the field nearest Whitestone, and then driven home. At least, so I understand."

Dane saw that the major was impressed by Sheila and her air marshal and thought that everybody else should be impressed. These two, like Lloyd Curran, were important people, and that probably explained why he wanted to marry Erin. Erin was also important. She was the last of the fabulous Hathaway girls.

"Such a pretty child with you on the train from New York!" Dane said maliciously. "Haven't I seen her in pictures?"

Curran looked at him sharply. "Lane? Lane Delancy. You may have. Rather a promising actress, really. And, as you say, a pretty child."

He dropped the young lady, and Dane was content to let her drop. He was impressed by Curran's refusal to be panicked into explanation or into a request that Dane forget the incident. Ninety-nine men out of a hundred would have done something of the sort. The major, he was beginning to see, was quite a fellow, possibly almost as much of a fellow as he thought himself. He might even manage Erin; his cool self-confidence seemed capable of almost anything.

Still, all the way to Whitestone, in the heart of the reluctant pleasure that going home always brought to him, Dane felt a gnawing dissatisfaction—and a perverse amusement at the joke on Erin, who thought that there was nothing on earth quite good enough for her.

THERE was freedom here, Erin thought as she stared out over the town. There was freedom in the tingling of the blood in her finger tips and in her toes, and in the cold air deep in her lungs. There was freedom in the gray clouds racing across the sky, being caught for a little while on the hooks of the mountaintops and then dragging themselves free. There was freedom in watching the wild, gentle movements of the two Irish setters snuffling through the underbrush.

She sat with her knees drawn up and her hands clasped over her ankles, at the top of the gigantic cliff that hung over Whitestone, and every now and then her eyes strayed downward to the town and the river that ran through it and the railroad that followed the bends of the river. At this moment she was happy, and it seemed to her that until this moment she had not felt happy in a year—not since the last time she had sat here.

She turned over on her stomach and inched nearer the edge of the cliff. Below she found the beginning of a trail and traced it from shelf to shelf and wondered if it would be worth climbing again. At thirteen, when she had first climbed it, it had been a terrifying and daring thing to do and a thing that no other girl had ever done before. But since then, she had climbed many mountains in many parts of the world, and it would be a pity to spoil a memory by repeating the experience and realizing how easy it had been.

She pulled herself back from the edge and sat up, all the lovely feeling of freedom ebbing out of her, leaving her nothing but a girl on top of a cliff, hungry and a little cold. Time to start back, she thought. Time to call the dogs and take the path back down the mountain.

She looked at her watch and found it even later than she had expected. It would be dark long before she got home. It would be dinnertime, and Lloyd would have arrived a full hour before she got there. Just as well, she decided grimly. It would not hurt to start his training early. He need not expect her to be one of those women who followed him around, adoring him and waiting on him, making sure he never arrived without greeting or left without grieving. That

was all right for Hollywood, where he held power of life and death; he had better not look for the same treatment from Erin Hathaway.

She whistled the dogs to heel and started down the mountain, and suddenly found herself wondering about Lloyd. She admired him, certainly, and respected him. He was strong and intelligent and ruthless; he knew what he wanted and went after it, and he gave no quarter to anyone who stood in his way. At the moment, he wanted her and it seemed as though he were going to get her. At any rate, he was the first man she had met in years whom she could not bully.

One of the dogs was limping, and she called him to her. She lifted the paw he was avoiding and looked at it.

"Rory," she told him aloud, "you're a fool to go stepping into thorn bushes in your bare feet."

She pulled at the thorn, holding his muzzle when he tried to snap at her, and telling him gently what an ungrateful animal he was. When she had finished, she slapped him on the rump and sent him off to join Brian, waiting impatiently and worriedly on the road ahead.

SHE followed the dogs and renewed her thoughts of Lloyd, trying to imagine what marriage to him would be like. Safe, certainly, and prosperous, and probably not at all unenjoyable when one got used to it. He would want children, of course—and, for that matter, so would she. She could see very little sense in a healthy woman marrying a healthy man and not wanting children.

Sudden pain started inside her like an incendiary bomb, beginning at the pit of her stomach and spreading its heat and flame outward through her veins until it

touched her fingers and her toes and her tongue. She saw them stretch before her like a dream, a bad dream—the long, long years of being Mrs. Lloyd Curran, the mother of the Curran children, the mistress of the Curran houses, the dispenser of the Curran charities, the lovely Mrs. Lloyd Curran of Hollywood and New York and all points east and west, who used to be Erin Hathaway of Virginia.

It would be better to be plain Mary Jones. Erin stopped in the middle of the road, in the mud, and thought of being Mary Jones—plain Mary Jones, whose face meant nothing to anybody, and whose future was a matter for her own concern solely.

Mary Jones' father was a small-town doctor who loved her, and Mary Jones herself could take her choice of a career. She did not have to marry anybody if she did not want to. She could go to college and become a teacher or a social worker or a policewoman or a doctor. And she could die a plain, decent, self-respecting old maid and nobody on earth would give a single, solitary damn.

Erin Hathaway, standing instep-deep in the mud on Whitestone Mountain, fought down tears of anger and frustration because she was the last of the legendary Hathaway sisters whose beauty enabled them to do anything they wanted to do, to cross all barriers everywhere and marry anybody.

A khaki-colored plane roared across the top of the mountain, seeming barely to miss being caught on the jagged rocks, and began a wide circle above the valley. Mary Jones might have been a pilot, Erin thought, one of those women who risked their lives bringing planes to the battlefronts of the world.

Then she heard the whistle of a train, and knew that it was the one bringing Lloyd from Washington and that she was late. She started for home, walking with long, rapid strides.

DOCTOR WARWICK HATHAWAY looked up as his wife entered his comfortable, shabby office through the door from the main house. Her white hair was coiled on the top of her head, and she was wearing a wine-colored velvet hostess gown. She looked well, he thought. She looked better every year.

"Warwick," she said crisply, "I looked at the car before it went to meet the train, and it was simply filthy. That lazy Sloan didn't even touch it this afternoon. I told him to wash it."

"I told him to get some sleep," Doctor Hathaway explained mildly. "He was up almost all night driving me to Rugley Gap for the Cailey baby."

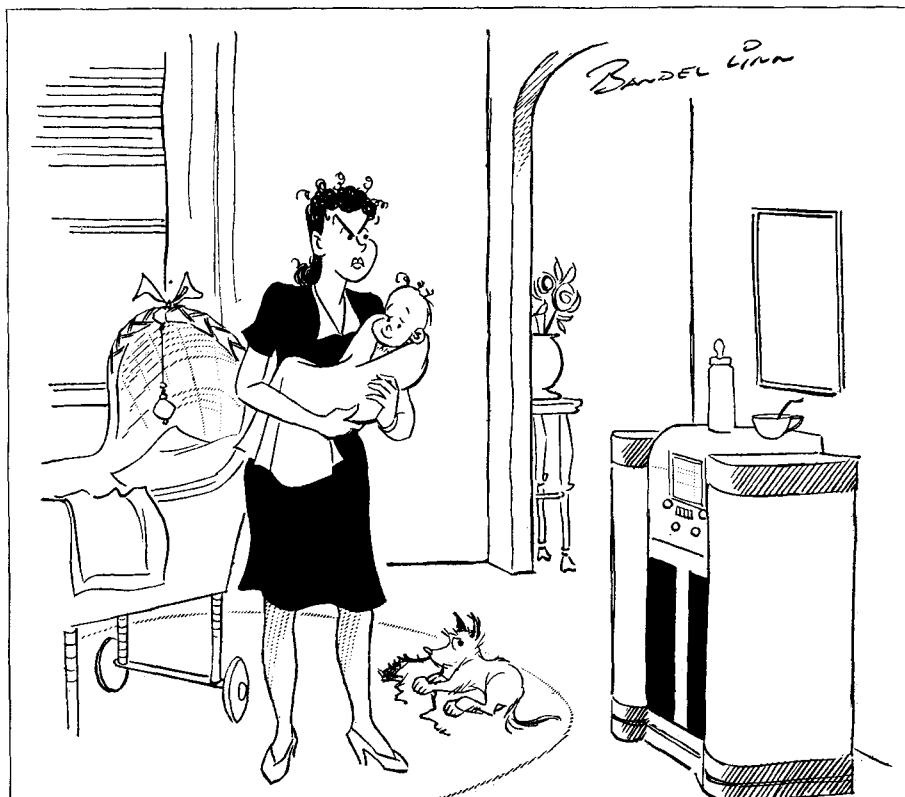
"You're too soft with these Negroes. You always were. If I were here more, this place would be run differently."

"But you're not." He took any possible sting out of his words with a smile. "So we bachelors, white and black, have to get along as best we can."

His wife sniffed without replying, but she did not leave the room. He watched her wandering aimlessly from bookshelves to window to fireplace and back again, running a fastidious finger over wood and paper and grimacing at the dust it picked up, and a sudden almost forgotten tenderness wrenched at his heart. He remembered her as she had been thirty-five years ago, a big awkward girl fiercely determined to take care of him and his house as no man had ever been taken care of before.

"I wish you could be home more," he said now. "I miss you."

She looked at him with surprise. "Do you?" For a moment he thought she was



NEWS

"... while WPB has announced that babies' diapers are not included on the 'increased production' list, one spokesman said something would be done about it soon. WMC has listed the manufacture of children's garments as an essential industry, which gives workers special consideration for draft deferments—and it is hoped this action will relieve the situation. Safety pins will be scarce during '44; rubber pants cannot be produced from natural rubber; shoes are not plentiful in the proper sizes—nor are there large selections of sleeping garments or rompers. A pessimistic note was sounded by Senator Dripbrain today when he said, quote: The American baby must be made to realize there is a war going on, unquote . . ."

COLLIER'S

BANDEL LYNN

Collier's for April 8, 1944

27

YOUR LIFE TOMORROW

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

Aladdin Will Have Many Lamps

Lamps of so many new kinds, colors and purposes will illuminate our world of tomorrow that the incandescent bulb may become a mere curiosity. Tubes and globes in endless variety, filled with special gases, will make the light of the future an experience in itself. You will choose lighting for its beauty rather than its candlepower.

Most spectacular will be the lamp that works without wires, operating on high-frequency radio waves beamed into the room from units hidden in the walls. Such lamps can be shaped like the full moon or sculptured in any desired form or size. They can be hung up anywhere or moved about at will.

Then there will be the high-intensity mercury light—powerful enough to illuminate an entire auditorium and fully one fifth as brilliant as the sun itself. One form of this giant will be sealed in a re-

flector for use by divers in complicated underwater salvage work. It will give them almost daylight conditions in the murk below.

There will also be a lamp that produces the complete visible spectrum—something never before achieved. It will be used wherever it is necessary to match colors accurately, and will be especially valuable to the artist to furnish perfect artificial daylight for painting.

A lightless lamp will be used to boil water in 30 seconds, making a useful sick-room dispenser of medicated vapors or a handy method of spreading perfumes and deodorizers about the house. It will also figure as a humidifier and will be effective in stripping off old wall paper and loosening glue in furniture repair work. Still another lamp will produce large quantities of ozone for sterilizing air, preserving eggs, testing dyes for fastness, bleaching straw and linen.

In your future home literally any color

or combination of colors will be available for the asking. When you build your new house you will decorate it with the living and changeable hues of light itself. Colored paint will yield to plain white, upon which the lamps of the future can play in any sequence you desire.

Every Farmer His Own Welder

Small, portable electric welding machines will bring a new day to the farmer of tomorrow, for the first time allowing him to do his own repair work on farm machinery. Rugged, light in weight and inexpensive, these welding outfits can be run by any handy man who can diagnose the trouble he is trying to fix. They will use no more current than the churn or electric pump now in wide use.

A little welding unit of this kind will save the farmer much time and expense, especially when a breakdown occurs in the midst of planting or harvesting. Instead

of losing valuable time dismantling a seeder or harvester and taking a broken part to town for shop repairs, the farmer will do the job himself, frequently without removing the part from the machine at all.

The welder will be specially designed for use in tight places, so that the user can make repairs beneath a machine or in interior parts that the standard welder could not reach.

A full kit of welding rods of different alloys will go with the outfit, so that any kind of steel can be repaired on the spot. It will be possible, for instance, to put a new blade of tough manganese steel on a worn plowshare in half an hour, giving it an edge that will wear twice as long as the original one.

The new midget welder will be a source of delight and economy to the farmer during the slack winter months. He can tear down and rebuild all his machines or devise new ones for special jobs from junk parts.

For the Future: Total Education

War necessity has proved that any normal adult can be given a working knowledge of almost any trade and many professions in an incredibly short time by advanced training methods and by maintaining a high level of interest. The colleges and universities of tomorrow will use this discovery as the basis for vast improvements in the educational level of all classes. No longer will an institution merely graduate a student and forget all about him; it will go on training him continuously for the rest of his life.

Leading educators see the college of tomorrow as the true center of its community, carrying a "total responsibility" for the steady upgrading of every adult within its geographical range. Total education will mean, for example, that a lawyer or doctor will devote what leisure he has to studying special branches of his profession, which he missed at school. A housewife will receive courses in child care, cooking, public health, music, sports and other cultural subjects. A businessman will pick up the intricacies of banking, law, finance and economics.

Instruction will be specifically designed to fit into the schedules of busy people and to provide each individual with exactly the training he needs to better his job and to achieve the fullest possible use of his talents.

Total education is an accomplished fact today and is devoted entirely to training people for war activities. But when peace comes, the great advances already made in teaching methods will be turned to immediate account in bettering all ages and economic groups. ★★

going to soften, but then abstraction settled on her face again. "I'm glad we've got Erin settled."

"Is Erin glad you've got her settled?" "Of course." Her voice was sharp. "She wants to be happily married—like her sisters."

"Are her sisters happy?" Doctor Hathaway knew that he was being brutal, but he did not care. Almost, he and his wife had recaptured something lost and precious, and Caroline had thrown away the opportunity. "Is Sheila happy this time? Not that it matters, of course. She can always try again."

"You're being vulgar," Caroline told him stiffly and started for the door. His voice stopped her with her hand on the knob.

"Is Moira happy, Caroline? Is she happy with Desalles?"

She looked back at him, and for a moment he saw a shadow in her eyes, a shadow that might almost be fear. And

then again there was nothing but the bright glaze of her pride. She went out without answering him, closing the door behind her with a soft and definite click.

Doctor Hathaway closed his eyes and leaned back in his swivel chair, his big heavy body making the springs creak with its weight. He wished he had not asked that last question. He had suddenly and quite clearly a vision of a baby Moira sitting on the floor of his office, following his every movement with wide, wondering eyes, patting the linoleum beneath her with a small, exquisite hand. Moira had been a nice baby, and their first.

HE GOT up and threw another log on the fire. He did not want to think about Moira. He did not want to wonder if Erin might be walking into the same thing with her Lloyd Curran that Moira had found with Jean Desalles. But that was silly, because Erin was not Moira. Moira was gentle and shy; she knew as much

about fighting as a butterfly, and would have even less chance than a butterfly in a quarrel with her husband. If Erin had been married to Mr. Desalles, that gentleman would have been either murdered or divorced ten years ago.

But he was too tired for this kind of thing, the doctor thought suddenly. He was too tired to worry about anybody, no matter how much he loved them. He would have to take some pills again to get through the evening.

He had the brown bottle in his hand when he heard his own car draw up to the door; he spilled out two tablets hurriedly and swallowed them. When he got to the front hall, he found Caroline greeting the arrivals—a medium-sized dark man in a well-fitting military uniform and Dane Johns. He went to Dane first, feeling once more a glow of pleasure and achievement.

"Dane!" The boy was too thin. "It's good to see you, Dane."

"It's good to see you, Doctor."

And, as always, there was a little stab of pain at the formality of that "Doctor," because Hathaway had always wanted son. He pushed the thought away impatiently and concentrated on the moment, running critical eyes over Dan and thinking that he must be overworked. They were all overworked these days, he thought, the doctors in every town and city in the country. They were all working themselves to death.

CAROLINE'S voice summoned him a little impatiently. "Warwick, this is Major Curran. Lloyd, this is Erin's father."

Doctor Hathaway turned and shook hands, smiling while he examined his future son-in-law. Not too bad, he thought. The dark eyes had intelligence; the nose and chin were full of force and character and that was all right. Erin needed a hard man; she was hard herself.

When the greetings were finished, Ma-



Spring Again—and Time to Decide: Repairs Later, or Mobiloil Now!

"We'll Take the
Easy pickin's, hey Mom?"

Save your car! Save gas!

THIS IS NO ORDINARY SPRING: We're now in our 3rd War Year and the car situation is getting more critical every day...

At the present rate, over 600,000 U.S. cars will be junked between now and Fall—and many more will be nearing the end of the trail!

WHAT ABOUT YOURS? Will your present car last until you can get a new one?

Don't take chances—*do this now*: Get Summer Mobiloil, the world's largest-selling motor oil, for your engine. Have your *Mobilgas* dealer service radiator, gears, battery, tires, chassis—every vital part! This complete service safeguards your car—can give up to 10% more miles from rationed gasoline.

Remember—older cars need better care. Only the highest quality oil—the most careful summer servicing—is good enough for your car *this* spring!

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The Stationer's strong point with the new WEATHERPROOF VAN DYKE... an outstanding betterment in moisture-proof thin colored pencils. Greater legibility due to pigmentation that puts extra color on paper—without bearing down. Easy gliding, smooth texture—for greater work efficiency. Strong sharp points via your pencil sharpener... Ask your Stationer, an expert, about any of the 24 brilliant colors.



for Curran looked around the hall inquiringly.

Caroline intercepted his glance. "Erin took the dogs for a walk up the mountain." She laughed indulgently. "Dear child, she has no sense of time. She'll be upset at not being here to greet you!"

Doctor Hathaway caught a sardonic gleam in Dane's eyes and had to suppress a grin; the picture of Erin upset about a breach of manners was a little hard on the imagination.

They were all moving toward the door of the drawing room when they heard the sound of a cavalcade coming down the street. They looked at one another, frowning, and then Doctor Hathaway went back to the front door and opened it.

Two motorcycles ridden by state police troopers swept up the driveway, followed by a car and two more motorcycles. The car, a khaki-colored Army command car, stopped at the front steps, its tires crunching in the gravel. The driver opened the rear door, and a tall young man stepped out and turned to assist someone else.

Sheila got out of the car and stood for a second in the light, wrapped in sables, emeralds in her ears, a tall round sable hat on her lovely head. She looked like some implausible queen out of a story of magic and enchantment.

And then she saw her father, and the cool mask of her beauty dissolved in a smile of sheer delight. She ran up the steps and flung her arms around his neck, almost knocking him off balance. She clung hard for a long time, her soft cheek pressed against his.

Dear Sheila, he thought. Sweet, soft, kind little Sheila! Within him the hard resentment of all the things she was melted and ran away, leaving him weak and full of love for her.

She moved back from him. "Daddy, it's wonderful to see you. It's wonderful to be home! Daddy, this is Alistair. I think you'll like him."

She presented her new husband with all the innocent delight of a child showing off a new toy. Doctor Hathaway looked at the big snub-nosed young man with the rosy cheeks and the short light hair falling over his forehead, and decided that perhaps he was going to like him. He had none of the self-conscious charm of Erin's young man, and neither had he any of the arrogance that one might have expected from an air vice-marshal and national hero only in his thirties. In fact, he looked like a nice boy.

Doctor Hathaway put out his hand. "Welcome!" he said. "I'm always—" He choked, because what he had been about to say was that he was always glad to welcome any husband of Sheila's. He changed the wording hurriedly. "I'm always glad to gather my family together in their home at Christmas. Welcome to the family and to our home!"

IN THE Hathaways' living room Air Vice-Marshal Sir Alistair Bowers felt rather a fool, decked out in his dress uniform with the whole line of his decorations like a banner on his breast. It was not like Sheila to insist on his getting all prettied up, he thought morosely; usually she approved of the modest-hero line. But then she was all dolled up herself tonight, just for dinner in her own father's informal house. The dress she was wearing was new, a very handsome little white item which he had never seen before, and she would have come downstairs wearing enough diamonds to dazzle an Indian prince if he had let her.

"Good gosh!" he had exclaimed at the sight of her. "Why the pile of rocks, darling? You look like a refugee."

She held up her hands. "Don't you think they're pretty?"

"I think they're lovely, my sweet. But one is plenty."

She had come to him obediently, a lit-

tle disappointed but not much, and he had taken off the bracelets one by one, leaving only a wide link of enormous square-cut diamonds spaced by emeralds. Any one of the stones in it, he thought, would fetch enough to buy and sell him.

"Quite an item, this!"

She admired it, too. "Tito gave it to me. Or was it Georges? I think there were earrings that went with it."

"Thoughtful of Tito. Or Georges. We can pawn them one at a time after the war, when I lose my job."

Now he watched her across the wide room, talking to her father, and smiled to himself with tenderness for her. She did not have the faintest idea of the value of those stones; to her, they were just pretty things to wear. She would be willing to give him every one of them to pawn or sell or throw in the river. Sheila was a nice girl.

Watching her now, he felt again the awe that never quite vanished at how small and light and exquisitely made she was, her every movement so swift and graceful and soft, the lovely sweep of her dark eyebrows above the wonderful eyes, the echoing curve of her mouth, soft and sweet and full of love and laughter. Her hair was bright, pale gold, cut short and curled in tiny ringlets all over her head. Like a child's head, her husband thought. Like a little boy's head, innocent and vulnerable and beautiful.

Her father was listening to her chatter with a kind of affectionate courtesy which Alistair understood and liked. Quite a fine old boy, his father-in-law, with his lined, rather wry face. But his mother-in-law, chatting there with that rather impressive young Johns doctor and the Curran character, she was something else. He did not love her very much; in fact, he was quite terrified of her. She made Queen Mary look like a tomboy, so overpowering was her dignity.

Alistair looked up and saw Erin standing in the door of the room, her hands grasping the collars of two red setters. She was wearing a red suede jacket and a red skirt and a brilliant green sweater. There was a sense of crisp and scornful coldness about her, like the wind that had touched

up her cheeks and her long gray eyes, and softened the severity of her heavy pale hair.

Her beauty hit him with the impact of a blow, stopping his breath for a moment. Diana, he thought, and made his mouth close and his eyes stop blinking. Diana the huntress. Diana the moon. Diana the chaste and the cold and the beautiful, the bringer of tears and of dreams. He decided that he would not at all mind being—what was his name?—Endymion.

"Erin, you're late!" Her mother greeted her just as though the girl might be human. "And you look utterly horrible. Come in and say hello and then get dressed."

Some of the freshness seemed to seep from Erin's face, and a sulky temper took its place as she stalked across the room, releasing the dogs to bound back toward the kitchen quarters.

"I'm not dressing," she said. "Anyway, I want a drink first; I'm cold. Hello, Lloyd."

Major Curran moved forward, took her hands and bent his head to kiss her, but she turned her face away so that his lips barely brushed her cheek.

"Don't be sloppy!" she told him, and pulled her hands free.

She came to Sheila then and kissed her, and Alistair saw how alike they were, and how different; Sheila all softness and color and glow, Erin all line, beautiful and clean-cut and hard as a jewel. There was something childlike about Sheila; there was nothing at all childlike about Erin, though there was a fierce and brutal quality of youth.

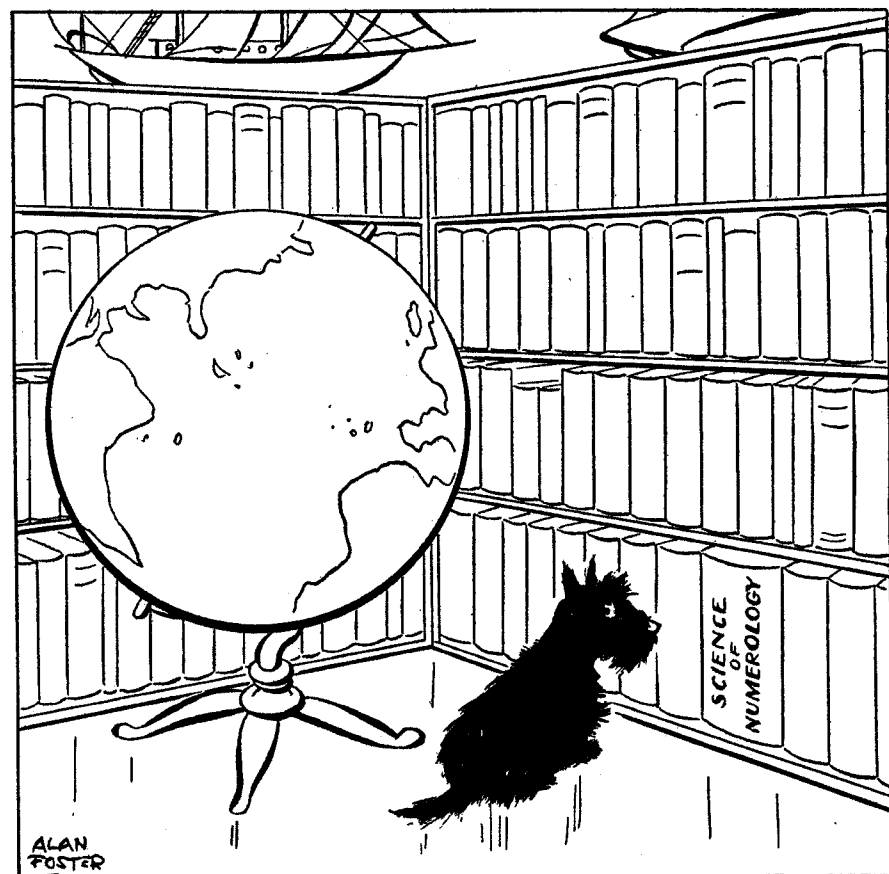
ERIN stood off and looked her sister from head to toe with admiration and a kind of contempt. "What a get-up to come slumming in! You look like first prize at a bingo party. Where's this latest husband of yours?"

Alistair came forward, and Sheila took his hand, turning her lovely smile from him to Erin and back again. "This is my little sister, Alistair. Isn't she the loveliest thing you ever saw? Erin, this is Alistair."

Erin looked him up and down calmly

MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE

by ALAN FOSTER

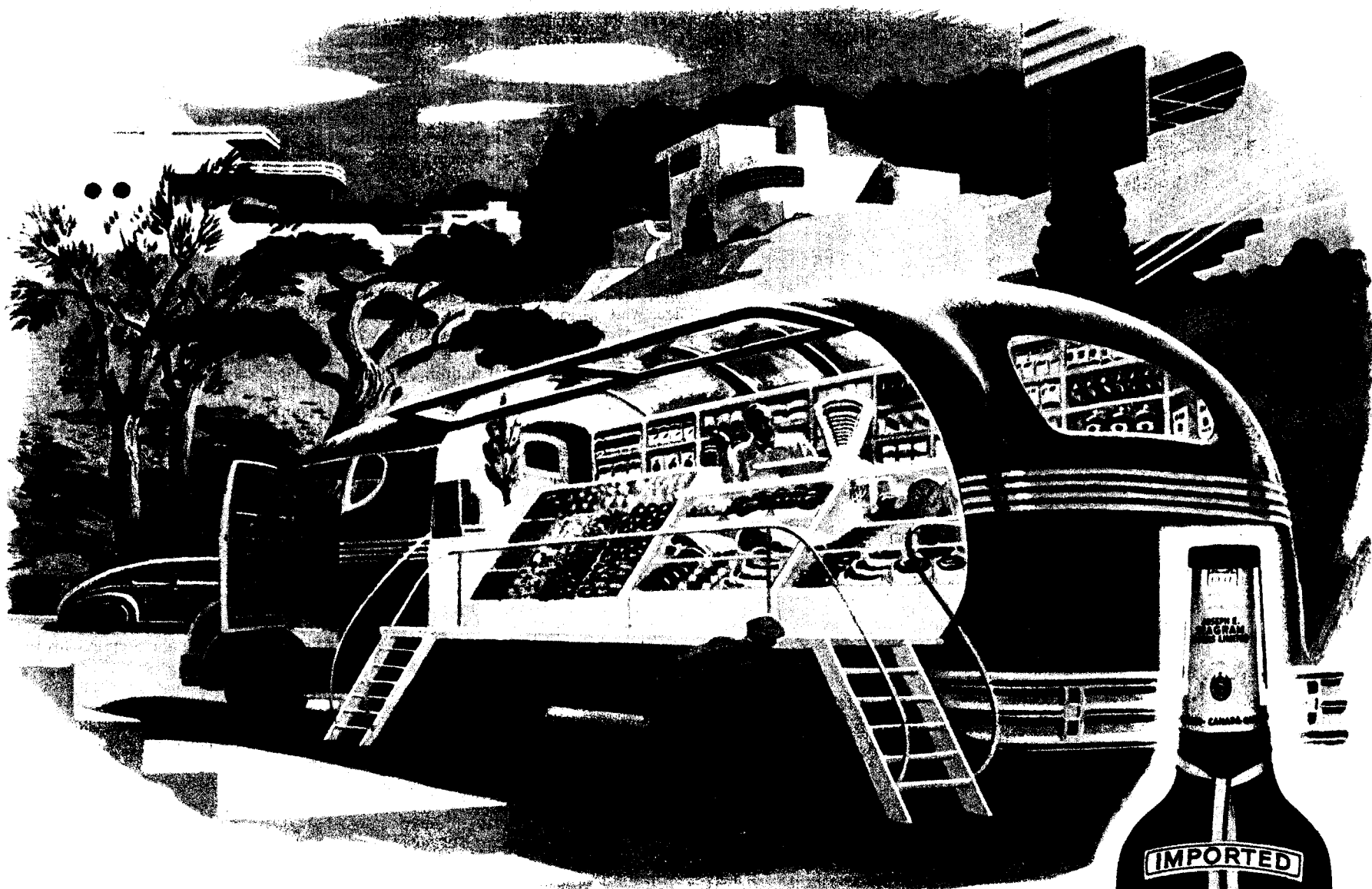


"I wonder if four is a lucky number?"

COLLIER'S

Collier's for April 8, 1944

Men Who Plan beyond Tomorrow Like CANADIAN Whisky at its Glorious Best!



TOMORROW'S AUTOMARKET!

Meal planning and buying will be a cheer instead of a chore, when groceries on wheels rush fresh foods to the housewife's door! Spotless, glass-roofed, giant trailers will make regular stops on each block—one side of the trailer opens out . . . a platform with steps is set up . . . the grocery and meat market is ready for its customers!

★ ★ ★

SEAGRAM'S was planning for your pleasure six long years ago. That was the year when Germany refused to participate in the New York World's Fair . . . when outdoor meetings were actually televised . . . when "You Can't Take It With You" was voted the best movie. The choice Canadian whiskies that you enjoy in Seagram's V. O. CANADIAN today were stored away then—to grow mellow and finer. Six years later, those same whiskies are ready for you in V. O. — Canadian Whisky at its glorious best, for the world's lightest highball!



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WHEN the fight is on for winning Markets instead of battles



TODAY, farsighted government and business leaders are planning for vastly expanded markets after the war — and AIR EXPRESS will play a vital part in that expansion by speeding everything from dehydrated food to hydraulic machinery to the most distant destinations.

For the coverage of this high-speed delivery service will be faster and far more comprehensive than it is today — after the Airlines have invested new hundreds of millions of dollars in larger, faster planes, in expanding their facilities both at home and abroad — to keep America in her rightful place in world commerce.



**A Money-Saving,
High-Speed Tool For
Every Business**

As a result of increased efficiency developed to meet wartime demands, rates have recently been reduced. Shippers nationwide are now saving an average of more than 10% on Air Express charges. And Air Express schedules are based on "hours", not days and weeks — with 3-mile-a-minute service direct to hundreds of U.S. cities and scores of foreign countries.

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and insolently. He returned the look, grinning at her, and she finally pushed forward a hard, boyish hand to meet his.

"He's pretty, too," she said over her shoulder to Sheila. "A bit roast-beef-and-suet-pudding, but definitely attractive."

"He is, isn't he?" Sheila said delightedly. "I mean handsome, of course."

"Quite, darling. I hope my taste improves as I go along, the way yours does."

There was a moment of silence, and Alistair's eyes flew to Major Curran. That gentleman showed no sign of emotion, except for a faint smile around the rather full lips and an equally faint glitter in the hard, bright eyes.

Mrs. Hathaway laughed indulgently. "Dear child! Such a tease!" Something in her voice flickered cold and sharp, like a steel-tipped lash. "Erin, we're waiting dinner for you. If you won't dress, at least go and wash your hands."

And wash out your nasty little mouth with soap, Alistair added mentally, watching the girl striding from the room. Nasty girl, awful girl, wonderful, wonderful girl! Poor kid, he thought suddenly and with pity, all fed and groomed for the sacrifice, waiting but not ready.

He went to his wife and slipped his arm around her waist. "How'll you have your roast beef and suet pudding, my pet? Hot or cold?"

NEXT morning Erin leaned against the trunk of the magnolia tree on the big side lawn, looking up at the sky, brilliant today with sunshine. Lloyd was lecturing her, and she was being as patient as she knew how.

"We might as well get it straight," he said. "When we get married, it will be for good. I don't like divorce."

"Yes, Lloyd," she said meekly.

"And another thing," he said. "I want children. Several children."

"Yes, Lloyd," she said again, and stopped listening to him. He was right. Of course, he was right. She did not believe in divorce, either, except in very rare cases; she thought there was something indecent and humiliating in changing husbands almost annually, as Sheila did. And she did believe in having children; she was quite willing to have almost any number of children. But, dear Lord, why did Lloyd have to sound so stuffy?

"I do loathe that horrible little moustache," she said. "I wish you'd get rid of it."

He stopped in midsentence, and his fingers flew to his lip uncertainly.

Mercilessly, she followed up her attack. "I suppose it's all right in Hollywood, but

then so are all those odd clothes people wear out there."

She enjoyed herself, jabbing at his vanity, feeling a sense of power over him, as though she could treat him as she had treated many men before him, with contempt and without fear.

And then, suddenly, the sport sickened her. It was too easy. Everyone living had some small personal vanity that could be used against them if one was stupid and cruel enough.

"I'm tired," she said abruptly. "I'd better lie down a while or I'm going to look like an old hag at the party tonight."

SHE was turning toward the house when she stopped and stared at the big barn behind the house next door. Her heart stopped, too, she thought. And then, slowly, it started again, pounding heavily with disappointment.

"What's the matter?" Lloyd asked sharply.

"Nothing. Nothing at all. I imagined I saw someone moving in the barn."

"Well, why not?"

"It's Stephen Sawyer's studio."

"Stephen Sawyer?" Lloyd thought for a second, and suddenly his face cleared. "Oh, yes—Stephen Sawyer, the artist? What is he doing in Whitestone?"

"He isn't in Whitestone; he's on Guadalcanal. He has been in the Army for two years. The Sawyers have always lived here. Stephen's father was old General Sawyer."

Lloyd frowned. "I seem to remember something about a scandal of one sort or another."

"That was Stephen's mother," Erin said absently. "She was seventeen when she married the general; he was seventy-three. She ran away after Stephen was born and made quite a name for herself in Europe. The general brought Stephen up to hate her—to hate almost everything."

"The house looks as though it might fall down any minute."

"I know. Stephen just lets it go. He says an air of decay suits it. He lives in the barn."

She stood for a moment, staring at it, and misery flowed through her. Stephen, she thought. My darling Stephen, my darling, treacherous last hope on earth. Free, wild, crazy Stephen. Why weren't you here? Why did I just have to imagine you?

STEPHEN SAWYER shuddered against hunger and darkness. The huge window of the barn was still shuttered as he had found it when he came home last night, and the enormous room was bitter with

HOW WOULD YOU PRONOUNCE IT?

Each sentence below contains four words commonly mispronounced. Read aloud and check with list on page 79.

1. The Tribune considered the time propitious for a posthumous publication of the brochure.
2. With maniacal bravado, the man in the cuirass seized the dog with rabies.
3. The Khedive was served potpourri au gratin with a piquant sauce.
4. The Galapagos expedition was reported with extraordinary detail and vocable succinctness.
5. She covered her dishabille lingerie with a mauve cape of worsted.
6. It was denied with vehemence that the Carnegie research came to an impasse because the equipment was passé.
7. The visé was peremptorily withheld by the consul until the excise tax and franchise papers were certified.
8. The Provost of the university met with the Military Provost and discussed the arraignment of the students in Provost Court.
9. The anti-Allied forces planned to traverse the archipelago.
10. A seismic disturbance on Tuesday prevented a telescopic view of Uranus and Orion.

(Words having more than one pronunciation are checked with seven leading dictionaries for the consensus of authority.)

Charles H. Hall.

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Leadership rests upon the ability to foresee, to develop, and to achieve—first.

★ On that critical basis, weigh the position of the Allison engine. ★

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military rating of more than 1,000 horsepower. ★ Allison

manufactured the first airplane engine in all the world to

weigh less than one pound per horsepower. ★

These are only two of the thirteen major

technical advances in aircraft-powering

credited to Allison. ★ Leadership is

earned by achievements at the fore-

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P-38—Lightning • P-39—Airacobra • P-40—Warhawk • A-36 and P-51—Mustang

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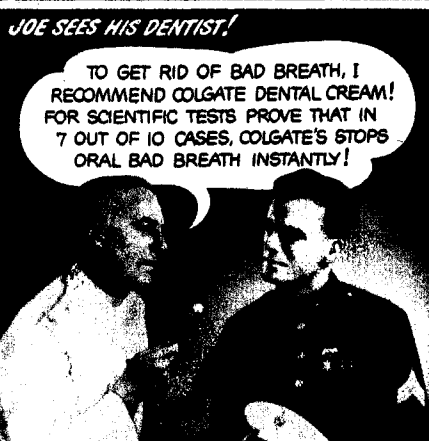
AMERICA
BUY WAR BONDS

I Don't Know How He Does it!



THAT GUY LEFTY GRABS OFF EVERY DOLL I FALL FOR! I SURE GOTTA GET MYSELF SOME SCHOOLING ON THAT WOLF-STRATEGY OF HIS!

SCHOOLING FROM YOUR DENTIST ON BREATH-STRATEGY IS WHAT YOU NEED, JOE! AND THAT'S A FACT!

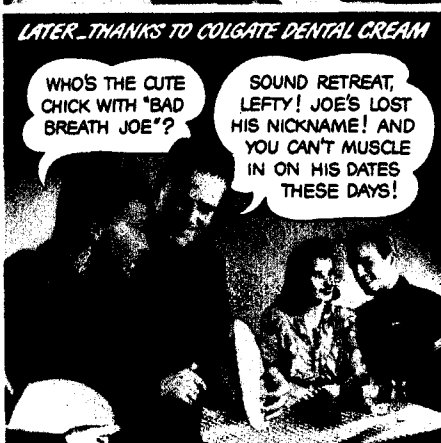


JOE SEES HIS DENTIST!

TO GET RID OF BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S STOPS ORAL BAD BREATH INSTANTLY!



COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES—STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH



LATER... THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

WHO'S THE CUTE CHICK WITH "BAD BREATH JOE"?

SOUND RETREAT, LEFTY! JOE'S LOST HIS NICKNAME! AND YOU CAN'T MUSCLE IN ON HIS DATES THESE DAYS!



COLGATE'S SURE DOES A JOB OF CLEANING AND POLISHING TEETH, TOO!



IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

Tune In! CAN YOU TOP THIS? Saturday Night—NBC Network

the damp, stuffy cold of a house that had not been aired or heated in years. The rug that had covered him and the couch upon which he had slept smelled heavily of mold, and the chill that was in them still infested his dirty, wrinkled uniform with clamminess.

He stood for a while in the darkness, not thinking, only feeling the hunger dull in his stomach and the cold all around him, like water deep in the sea, and the darkness like the weight of water upon him.

He crossed the room, moving with familiar certainty through the looming shadows that were his easel and his model stand and the rest of his furniture. He went into the bathroom and stood for a moment hesitating, and then, reluctantly, unshuttered the little window above the washbasin.

Blazing sunlight hit him like a thousand daggers, and he stood for a moment with the shutter in his hand, blinking and miserable, feeling like a corpse called back from death to cope again with pain.

He put the shutter on the floor and wandered into the kitchen; there was light enough to see without opening another window. He rummaged around on the shelves and found nothing but a can of shrimp and a jar of strawberry jam. He opened them both and ate them, alternating each shrimp with a spoonful of jam. When he had finished, he wiped his hands on his uniform and went back into the bathroom to stand looking out of the window.

He could see the enormous magnolia tree in the Hathaway yard. He looked at it for a long time, noticing the texture of the trunk and the lovely dark green gloss of the leaves, noticing the way the branches grew and the way the whole tree stood solid in its ground. Since he had last seen the tree, they had cut off one branch, the one that had bent over the porch. That made him angry. If the branch had interfered with the porch, they should have torn down the porch; it was a horrible porch, anyway. The whole Hathaway house was horrible, though it made a good picture.

As he watched, a girl and a man went across the lawn. He shrank back into the shadows, and then realized that it was impossible for them to see from that brilliant sunlight through the dirty window into the comparative darkness in which he stood. He took courage and stared at them.

Erin, he thought. Little Erin! And lovelier than ever. Lord, she must be twenty—no, twenty-one!

She was wearing a sweater and a skirt of red, and his eyes approved the color and what it did for the delicate skin of the face above it and the pale splendor of her hair. He approved of her hair; he was glad she'd had sense enough not to have had it cut and curled.

He found himself thinking of Roman portrait statues and how some of them were made with removable hair, so that the matron might keep her stone image always fashionable. He wondered how Erin would look without her hair. It would be amusing to see her as bald as an egg, with the lovely, delicate bones of her skull showing through the naked white skin. He would like to paint her that way; he wished that he had thought of it before, when he could still paint.

He turned away and walked deliberately toward his easel.

THE Hathaways' annual Christmas Eve party was nominally for the purpose of trimming the big tree that always stood in the bay window of the dining room, but in reality to maintain some kind of contact with the rest of the family. Dane Johns, in the background, watched and listened with a kind of grim and affectionate amusement. This was home—the nearest thing to a home that he had ever had

—and, in a way, he loved it even while he resented what it did to him, the old feeling of insecurity that it brought back.

It was the same this year as it had always been. The same people were here—Caroline's sisters, who in their day had been the semiprecious Leigh girls, the sisters' husbands, and all their children, and a few old friends of the family. They had not changed—the children were imperceptibly older, the aunts were painted perhaps more brightly and laughed a little louder than they had found it necessary to laugh last year; the men were perhaps a little grayer and more solid-looking. But they had not changed.

Dane enjoyed watching the big, pleasant, shabby room fill with music and talk and laughter and people, the girls in their bright dresses, the men in their black-and-white, or khaki, or blue. He liked the people dancing at one end of the room where a rug had been rolled up, and the men standing around, talking about the war and the fruit crop and the hunt coming on St. Stephen's Day.

Everybody was drinking too much—the better people, in Whitestone, always had—and the more they drank, the louder the laughter rang, and the higher grew the shrill Virginia voices. But nobody got drunk; it was all gentle and gay and well-mannered.

People clustered around Sheila's husband, trying to get him to talk about his experiences in the war. Dane noticed that he side-stepped with a skilled good humor, fobbing off people with funny stories that had no actual connection with combat.

MORE people—at one time or another practically all the girls in the party—clustered around Erin's major, looking as fascinating as possible. Dane laughed quietly to himself; even the close-guarded ranks of Whitestone were not proof against Hollywood.

But what amused him most, as it did every year, was the way all the relatives and friends treated Sheila and Erin with a desperate and excessive familiarity. There was an insistence about it, a desire that the claims of old acquaintanceship should be acknowledged, which was rather pathetic. Look at me, the less-favored seemed to be shouting; I'm your cousin. Be kind and let everyone know I'm cousin to the Hathaway girls.

Sheila laughed and joked and flirted with everyone who came her way, as much a home-town girl as if she had never been away. Dane watched her for a while, thinking that in spite of everything she was a nice girl. She wanted people to be happy; she wanted to give them whatever they asked of her.

One could not say the same of Erin. She had started the evening well enough, being polite to everybody, even glad to see a few. But the more these people flattered her and paid court for her attention, the thinner grew the veneer of her politeness, and the more her temper showed through. Dane overheard her conversation with one girl, her cousin, the daughter of that Leigh girl who had married one of the tobacco Lords.

"Erin darling, I hear your daddy has a wonderful surprise for us later in the evening."

Erin had been smiling. Now Dane saw her face freeze. "Has he?" she asked.

"Erin!" The girl looked wistful. "I suppose you'll be living in Hollywood?"

"I haven't the faintest idea," Erin said coldly.

The girl was stubborn. "I'm going out to visit Cousin Emmy Lou Lord in California next spring."

Erin looked at her with utter blankness. "How nice for Cousin Emmy Lou!" she said, and turned on her heel.

Dane was sorry for the girl, even though she had brought it on herself. Erin could not remember that other people had to

dig for the things that came to the Hathaway girls as their due. She was a brutal young creature, but looking at her and at Sheila, one could understand how it came about that the world bowed down before them. No matter how familiar you were with them, no matter how well you knew them, you could not see them without a sense of shock and surprise, without a sense almost of disbelief.

Somebody spoke his name, and Dane turned to find Sheila's husband at his side, surreptitiously mopping a flushed neck.

Dane grinned at him. "Finding the gathering of the clan a little exhausting, Marshal?"

"Don't do it," Alistair said plaintively. "Don't call me that. I'm not used to it yet, and it makes me feel quite odd. Look, don't be insulted or anything like that, but would you please tell me: Do they always scream like this—or do they think perhaps that I'm a little deaf?"

"It's their only means of communication. I've thought of doing research to determine whether a racial deafness isn't inherent in white Southerners."

"I wouldn't mind so much if they'd only stop pouring drinks down my throat. That little Erin, she makes me feel very faint and fluttery whenever I look at her. She looks as though she were wondering where she left the ax she chopped up her victims with."

She did seem a little grim, Dane thought, talking to her father and Lloyd in the doorway of the drawing room. And Doctor Hathaway looked exhausted, worn and a little sad and uncertain, his eyes anxious on his daughter's face. He spoke to his wife, and she smiled at Lloyd Curran and moved to put her arm around Erin's waist. Erin pulled away impatiently, as her father turned to the room and called for attention.

"I have an announcement to make," he said at last, when he could make his clear, strong voice heard. "I imagine most of you expected something of the sort, but nevertheless I take great pleasure in—"

He was interrupted. The door behind him opened, and an odd figure entered—a

tall, rather stooping man in gray slacks, a blue turtle-necked sweater and an old tweed coat. He was a handsome man with a lined, sallow, melancholy, malicious face, the dark hair above it so thin that he might almost be called bald.

Dane stared at him and said, "Stephen Sawyer!"

"I'm not intruding, I hope," Stephen's voice was harsh and oddly attractive. "I couldn't resist the Hathaway Christmas Eve party."

Suddenly, the room was loud with shouted greetings and questions. Stephen ignored them all and walked straight to Sheila. Her face broke into sunshine.

"Stephen! Stephen darling, it's wonderful to see you!"

"Sheila, that haircut is completely degenerate. It makes you look like one of those Greek boys—the nasty kind."

She raised her face, and he kissed her and then turned sharply away from her, to face Erin. She stood on the shallow step by the door, not looking at him, not looking at anything, cool and disdainful.

STEPHEN walked up the step to where she stood and put his hands on her shoulders.

"And little Erin. Lovely, lovely little Erin!"

"Furlough, Stephen?" Her voice was cool and even.

"Discharge, my darling. I'm a wreck." His hands still on her shoulders, his eyes roamed over her without insolence. "You've grown up. And quite nicely. Got a kiss?"

He bent his head, and Dane thought for a second that she was going to refuse his lips. But then her arms went around his neck and for almost a moment she clung to him.

"Who is heaven's name is that?" Alistair's mild voice breathed, and when Dane told him, he said, "Artist chap? Always was terrified of artists."

He should be terrified, Dane thought, so savagely that he surprised himself. Anyone who loved a Hathaway girl should be terrified of Stephen Sawyer, who had

THIS IS KNOWN

BY

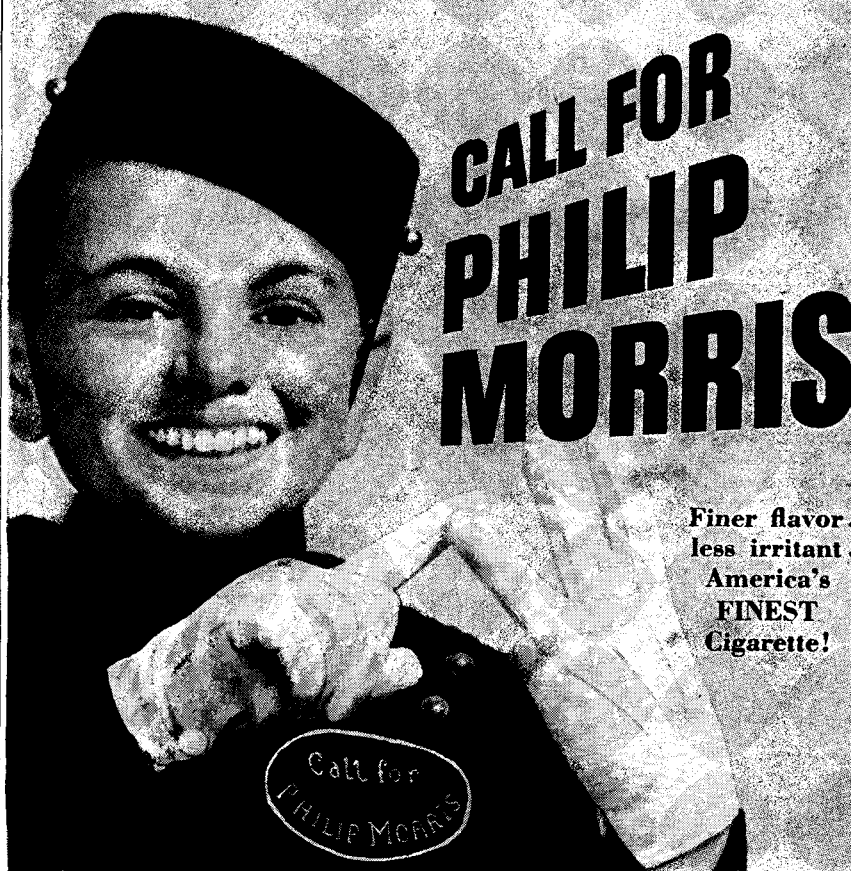
Medical Authorities

about PHILIP MORRIS



WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF NOSE OR THROAT—DUE TO SMOKING—EITHER CLEARED UP COMPLETELY, OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED!

Facts reported in medical journals on clinical tests made by distinguished doctors . . . Proving this finer cigarette is less irritant!



"Well, don't blame me—you wanted a bar in our basement!"

COLLIER'S

JEFF KEATE

Collier's for April 8, 1944

35

THE 4-MINUTE MILE

BY COLONEL A. N. S. STRODE-JACKSON

1,500-METER OLYMPIC CHAMPION, 1912



Arne Andersson finishing the fastest mile ever run by a human. Time: 4:02.6

THE fastest that a human has ever run a mile is 4 minutes 2.6 seconds—the record made in Sweden last July by Arne Andersson, great rival of Gunder Hägg. There are experts, men of science and sports followers who maintain that the mile will never be run in 4 minutes flat. I say it is not only possible but inevitable. It will not require a special sort of oxygen mask or a new form of elixir; it will not necessarily be done by a superman or on an electrically charged track. It will probably be done by men now actively engaged in the sport.

Why am I so confident that this is true? Because races just short of a mile are being run today on what is practically a 4-minute-mile basis. Last August, the same Arne Andersson ran 1,500 meters in 3:45 flat. A mile is 1,760 yards; fifteen hundred meters are 1,641 yards. If An-

dersson had run the race in 3:44, it would have been on the 4-minute-mile basis. Runners of the quality of Andersson, Gunder Hägg, Bill Hulse and Gil Dodds are quite capable of sustaining a mean speed of 7.33 yards a second, which would be required for the 119 yards difference between the 1,500-meter distance and the mile.

A 4-minute mile means running 1,760 yards in 240 seconds; an average speed of 60 seconds each quarter mile; a mean speed of 7.33 yards per second; a rate of 15 miles an hour.

In my opinion, the 4-minute mile, when it comes, can be run at a rate of 58 seconds for the first quarter; 62 seconds for the second quarter; 61 seconds for the third quarter; and 59 seconds for the last quarter. The steadfast training of a miler produces an uncanny judgment of pace—which is as essential as strong tendons.

A Schedule for the Race

The chart below presents a detailed timetable for each portion of the 4-minute mile.

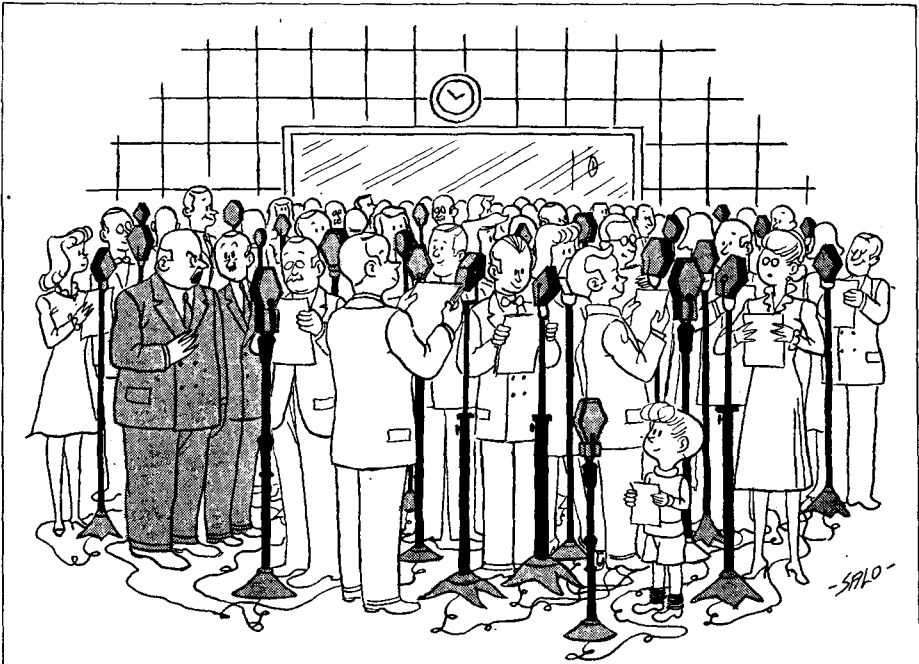
Figuring it in stretches of 110 yards, you will see that our man runs the first 110 yards in 13 seconds, easily possible for a champion, which he will be. He can then slow up progressively one second for each 110 yards until he has run 550 yards, nearly one third of the distance. He then picks up a steady pace of 30 seconds for each of the next 220 yard stretches, or a quarter of a mile. He drops his pace one second when he has run 1,000 yards. He then resumes the 30-second pace for each 220 yards until he has gone 1,540, leaving only 220 yards to go. He picks up the next 110 yards in 14 seconds and comes down the homestretch in 15 seconds.

A mile in four minutes!

And about time, too. When we stop this nonsense of running like a metronome and with the watch always in mind, we will get back to real racing, the triumph of one runner over another. That is what racing was meant to be and what it will be when we get the 4-minute myth out of the way. ★★

Timetable for a 4-Minute Mile

1st 110 yards 13 seconds	1st 220 in 27 seconds	1st Quarter in 58 seconds	1st Half Mile in 120 seconds :2 Minutes	1 Mile in 4 Minutes
2nd 110 yards 14 seconds	2nd 220 in 31 seconds	2nd Quarter in 62 seconds	2nd Half Mile in 120 seconds :2 Minutes	
3rd 110 yards 15 seconds	3rd 220 in 32 seconds	3rd Quarter in 61 seconds		
4th 110 yards 16 seconds	4th 220 in 30 seconds	4th Quarter in 59 seconds		
5th 110 yards 17 seconds	5th 220 in 31 seconds			
6th 110 yards 15 seconds	6th 220 in 30 seconds			
7th 110 yards 15 seconds	7th 220 in 30 seconds			
8th 110 yards 15 seconds	8th 220 in 29 seconds			



"Call up the author—he's getting too many characters into the story"

COLLIER'S

SALO ROTH

loved them each in her turn and who had been loved by all of them. Had been? Had been? Was Erin, with her hands still clinging around his neck, over it, even now?

Stephen gently disengaged Erin's arms and turned to face Doctor and Mrs. Hathaway and a very cold-eyed Major Curran.

"But where's Moira?" he demanded. "I always loved Moira best of all—she's so harmless."

Nobody answered him for a second, and the words seemed to echo in the room. Where is Moira? The question came again voicelessly echoing from wall to wall.

"She couldn't come home this year," Mrs. Hathaway said finally. "One of the children wasn't well."

"One of the children!" Stephen's voice was mocking. "That Desalles wouldn't let her come. I don't know why she stands for him; he ought to be in a zoo." Then he smiled charmingly at Doctor Hathaway. "I'm sorry, sir. You were saying something when I came in."

Dane thought the doctor looked years older and twenty times as tired as he had a few minutes earlier, and knew that it was the mention of Jean Desalles that had done this to him. But now the old man smiled and took Stephen's hand.

"Glad to see you, Stephen. I wish we'd known you were coming; we could have got things ready for you."

"I don't need things ready. You know that, sir."

"Well—" Doctor Hathaway's voice was heavy, and he looked doubtfully from Erin to Lloyd and back before he turned to the waiting room. "My friends, I am pleased to announce the engagement of my youngest daughter, Erin, to Major Lloyd Curran of the Army of the United States."

The words fell leaden and anticlimactic into the silence. There was a pause and then people started to clap politely. Dane made himself join in, even as he watched Stephen examine Major Curran from head to foot, his eyes amused and malicious.

"WHERE have you been?" Erin demanded. "What has been happening to you? Stephen, Stephen, why didn't you answer any of my letters?"

She followed his odd, old-fashioned waltz steps around the floor, not even knowing that they were dancing. She was conscious only of his nearness, and the drawn weariness of his face, and the yellowish whites of the eyes that smiled down at her.

"I never answer letters," he said. "Erin,

I was wondering this morning how you would look with all your hair off."

"Odd, I think," she said, and laughed. It was wonderful to have him back, just as mad and disjointed and unsatisfactory as ever. "Stephen, tell me! What have you been doing?"

"Fighting Japanese." His voice was impatient. "What do you suppose we did on Guadalcanal? Is that Sheila's new one, the blond hero in uniform?"

"Yes. Stephen, are you really discharged? Why?"

"I had a breakdown."

She laughed, leaning back to look at him. "Didn't you tell them that was your way of feeling good?"

"I wasn't feeling good. That major of yours is looking very clammy at us. What an odd nose he has. Did he have it changed?"

ERIN found herself wondering about Lloyd's nose and if he had had it changed. She laughed impatiently and abruptly broke away from Stephen, holding his arm.

"I don't care if it's removable," she said. "Stephen, I've got to talk to you. Let's go to the studio."

As they left the room, she knew Lloyd was watching them, but she did not even glance at him. For the moment, at least, Lloyd was unimportant. Stephen was back, and with him the memory of the lovely, carefree days before the trap closed, the days when she had been free.

They crossed the dark garden and went through the gap in the hedge to the studio. Stephen switched on the light and closed the door behind them, and Erin stood looking around her for a moment, looking at the enormous, dusty room and drawing its musty dampness into her lungs like perfume.

"It's like coming home, Stephen. It's better than coming home."

"You've spent enough time here. Better take a good look; I don't think the major will encourage your coming again."

The words brought Lloyd sharply into Erin's mind, almost as though he were in the room, his cold eyes appraising and disdaining everything in it, the big shabby furniture, the easel with its covered picture, the stacked sketches around the walls. Lloyd would not like this room; he certainly would not want her to come again. There were many, many things she had done in the past which Lloyd would not want her to do again.

"Stephen," she said suddenly. "Look, Stephen—will you marry me?"

His face was not surprised. "You know I won't, child. The Hathaways are always

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trying to marry me. It's really very disreputable."

But he had to do something; he was her only hope of escape. Life with Stephen might be wild and unpredictable, but it would be gay. Certainly it would be interesting and full of adventure.

"We could just go away," she said. "You wouldn't have to marry me."

"That's the other thing the Hathaways are always trying to do—seduce me."

"I wouldn't be much bother, Stephen."

"Don't be silly. Do you think I want a lusty female all the time around, twitching at me? Besides, neither of us has any money."

"You made fortunes painting," she told him, hating herself for pleading and unable to stop.

"And spent fortunes. And I can't paint any more, child. I couldn't paint a red barn." His voice was impatient, and he turned away from her decisively, putting a definite end to the subject: "I've got something to show you. Come look."

She followed him listlessly, feeling miserable and hollow. So that, too, was hopeless. He was the last hope anywhere, and he had refused her. She watched with disinterested eyes while he pulled the white cloth from the easel, and then she gasped.

"I finished it just before the Army got me," he said.

IT WAS a big canvas, filled with the splendid color and line and the meticulous draftsmanship that had made Stephen Sawyer famous. It was a picture of three girls walking down a path in a formal garden, hand in hand. Moira, the dark one, was in the middle, and Sheila and Erin were on either side of her, golden as light. They were all three nude and faintly smiling. It was as lovely and innocent as a Botticelli.

But there was something odd about it. Erin leaned closer to look at the path over which six high-arched and bare feet were walking lightly. It seemed to be composed of little cobblestones set close together, but when she really looked, she saw that the cobblestones were really little heads with faces—men's faces grimacing with agony, the eyes fastened on the three disdainful girls above them. There were hundreds of little faces, each of them different, all of them exquisitely painted, all of them full of pain and fear and frustration.

Erin drew a deep breath. "My lord!" she said admiringly. "Stephen, you are a stinker! How did you manage the bodies?"

"I worked on it for years," he said

crossly. "Sheila was the only one I could get to pose; you and Moira were always too modest." He put the word in quotes and pronounced it with loathing. "I made sketches of you in bathing suits and imagined the rest."

Erin looked at him in astonishment and then, helplessly, started to laugh. "You did quite well with your imagination," she managed at last, breathless. She looked closely at the picture again. "Moira's fine, but you left out my mole."

"What mole?" His voice was suddenly angry. "You never told me you had a mole. Let me see it."

She laughed again and moved away from him, going toward the door. "Oh, no!"

"Where is it? I don't believe you have a mole!"

She grinned at him and made her escape into the dark garden, knowing he would worry about that; it was the sort of detail that drove him crazy. It served him right. It served him right for not helping her.

And suddenly her little triumph was dead and she was full of dreariness, crossing the dark lawns on her way back to the party. Lloyd was waiting for her on the porch, leaning against one of the tall white pillars. He came to intercept her as she mounted the steps.

"Where have you been?" His voice was icy.

She did not feel like fighting with him. "Over in Stephen's studio, talking."

"Talking?"

Still she could not get angry, though she tried. "Lloyd, I was gone fifteen minutes."

"I don't like being made a fool of."

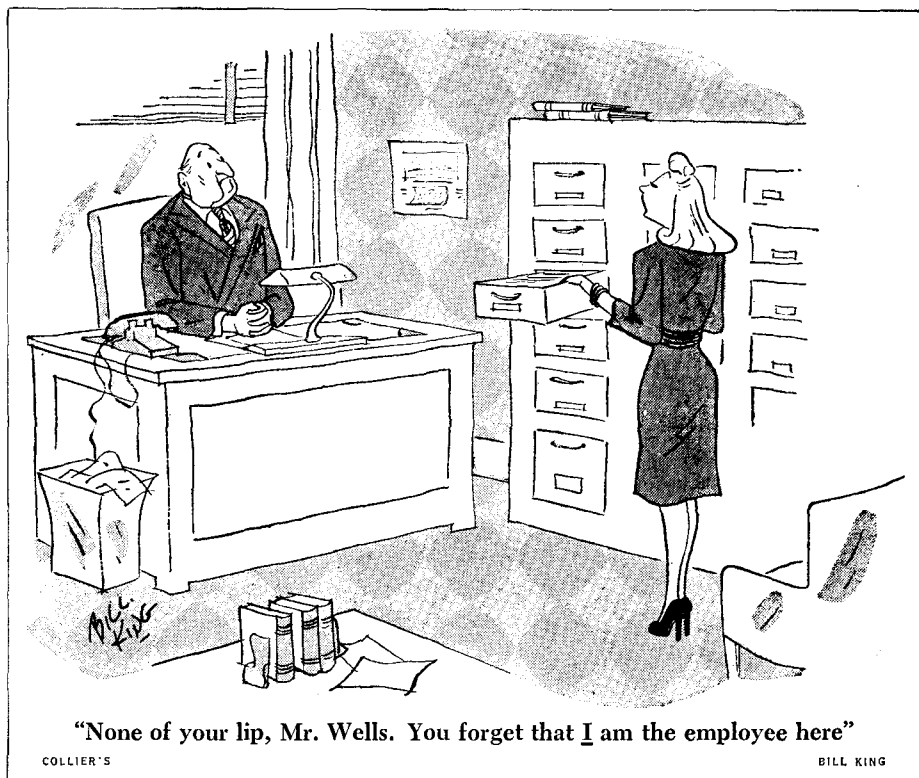
Now, she could feel the dormant seed of wrath germinate and burst and begin to send forth roots and branches within her. "No?" she asked softly.

"No." His voice was cold and very definite. "I don't want you to go to Sawyer's studio. I don't want you to see him again. I don't like him."

This was too much. This was far too much. The pompous fool was actually telling her how to behave. Her eyes were blurred, and the palms of her hands were sweating, but she managed to keep her voice as cool as his own:

"There are a few things I don't like either, Lloyd. For instance, that little Delancy trollop. I don't like getting letters from my friends telling me about her. If you can't be more selective, you might be more discreet."

That cut him; she knew it by the look on his face. Out of somewhere she gath-



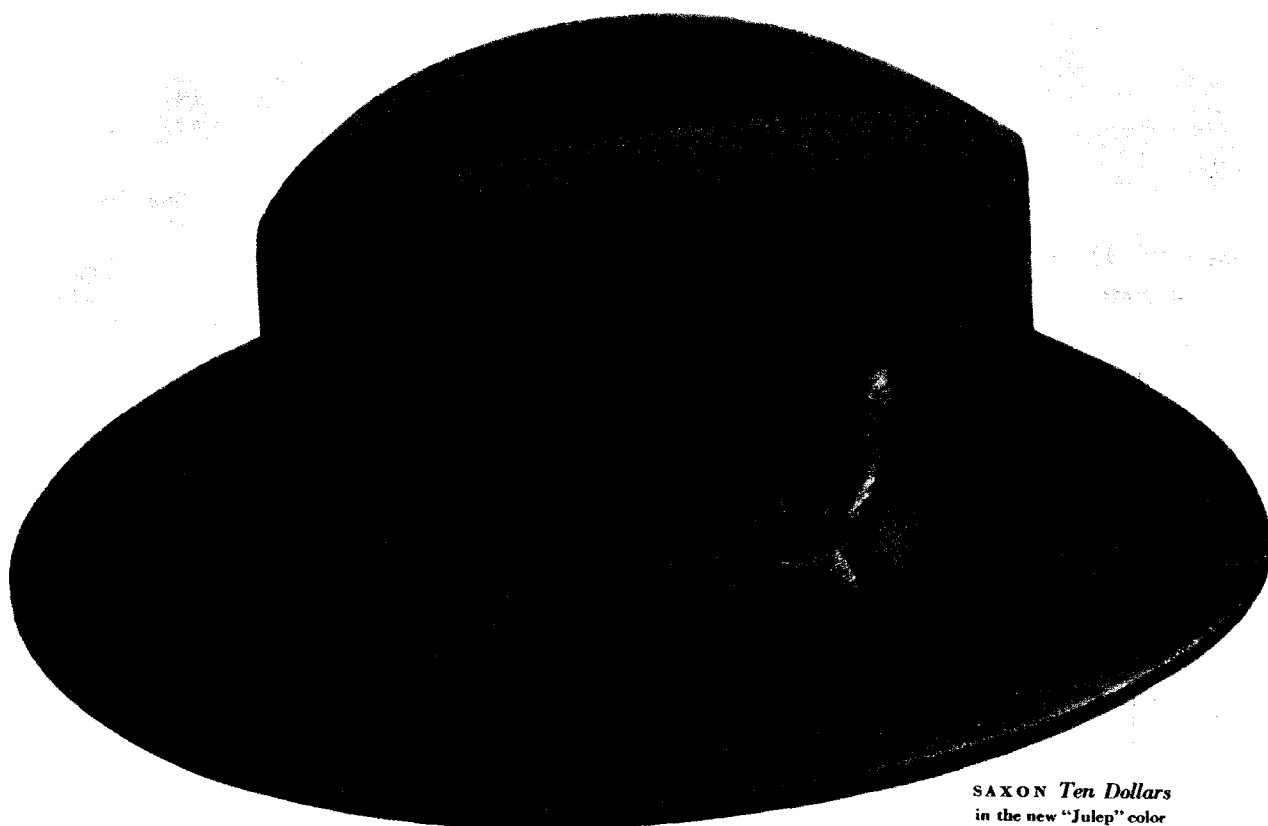
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*The
Week's
Work*



Quentin Reynolds

Now they know they're playing for keeps."

You'd think Quent would be toughened to the horrors of war after all he's seen as foreign correspondent for Collier's—the fall of France, the London blitz, the miseries of Russia—but when American casualties started coming in, he softened up all over again. "I've seen lots of dead Germans and it didn't bother me," he says, "but the sight of one dead American would make me sick for a week."

AFTER his experiences at Salerno and in the Dieppe raid, Quentin Reynolds is well acquainted with the taste and sound and smell of an invasion. Now, in his article on page 16 he gives you a close-up of what a great invasion is really like.

This is no cold dissertation—no Reynolds piece ever is. For Quent is emotional about the things he believes in, and our Army is one of those things. Reynolds, in New York between war trips, says that the African and Italian campaigns transformed our soldiers from amateur to professional status.

"In the beginning, they were playing war for souvenirs," Quent says. "They wanted to bring home a Nazi helmet to hang on the wall. I actually saw them throw away stuff they needed so they could carry bits of shell and other junk.

Quent means it really made him physically sick. For such a big, tough guy—he's more than six feet tall, weighs more than 200, was heavyweight boxing champion at Brown University—he has remarkably delicate sensibilities. Yet he has flirted with shellfire enough to get wounded, and one bomb dropped so close the concussion loosened the fillings in his teeth.

He is sentimental about his family, a vigorous tribe of Irish-Americans who live in Brooklyn. Neither they nor his wife, the former Virginia Peine, actress, can accuse him of forgetting birthdays and anniversaries. He always remembers. His overflowing friendliness extends to all the world—from the phony who touches him for \$50 "because we used to work together in Dallas" (Quent never worked in Dallas), to the King of England, who is, he says, "a great guy."

ered strength enough to leave while she had the advantage; she moved on without looking at him again and entered the house. She wanted to be alone until the violence of her anger wore out; she could not face the music and the laughter in the drawing room. Instead, she crossed the hall and went through the door of her father's office.

But that was occupied also, and blindly she turned to leave before she realized that it was only Dane. Dane was practically a brother; he had known her troubles almost all her life. She watched him put surgical instruments into the sterilizer and realized that he must have been seeing an emergency patient for her father.

He glanced up and said, "You look murderous."

"I feel murderous." Then violence broke the bonds, and her voice rose: "I won't marry that unspeakable ape. I tell you, I won't marry him! He can take himself and his little mustache back to Hollywood or the Army or whoever wants him. I won't marry him."

DANE looked at her steadily for a moment and then turned back to the sterilizer. "You're just a spoiled brat," he said. "You've had everything you wanted all your life, and now you don't know what you want."

The injustice of this, coming from him, almost paralyzed her tongue. She was stammering with anger when she could speak again: "Everything I wanted? I never had anything I wanted. I wanted to go to college and they wouldn't let me. I wanted to go to medical school and they wouldn't let me—"

Dane laughed, and the sound was like a whip across her face. "A fine doctor you'd have made!" he said. "But if you'd wanted hard enough to go, you'd have gone."

If she had wanted hard enough! Could anybody have wanted anything more than she had wanted to be a doctor? "They

wouldn't let me," she repeated stubbornly. "Daddy wouldn't let me. He gave everything I ever wanted to you."

He turned back to her and his face was saturnine. "So now, of course, he's working himself to death giving you things you don't want. Clothes and little visits to New York and Washington and Miami and Sun Valley. Just so you can be miserable. Just so you can act like a hungry baby that doesn't want to drink its milk. Just so he can drop dead one of these days from overwork—"

But the door opened, interrupting him, and her father came in, big and quiet and anxious-looking, his eyes searching first her face and then Dane's. He was about to close the door behind him when it was pushed open again, and her mother entered. She closed the door definitely and surveyed the room with a cool, appraising eye.

"Is anything the matter?" she asked.

"Nothing," Dane said. "Nothing at all. Just baby, here. She's decided not to marry the guy."

Erin did not care what he said. Her eyes were on her father's face, searching it. He did look tired; he looked horribly tired. There were gray smudges underneath his eyes, and the eyes themselves were red-rimmed with weariness. The flesh on his face hung loose, and despite the bigness of his body he looked old and terribly frail.

"Lloyd told me." Mrs. Hathaway's voice again had that quality of a flickering lash. "A ridiculous lovers' quarrel. Come, Erin!"

But Erin was still looking at her father, and there was fear within her, fear that perhaps Dane was right, that one of these days her father would topple into death from some pinnacle of overwork which he had reached in an effort to keep her mother and herself in all the things that seemed necessary. How could she not have seen how tired he looked, how old and how sick?

Among Reynolds' distinctions is the fact that he doesn't feel obliged to be anti anything. He is for President Roosevelt, for Winston Churchill, for our generals. In his new book, *The Curtain Rises*, he reiterates the conviction he has expressed on the radio and in articles, that "Somebody is running this war awfully well, and it isn't me. Maybe it's the men in charge."

You'll be seeing more Reynolds articles soon, for Quent says: "As long as typewriters are made, I'll write for Collier's." Collier's, for its part, is going to see to it that they keep on making typewriters, because Reynolds pieces are something we've grown used to—after publishing 241 of his articles and stories in the last ten years—and we'd hate to be without them.

PETER PAUL O'MARA, author of *Escape from Beauty*, which begins in this issue (page 11), is, as you might suppose from his name, Irish. And the Irish, as you have undoubtedly learned, have a notorious tendency to fancy. Give an Irishman a fact and he can embroider it until the fact wouldn't recognize itself in a mirror. So you are on your own if you wish to believe, as Mr. O'Mara solemnly swears, that, in addition to Hibernian blood in his veins, he has Russian corpuscles, French, English and—he hints with slanted eyes—a distant touch of Chinese.

But whatever his background and heredity, his foreground is impeccable. Honorably discharged from the Army after a year's service, he has an undiplomatic wife straight out of a consular family, a son christened Ian (called variously Butch and the Small-mouthed Bass)

and a passion for the South, as the South may or may not agree after reading his serial.

Born abroad, he was educated—or so he says—at Oberlin, the University of Chicago, and in various bistros in and about Manhattan. He has more relatives, real or adopted, than a bachelor millionaire, and he seems sometimes only to write under financial pressure, a condition he cultivates by buying pictures by Paul Sample, antique furniture, flat silver and the like. He is, in short, a fast man with a dollar and with a word. You know—an Irishman.

JOHN O'HARA'S reply to our request for some personal notes was terse and reasonably complete: "The facts begin in 1905, at Pottsville, Pennsylvania. They continue to Fordham, New York; Kutztown, Pennsylvania; Niagara Falls, New York; Pottsville, Pennsylvania; Tamaqua, Pennsylvania; Bremerhaven, Germany; Momence, Illinois; Chicago; Lykens, Pennsylvania; Paris; Hollywood; New York; and Quogue, Long Island. Some of those stops can be repeated all over again, and plenty in between.

"There were some books published by Harcourt, Brace & Co.; and Duell, Sloan & Pearce. There was some participation in movie writing. There was a musical comedy. This isn't the first time I've been published by Collier's, but it's the first time Collier's has asked for my dossier. Referring back to the first paragraph—I don't get around much any more."

Good thing in a way. Gives him time to do things for you like the story on page 72. . . . A. P.

Apparently, he thought that she was waiting for him to say something, because now he spoke as if in answer to a question, his voice heavy with worry:

"Erin, my dear, you know I don't want you to marry anyone you don't want to marry. But you can't very well break an engagement half an hour after it was announced."

Of course she couldn't. Of course she couldn't. She couldn't break the engagement at all.

Out of the depths within her, a sigh arose to shake her from head to foot, and she managed a shaking smile.

"Everybody's being silly! Can't a girl let off steam without all these hysterics?" She was surprised to find her voice steady enough: "First Lloyd, and now you three. Come, Mother. We'll find the poor lamb and soothe his feelings."

They left the room then, but on her way out, Erin stooped and kissed her father swiftly on the forehead, her fingers biting hard into his big shoulders.

WHEN the door closed behind the women, Dane turned and took the instruments out of the sterilizer with a tongs, putting them in their accustomed places in the glass wall case. The old doctor moved to the fireplace and stood with his back to it, watching.

"Who was the patient?" he asked finally.

"Just old Joe Burdock with another boil. I lanced it. He wasn't quite sure he could trust me, but I persuaded him you were busy."

Doctor Hathaway grinned. "They don't quite trust anybody but the old man," he said.

"That's all very well, but the old man had better take a rest, or he won't be around to trust. You know yourself—"

He stopped, defeated, because Doctor Hathaway was not listening to him. He was staring at the floor, frowning. Dane waited.

"Dane—" the old doctor said finally, and hesitated and went on again: "Dane, did I say the right thing? To Erin, I mean, just now?"

"Of course," Dane told him vigorously. "All you did was tell her to count up to ten."

Doctor Hathaway raised a big, uncertain hand to his face. "I don't know. It's so hard to know anything, or decide anything." Then he dropped the hand and looked directly at Dane. "Dane, have you seen Moira lately?"

Dane felt himself grow quiet inside. Here was dangerous ground. "Not for a couple of months," he said. "I saw her in October, I think it was, when little Georges had the mumps—though where he got them, I don't know. That Children's House of Desalles is as sterile as an operating theater, and the kids never see any other children."

But Doctor Hathaway refused to be sidetracked: "How did Moira seem, Dane?"

Dane picked his way carefully: "More beautiful than ever."

But he was not allowed to escape. The next question was the crucial question, the one he had been dreading:

"Is she happy, Dane?"

"Lord, Doctor, we didn't talk about her soul, just about her children. She looked quite well."

The old doctor dropped the subject then, and Dane sighed with relief. It was a silly question to have asked, he thought a little resentfully. The old man must know that Moira was not happy, that no one could be happy married to Desalles. Dane thought with uneasiness and compassion of the quiet woman sitting in beauty in the big, quiet house in Gloucesterhaven. . . .

Sheila also asked about Moira that night, after the party, when she and her mother and Erin were on their way to bed.

"I called her when we were in New York," she explained. "We didn't have

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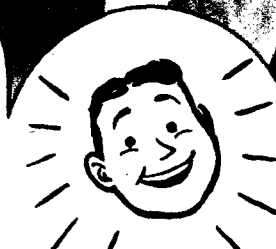
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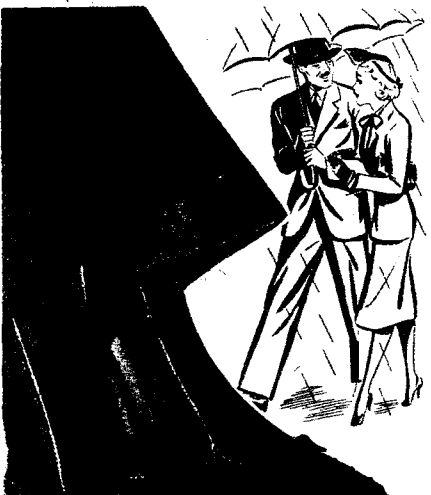
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much time, but she might have come in for an hour or so." Sheila frowned at her mother, looking hurt and puzzled. "She said it was impossible."

Erin saw her mother's face take on a closed and guarded look. "Jean doesn't like her to go into the city alone."

Sheila persisted: "I'd have gone out to see her, if she had invited me."

"They're a very retiring couple," her mother said. "Jean doesn't like unexpected company."

"Mother!" Sheila said impatiently. "I'm not company—I'm her own sister!"

Erin watched her mother, but the handsome face under its white hair showed nothing. "You're exaggerating the whole thing," Mrs. Hathaway said with an air of finality. "You always were an imaginative child."

Sheila looked unconvinced, and Erin laughed scornfully. "Mother, you know very well Moira treats you the same way. We see Moira by special appointment once a year. We get asked to tea. And Jean Desalles never leaves the room."

Sheila shivered. "He's a horrible little man."

They halted outside the door of their mother's room, and the old lady put her hand on the knob. "I have never seen Jean be anything but charming to Moira. Good night, children."

ALISTAIR woke next morning to the sound of guns and the feel of a fire-tossed bomber swooping and heaving beneath him. He lay quiet for a moment, until the horrible taste in his mouth convinced him that he was in his own bed suffering only from a hang-over. He opened one eye cautiously, and sunlight tried to stab it out of his head. He closed it again quickly and opened the other and, gradually, after a course of trial and error, managed to get them both open and slightly focused.

His wife was sitting before the old-fashioned dressing table, vigorously brushing the short, bright curls that covered her head like a close-fitting, carved helmet.

"What I want to know is—" he began, and stopped to let the echo of his voice die away in his head. He tried again, speaking softly and cautiously: "What I want to know is: Why does your little sister switch around so? To begin with, she was angelic, in the middle she was awful, and then at the end she was quite the little lady again. Confusing."

"Erin's too clever," Sheila said, and he

could see her smooth forehead in the mirror wrinkling with disapproval. "She's got such a good mind that she thinks she has to think about everything. It just makes her unhappy."

Alistair wondered if a grin would crack his face wide open, and tried it, and thought perhaps it had. "Is she in love with that Sawyer?" he asked.

"All of us are in love with Stephen."

"Good heavens! Why?"

"A man wouldn't understand. It's just that Stephen's Stephen."

"And very nice for him, too, no doubt. Tell me, how does he feel about it? Is he in love with all of you girls in return?"

Sheila's brush hesitated for a second and then resumed its short, sharp strokes. When she spoke, it was with the unexpected shrewdness that always surprised him: "He thinks he is, but I think he really hates us."

"What do you mean?" Alistair forgot himself enough to sit up in bed, but he lay down again quickly.

"He paints perfectly gorgeous pictures of us, and then puts something horrible in, too. Like the one of me he exhibited in New York three years ago. I looked like an angel out of heaven, except that there was blood dripping from under each of my fingernails." She laughed with genuine amusement. "Dear Stephen! He thinks too much, too."

Alistair moaned and closed his eyes. "Please don't laugh, my dear. I am in a very delicate condition. How is it that I haven't seen any of these horrible pictures?"

"Jean buys them. Moira's husband. He sends mysterious little men around to offer fabulous prices for them whenever one is exhibited. He owns every picture Stephen ever painted of any of us."

"Pleasant to live with. I'd enjoy that blood under your nails mornings while I was nibbling at my bloater."

"Oh, Jean just keeps them in a vault. He buys them to keep them out of sight. Happy Christmas, darling Alistair. Get up now. We've got to go down and open presents."

"Please go away, little woman. Go and open your horrible presents. The crackling of tissue paper at this moment would burst my eardrums."

"If you're not up and dressed in five minutes, I shall start beating the big brass dinner gong in the hall."

In ten minutes, he was up and dressed, moving very cautiously and complaining bitterly about bourbon whisky and the



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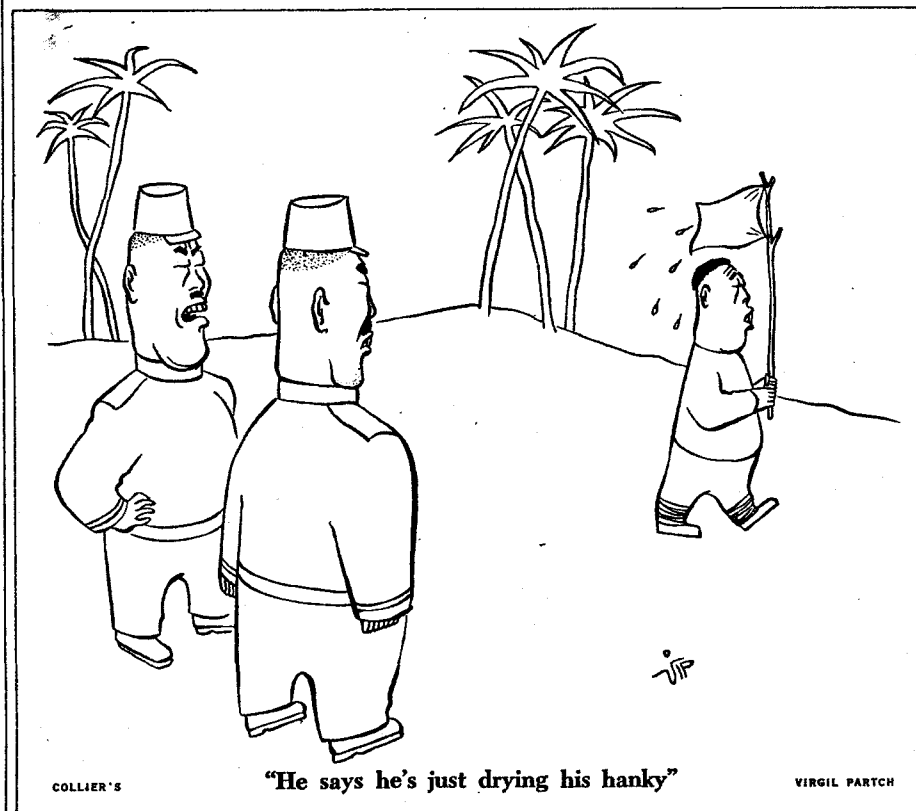
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"He says he's just drying his hanky"

COLLIER'S

VIRGIL PARTCH

ROSTER OF IRON MEN

THE MAN

Ventura, California
jail inmate

Bakersfield, California
motorcyclist

87-year-old
Londoner

112-year-old
Topekan

One-armed
Brooklynite

THE IRON

He unscrewed the light bulbs in his cell and ate them

His collision with a freight train derailed 13 cars, but he was unhurt

He was named the correspondent in a divorce case

He took the Civil Service examinations for a job

He was arrested for picking pockets

W. E. FARBERSTEIN

treachery of so-called well-wishers who made him drink it. When he had knotted his tie and shrugged into his coat, Sheila caught his arm impatiently and started to drag him from the room. He stopped her just inside the door.

"Sheila," he said with difficulty. "Sheila, tell me something: That Sawyer—did you and he ever—you know?"

She looked surprised but she answered without hesitation: "No." Then she added honestly: "I tried, but I never could get him interested in love-making. Neither could Moira or Erin. It's a joke between the three of us, now."

He was surprised at the relief he felt. He had no illusions about Sheila; he knew that she had had lovers and that she probably would have lovers again, but he was glad that Stephen Sawyer had not been one of them. He kissed her and started down the stairs.

Erin was sitting on the floor of the living room, next to the Christmas tree. There was an open box beside her and in her hand an exquisite rose jade figurine.

"Oh, how beautiful!" Sheila exclaimed. "Who sent it?"

"Moira," Erin continued to stare at the little Chinese lady in her hand. "She asked me what I wanted and I told her a fur jacket, and this is what she sent me."

"It was a lot more expensive than a fur jacket."

"But I wanted a fur jacket."

Alistair thought for a moment that she was going to cry. And then, suddenly, fiercely, she jumped to her feet, flung the little rose figure into the fireplace where it smashed into a thousand pieces, and stalked out of the room.

The crash echoed inside Alistair's head, and he closed his eyes with pain. Such a girl, he thought. If the day kept up the way it had started he would be in fine shape for the hunt tomorrow. And if these Virginians hunted the way they drank, he had better start looking around for a hole to be buried in. He wondered if Sheila would be able to get priorities to ship his body home; perhaps it could be worked under Lend-Lease, or something.

THERE were many fashionable hunts in Virginia, but the Whitestone Hunt was not one of them. There were not enough rich Yankees living in the neighborhood, and the country was too rough. Even for a safe rider it was dangerous, and the tradition of Whitestone riding did not favor safety.

Dane, on the back of a big roan, borrowed from a Hathaway uncle, felt physically alive for the first time in a year. He determined, as he always did, to ride regularly when he got back to the city. But he knew even while he was making the resolution that he would not keep it;

riding in Central Park was not like riding over these brown Virginia hills.

There were only a few people ahead of him, and the first of them was Erin. Most of the riders had sanely chosen to go around rather than risk jumping Carrick Gully, which was neither wide nor particularly deep, but which had dangerously slippery slopes at either side. Dane would have ridden to the bridge himself if he had not seen Erin's big black stallion rise over the gully and take the leap with superb disdain.

"The little fool!" he muttered and followed her.

He himself had taught her to ride, had taught her everything except a sense of elementary caution, which she had never wanted to learn. Even now, he could close his eyes and see a straight, stringy little girl on horseback, doing things that had made him sweat with apprehension—and have to do the same things himself later to prove that he was not afraid.

NOW Erin still led; she rode on the heels of the hounds, yet never once overrode them. Dane could see the fox, a tiny creature far ahead of them, streaking straight for the wooded, rocky mountain trails and safety. The hounds and the horses followed him over a low stone wall and across a field of frost-browned cornstalks, gaining with every foot. There was a tall barbed-wire fence at the other end of the field, and the fox flashed beneath the lowest strand of wire. The hounds followed; one or two of them yelping as a barb caught in his coat.

The hunters pulled sharply toward the right, making for a gate in the corner of the field; the fence was obviously too high.

Dane followed and then pulled in his horse sharply, frozen with fear. The big black stallion was still flashing toward the wire fence.

"No!" he shouted and was not sure that he made any sound. "Erin, no!"

The black horse left the ground and took to the air like a legendary creature with wings. Dane grasped his reins tightly and watched the great animal mount; his heart and his breath stopped and knotted in one subconscious, physical prayer.

Almost, they made it, the girl and the black horse. Almost but not quite. A flashing hoof caught in the top strand of wire, and the horse turned a complete somersault in the brilliant winter air, flinging Erin free. She landed on her face in the stone-hard red Virginia clay.

Dane was crawling between the strands of wire when she got to her feet and staggered toward his voice, her hands outstretched. All he could think was: Oh, her face—her poor, lovely face!

(To be continued next week)

For Distinguished Service

TO YOUR COUNTRY—BUY U.S. WAR BONDS

HONOURS OF The Royal Scots (Captain)

Tangier, 1680—Blenheim—Waterloo
Ava—Alma—Sevastopol
Ypres, 1915, '17, '18—Somme, 1916, '18—Palestine, 1917, '18

HONOURS OF DEWAR'S "White Label"



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Agriculture, Buenos Aires, Argentina, 1910
... one of more than 60 medals honouring
Dewar's for excellence in Scotch Whisky.

SECURING a supply of Dewar's these days often calls for a new strategy. Several reconnaissances at your favorite Scotch Headquarters may be required. But your patience will be rewarded when you proudly serve the Scotch that has been awarded 60 world honours!



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12

years old

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COMMAND DEWAR'S...AND BE

"AT EASE"

Dewar's "White Label" and "Victoria Vat"

THE MEDAL SCOTCH OF THE WORLD



Both 86.8 Proof. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. © 1943, Schenley Import Corp., N. Y.

Collier's for April 8, 1944



✶ "The Kentucky Derby's one of the great American shows I've always wanted to see. But Buffalo-to-Louisville seemed a pretty strenuous trip. Close to six hundred miles by the road map. Well, that's past tense now. We're going to see the Derby when this war is over and it won't be a strenuous trip, because . . .



✶ "We're going in our Cessna Car of the Air. Picture this: Breakfast at home . . . relaxing trip . . . lunch at Churchill Downs . . . the Derby. Then, home by noon next day . . . or maybe a day or two for stops on the way. Any way you look at it, when you have a Cessna, the world (or a pretty good chunk of it) is your oyster."

Breakfast in BUFFALO . . . CHURCHILL DOWNS at Posttime



✶ You'd better make a list of all the places you've wanted to go . . . the things you've wanted to see and do . . . for when you get your Cessna Car of the Air you'll be going, seeing and doing. When you can easily cruise five hundred miles in a morning, or a thousand in a day, you have this big country right at your finger tips.

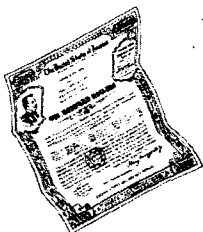
As for day-after-day usefulness . . . salesmen can cover their territories in one-third the time it takes by car. Executives

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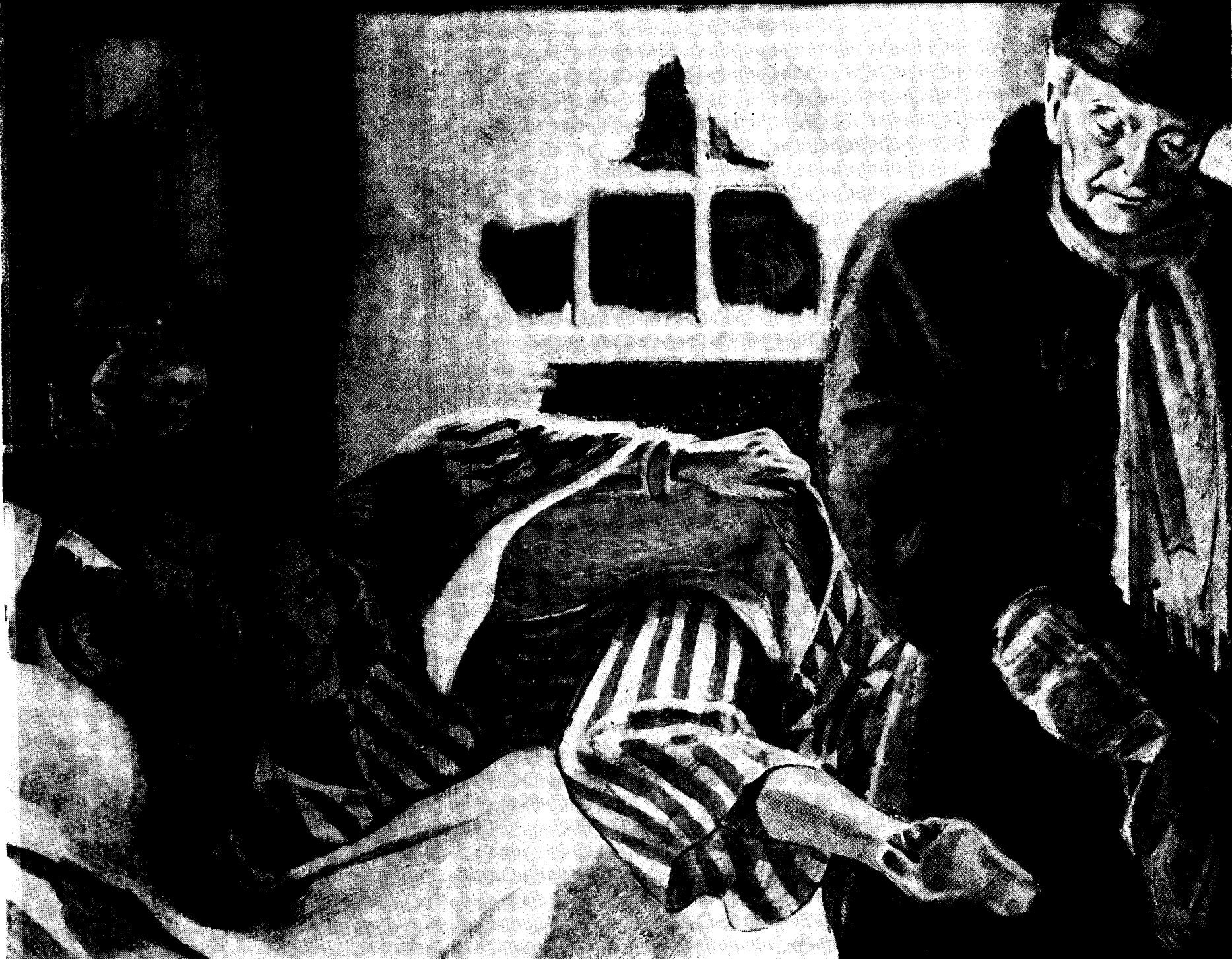
★ ★ ★ SYMBOL OF AIRCRAFTSMANSHIP FOR THIRTY-THREE YEARS

NIGHT CALL

BY MILDRED WALKER

She was a bright Penny, for all she was fractious as an unbroken filly — and her grandfather had a hunch she'd buckle down and pull her weight, if only he could learn how to harness her

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN CROSSMAN



EVEN Dr. John Benton, himself, could hardly tell when his practice began to fall off. It came to pass so gradually. He just wasn't so busy as he used to be, collections dropped off, but then, he had enough unpaid bills on his books so that when he did get around to send out bills they still made a fat pack. He had always been one to refer patients. When some young doctor, fresh out of the schools, hung up his shingle, he made a point of shaking him by the hand and learning what his training had been. If the young man had some special skill, Dr. Benton remembered that and when he had a patient needing that skill he sent him there. If the young fellow hung on to the patient, that was all right; there were always enough sick people in the world and to spare.

The fall that Jessie Benton died, Dr. Benton had a touch of pneumonia. Dr. Hale would have sent for his son but the old Doctor wouldn't hear of it. Dr. Hale shook his head and doubted whether the old man could survive it, and Dr. Benton's old patients thought of how he had taken care of them and were sad. And then, slowly, he grew stronger. His lung cleared. He walked a little feebly out of the hospital into the pale January sunshine and Dr. Hale drove him home.

"Sure you'll be all right, sir?"
"Yes, thank you, Dick. All I need is to get home and rest up a little."

"You're kind of alone there. Betty and I wish you'd drop around to see us," young Dr. Hale said.

"Thank you, I'll have to do that. I have Sadie Kaplan to cook my meals. I get along very well."

Sadie came in "to do" for Dr. Benton, but when he walked into the house it was the middle of the afternoon. Sadie wouldn't come till five. It was a comfortable old house, full of the things Jessie and he had bought a long time ago; too big, but then he was used to it. He wouldn't be comfortable any place else.

He walked through the living room, across the little passageway that led to his office. Today he remembered how one time Jessie had drummed with her finger tips on the door when she was sure there was no patient there and had come in with a fine flourish in the role of a haughty dowager duchess type of patient. Frowning at him through an imaginary lorgnette she had said, "You're too young to doctor me. I don't care for such a young doctor!"

"Oh, is that so! Well, I can tell you right now without looking at you that you are suffering from overeating, hardening of the heart and . . ." and he had

chased her back into the living room and kissed her. Odd that he should remember that after all these years; odd that old Dr. Benton, aged seventy-one had ever been that young! He stood in his office in the thin winter sunshine a little uncertainly for a moment. Then his big roll-top desk, the familiar backs of his books, the worn metal clamps of the examining table, even the chart of proper weights on the wall were something firm to tie life to when it seemed too ephemeral for actuality.

But there weren't many patients in the waiting room any more; three or four in a day at the most.

He took a long nap after luncheon and read the evening paper the minute it was delivered and had a long tall one before the supper that Sadie fixed.

Well, he had seen this happen to other old docs when he was young, and wondered impatiently why they hung on. He was no different from the rest. The years went by so fast, that was all. He had had a strenuous practice all his life. He remembered times when he wouldn't have his clothes off for forty-eight hours at a stretch; times he had ridden horseback to make a call and then when he had his first car, a good one that he used to plow the muddy roads with, he'd be so busy he couldn't take time to get the mud off of it

"I've got to make a call out in the country," Doc Benton said. "How'd you like to come along and help me drive?" "You betcha!" Penny said

He sat a long time after supper thinking of those days and wishing they were back.

"You're a sentimental old fool, Benton," he told himself. "When a thing's done, it's done!" He stirred a teaspoon of soda into a glass of water and drank it down with a wry face. Remembering too much always gave him heartburn, he told himself in the bathroom mirror that had known him for forty-nine years.

He slept so late the next morning that Sadie Kaplan told the next door neighbor she was a little uneasy about the doctor. She emptied his ash tray and plumped up the pillows in his favorite chair and left the coffee and cereal on the stove and then she had to go back home, but she kept an eye out for signs of life.

Dr. Benton dished out his own cereal and poured himself a cup of coffee and took it into the old-fashioned dining room. Then it was that he saw the letter along with two medical journals and some drug advertisements. The letter was postmarked New York and was addressed in
(Continued on page 61)



Shortcut for hunters

"Look it up in the Classified." That's a short cut when you're hunting for local tradespeople or places to get advertised products.

The Classified section of your telephone book answers many questions, such as—

Where can you get that living room furniture recovered? Who will put your washing machine in order? How can you keep your car in shape for the duration? Where's a plumber, a roofer, a used typewriter dealer?



For industry, too, the Classified quickly tells buyers where to find suppliers of many needed products.

Once and for All

Continued from page 20

a man lying on a pole-and-cowhide couch. The man held one arm over his eyes, and his checked shirt was unbuttoned and darkly stained. The doctor knew this was the patient, and he recognized the shirt.

"How did the county sheriff come to get hurt like this?" he inquired.

A tall old man, black-eyed, mahogany-skinned, stood with his back to another door. "My name is Enrique Macido," he gravely introduced himself. "I am the one responsible for bringing you here, Doctor."

The doctor could detect no warmth in the black eyes. "Macido?" he said. "I see. You're the man they call the capitan, I believe. I've heard of you in Logan." He took his bag to the couch and opened the stained shirt. "He's been shot. Looks serious."

The capitan said somberly, "Very serious, if he dies." He paced out, the other men ahead of him, and the doctor was left with his patient.

The county sheriff removed his arm from over his face. He was fully conscious.

"The bullet went through me and out my back," he stated, without any greeting. "Rifle bullet, medium caliber, close range. No need to poke for it. I've spit some blood, but that's stopped." He was in charge and letting the doctor know it. He would give instructions, if he thought fit, on how to go about patching him up.

To the doctor it was not an unusual manifestation of egotism. He was only faintly amused. He examined the wound, and, raising his voice to anyone within hearing, called for warm water.

SOON the inner door opened and a girl came in with a filled jug and a basin. She had the rounded features of her people, and she was finely developed although she could not have been much more than seventeen. Without a word she set down the jug and basin and withdrew. "Pretty girl," the doctor commented absently, cleaning the wound, and the sheriff's pale gray eyes probed his face as if seeking to determine whether this was a cool-nerved man or an untroubled fool.

It was a civilized face, the doctor's; opaque, skeptical. The sheriff abandoned it impatiently. "Does anybody know they fetched you here?"

The doctor eased him over onto his right side. "Eh? No." He cleaned and sterilized the hole in the back where the bullet had come out, while estimating from the angle the probable amount of damage done. A little farther to the left, and the sheriff would not be talking.

"Likely they'd do two killings to hide one," the sheriff said. "Keep that in mind!" He twisted his head and peered again at the doctor, who was listening to sounds in the next room. "Better not go in there 'less you're asked."

The sounds were familiar—a man's sick mumbling and a girl's sobbing. The doctor finished bandaging the sheriff. He walked over to the door and opened it, and looked into the room. Then he picked up his bag and went in there.

This other wounded man, burning with fever, was young, a son of the capitan. His name, said the girl, was Roldan. Hers was Concepcion.

"His sister?"

"No, señor. His wife in promise."

Roldan's right leg was swelling, discolored. A bullet from the sheriff's pistol had lodged in the thigh, breaking the bone. Bits of cloth had been driven into the ugly wound, and infection had begun. The youth's skin was hot and dry.

After giving morphine, the doctor probed for the bullet. The girl cried, see-

ing him cut at the wound, so he crisply ordered more hot water and managed to get the bullet out before she returned. Set, the bone would knit all right, he thought, if the youth fought through. It took some time to clean out the wound properly, and the girl stood by while he worked, helping as best she could.

When at last the doctor turned to cleaning up, he noticed the tall old capitan in the doorway, staring at the ravaged young face of his son. The bridge of the old man's jutting nose was like chalk showing through stretched elastic. He stalked out as the doctor was about to speak to him. The girl kept silent, kneeling by the couch.

DURING the long night the doctor succeeded in drawing a few shreds of information from Concepcion. The shooting, as he had guessed, was an outcome of what was known around Logan as the "Chamorra trouble."

Every year at this time the Chamorra Penitentes held certain ancient rites, and, always an isolated and aloof people, they insisted upon holding them in secrecy. Occasional trouble had flared in past years when incautious outsiders allowed their curiosity to lead them too far. Many condemned the rites as mockery, blasphemy, a sinister outlet for sadism, a savagely realistic performance with flagellation and nails. Some said it usually culminated in the death of the man who re-enacted the role of the Man on the Cross at Calvary.

The sheriff had finally carried out his threat, this year, to demand to witness the rites. The doctor could well imagine that the demand had been couched in terms somewhat less than tactful. The details of the shooting were unimportant. It had happened to be Roldan who defied the sheriff. Then the blaze of anger, the shots. . . .

The doctor put deceptively casual questions to Concepcion, picking up additional threads from her reluctant replies. The thing was to him such a raw growth, strange and deadly, loaded with intolerance, ignorance, prejudice. He found it a fascinating study. A murder of passion was naïve by contrast.

The girl, sleepy toward morning, her guard down, let him know that Roldan had been chosen for the *Cristo* role this year. A great honor. His brother, perhaps, would take his place. Yes, the rites would be held. Nothing could stop them. Tomorrow night. Yes, after dark.

The girl caught herself, came wide awake and alert, afraid that she had said too much to the stranger. The doctor thought: I'd like to see that, tomorrow night. It may be the last time, after what's happened.

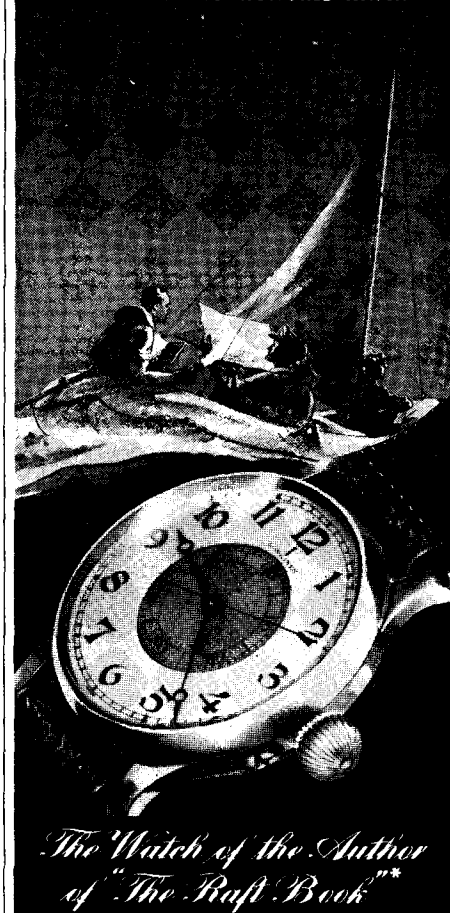
He listened to the hushed sounds of men returning from somewhere, passing the cabin. It was close to four o'clock in the morning. He could imagine how the sheriff would be translating those sounds at this hour. They would be furtive and vicious; he would be defining everything in terms of evilness—the low voices, the darkness, the very odors of dried adobe and drying chilies, jerked beef and stale wood smoke. The doctor, himself, had the feel of eyes watching him through the little windows. . . .

BY SUNUP, Roldan's temperature stood at a hundred and one, and his delirium was slight, but the youth had weakened. Unable to keep himself awake any longer, the doctor told Concepcion to call him if she saw any change, and fell asleep by the fire.

He was awakened by the sheriff's harsh, deep voice: "Getting the doctor to me was your duty, Macido, nothing more! It's my

Adventures of LONGINES

THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH



The Watch of the Author of "The Raft Book"

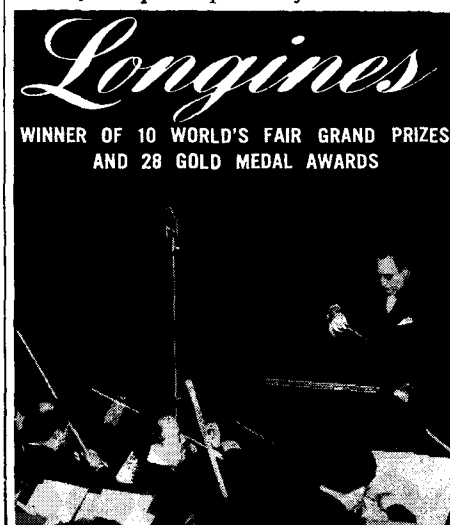
This is the Longines watch of Harold Gatty. From a rich experience as a marine officer and aviator, Mr. Gatty wrote "The Raft Book" . . . which tells a man on a raft adrift at sea how to stay alive and where to look for land.

Gatty's Longines watch first served him when he navigated the record-making Round-the-World flight of the airplane "Winnie Mae" with Wiley Post in 1931. Since then, it has been a friend and companion on a hundred air adventures here, in Australia, and in the South Pacific.

Harold Gatty is one of that select group of pioneers who risked their all to prove that airplanes are dependable. We are proud that these early fliers . . . like those of today . . . are of one mind about watches. They say, "for navigation . . . Longines is tops."

*From documents in our files

Longines-Wittnauer Watch Co., Inc., New York, Montreal, Geneva; also makers of the Wittnauer Watch, a companion product of unusual merit.



ON THE AIR
The Symphonette, Mischel Piastro, conductor, on the air coast-to-coast in frequent Longines concerts of "The World's Most Honored Music." See your local newspaper for station and time.

duty to arrest your son as soon's I'm able, if he lives!"

Concepcion stood close to the open door, her head bent, hands clenched. She moved quickly as the doctor got up, and he, catching a look in her eyes, thought: It's not hard to guess what's in your mind!

He took his thermometer into the other room. The sheriff motioned him away, finishing what he had to say to the captain. "You know what I came to look into. If I'm not there to see it, it don't go on, understand? I forbid it! I'll put the whole bunch of you under arrest!"

He was almost magnificent in his arrogant disregard of his own physical disablement. He was the law and the Ten Commandments, immutable and absolute. The doctor pocketed his thermometer and waited to hear a veiled threat from the captain. But after a moment the old man inquired evenly, "Could he be carried to-night, Doctor? On the couch?"

The doctor shrugged. "If he insists." He met the captain's gaze and added, "I'll go along."

The captain's gaze grew reflective. He nodded slowly, spoke of breakfast, and left. The doctor went back and relieved Concepcion of her vigil over Roldan, ordering her to get some rest. Two patients, he said, were enough to look after; he did not want a third. He enjoyed his breakfast when it came, and not until he had finished it and had a smoke did he go back to check up on the sheriff's progress.

The sheriff said suddenly, "You fell right in with Macido's idea to carry me, didn't you? It wasn't my idea. You made it mine, the two of you. You're a cool man. Happen they drop me down an arroyo tonight, maybe you'd look the other way and call it an accident."

"Why would I?"

"For the same reason, maybe, you got on Macido's good side, tending that son of his. For your life, would it be?"

The doctor neither smiled nor frowned. "That's the kind of thought one might look for in a criminal mind," he observed. "It hardly suits a churchgoing man."

"It suits a doctor no better!"

THE little group of men trudged steadily up the ridge, bearing the couch with the blanket-muffled sheriff on it. Although he stayed close behind, the doctor had trouble picking his footing. He was not used to walking over rough terrain at night,

and he distrusted the thin patches of snow. The ridge trail, merely a worn footpath meandering steeply up the nose of the ridge, struck him as unsafe. A man could slip, and tumble a couple of hundred feet down the slope. He assumed that the sheriff, too, had that thought in his mind.

From that assumption he went on to a consideration of what he, himself, would do if one or more of the bearers slipped. It could be an accident. Any man might happen to do it, and let go his hold on what he was carrying. Could I swear that it was intentional? he mused, and the answer came back: Why should you? Wouldn't it be wiser to agree to call it an accident?

He was relieved when the ridge was passed and they were traveling over small, safe, semibarren hills. The criminal mind, he thought. We've all got a streak of it in us, of course. Given the stimulus of environment and circumstances, and out it comes. Environment and circumstances like these.

A VOICE up ahead murmured a word, and the bearers halted. The tall figure of the captain appeared in the darkness. "Here," said the captain curtly and strode off, not toward the settlement but farther away from it, the men with him.

The doctor and the sheriff were alone in silent darkness, nothing around them to afford a familiar outline, not a tree or shrub or rock.

The doctor shook out the blanket which he had brought, wrapped himself in it, and sat on the edge of the sheriff's couch. For the first time, he wished that she sheriff were a companionable, talkative man.

"It must be something like this to be blind and deaf and in a strange place," he said. The smallness of his own voice shamed him. He asked more loudly, "How do you feel, Sheriff?"

"Wake me up when you hear anything," grunted the sheriff.

The doctor thought of the dangerous ridge. Entirely without horror, he thought of the sheriff tumbling down it. . . .

The thing began as a tiny, wavering mutter in the distance, and was a long time growing to a loud and visible column passing over the hills. It came moving on, a dim bulge on a sky-lined hill, slowly dropping from sight, appearing next on a nearer hill, vanishing again.

The doctor strained his eyes, never cer-



"I'll say he's good!"

It takes magic, nowadays—to "materialize" a *Toastmaster* toaster. But there has always been a touch of magic in the way this most famous of toasters pops up the crisp hot slices, timed to a "T" . . . with no watching, turning, or burning.

Toastmaster toast is a treat—and more. It's an appetizer, to put work-power into wartime breakfasts. It's nourishing—a generous supplier of needed protein and carbohydrate. And it's an ideal extender of scarce or rationed foods. Serve them on toast!

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"A man to punch you in the nose, Mr. Cramer. Will you see him?"

COLLIER'S

DAVE GERARD

Collier's for April 8, 1944

49

PEBECO PETE SAYS:

*"Here's how to save
in wartime style
And wear a better,
brighter smile!"*

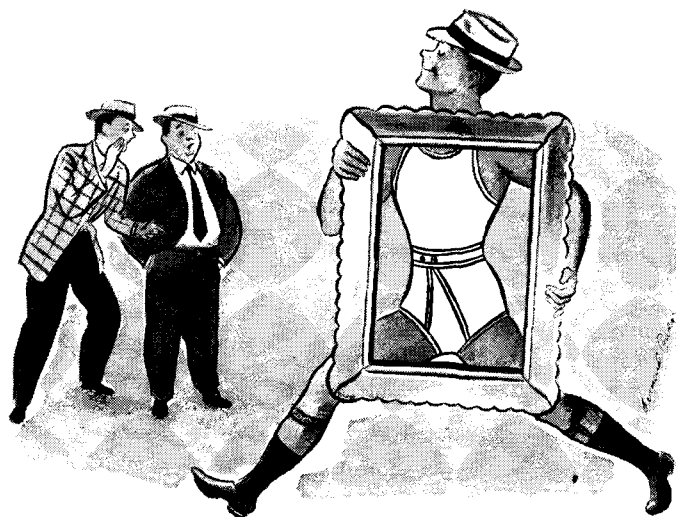
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ROBERT REIS & COMPANY · 2 PARK AVE., NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

tain that he was seeing it in the darkness until the black bulge shrank. He kept tapping on the sheriff's shoulder. The sheriff snarled irritably that he was awake, and thrust his hand off. They stared at the column, coming now over the next hill toward this one, the doctor tense in spite of his good nerves, the sheriff making throaty noises that would have been swearing in other men.

The doctor could hardly believe that the column was composed of men, that the sounds were voice sounds. He was used to pain, as a symptom, but he winced at the ugly whack of a whip. No light was carried. He recognized the fitness of that. He thought: It—it belongs to darkness, a black night. Unseen evil. Essence of crime. . . .

As it shambled by, he saw it as a formless, monstrous outpouring of infernal lava. He saw its grim device of beam and crossbar swaying and pitching like a lost ship's spar in a sluggish sea, and the flailing arms and rawhide whips of the flagellators. The sheriff was growling like a furious hound on leash.

It passed on. It trailed over to the next hill and there formed a clot, and things were done that were unseen from here. At last the clot dissolved and spread out loosely over the hill, one stationary object remaining in place at the top. The sounds died. The night was hushed again.

"It's the last time!" swore the sheriff. "I'll put an end to it, once and for all!"

The doctor huddled in his blanket. He felt cold and worn out.

AS DAYBREAK advanced, the gaunt device on the hill gradually came into clearer focus. Planted erect, it supported a man whose feet rested on nothing, whose arms were spread wide along the transverse beam, whose white loincloth was his only protection. The limp body and drooped head looked ominous. Crouched figures, motionless, dotted the hillside below it, their blanket-cowled heads raised to face the crest.

"He's dead!" the sheriff said. Grayness gave way to cold light before the sky colored swiftly ahead of the sun. The colors lengthened, rich and intense, while the earth still stayed in shadow. From here, the sun was hidden behind the eastern rim of the Sangre de Cristos, but the western peaks, first to find full dawn, flashed yellow at the tips and the sky behind them turned clean blue.

The sunlight swept on downward from the peaks, exposing glistening snowcaps, red-rock palisades, to the brownish green of timber line. Not yet touched by it, the low foothills stood darkly against the glory, until the sun itself edged above the Sangre de Cristo rim.

The man slowly raised his head, showing a young face. His wrists were bound with rope to the transverse beam, his ankles to the upright pillar. He opened his eyes and he smiled into the sunlight.

The crouched, waiting shapes below came startlingly to life. They sang out, running to him, their voices soft and pitiful and glad. Two men climbed up and cut him free, and lowered him very gently into the crowd. He was patted and stroked affectionately, and there was a great deal of crying and laughing.

They wished to carry him, but he protested and, in his young pride, he would try to walk. He took a step, staggered because his legs were numbed with cold and cramp, was caught and fussed over. When he was in the arms of a tall old gray-head, he touched the old man's face and said something, smiling again.

He was borne off, the crowd following. The noise was like that of a children's procession, until somebody began singing in a clear voice. Others joined with the singer, and the voices came ringing back strongly over the little hills.

The doctor had a strange sensation of

having lost a part of his identity. He looked down at the sheriff and thought helplessly: How can a man like you be made to understand the meaning of what you have seen?

The crime of the night, and the bright exaltation of the morning—they stood newly in his mind as a dominant symbol, crowding out the clutter of old idols. These people, whom he had amusedly regarded as semiprimitive, possessed a simple knowledge far above the limit of wry intellect.

How, he asked himself, could he possibly make it clear to the sheriff? Point out, perhaps, that these people re-enacted the greatest crime of all time because they recognized crime as a folly? Yet that was it. It was a deliberate cleansing. They made the black drama and folly of the night real and sank themselves into it, and in the morning came the bright reaction. It was no blasphemous mockery. It restored their gentleness, renewed their faith in the simple wisdom of temperance and virtue. The Dark Age and the Renaissance—the world, itself, had its black nights and bright mornings.

Men came and picked up the couch and the sheriff, the same men who had brought it there. Walking behind them down the ridge path, it did not occur to the doctor this morning that they might slip. They were very careful. . . .

Roldan's breathing was feeble, his lips dry and cracked, his temperature at a hundred and four. The doctor doubted if Concepcion had slept at all during the night. She was clumsy from fatigue. The capitan came in and remained, keeping out of their way.

A crowd gathered before the cabin. All seemed to sense that the youth could not last much longer.

The doctor kept check on the pulse. Knowing that the capitan was constantly watching, he kept his face calm, but it was not easy. It was impossible when, after his hope had dwindled and he was sitting in almost a stupor by the couch, he saw dampness appear on the youth's forehead. He inserted the thermometer between the parched lips. He felt the pulse; weak but steady. When he read the thermometer, he looked across at Concepcion, kneeling on the other side.

He smiled at her. "I think," he said carefully, trying to be unemotional, "I think he'll pull through. The fever is breaking."

THE capitan went and knelt beside the girl. Both stared into the cooling face of the youth, both weeping soundlessly. The doctor turned away and walked into the next room. He felt capable and angry, equal to anything.

"He's as tough as you are," he told the sheriff. "Now look here. You shot that boy and he shot you. Forget your badge and call it even."

The sheriff frowned. "Maybe it was an accident. Let it go."

"Good!" The doctor pressed on. "Now, about that other thing. Listen, I think I can explain it so you'll—"

"No doubt," the sheriff said, in what was for him a reasonable tone. "No doubt you'll tell me it's a thing that's been going on, you might say, for two thousand years, and no man can stop it. Eh?"

The doctor could find no reply to that. He had come armed with elaborate arguments ready, prepared to use them with skill and force, sure that they would meet with stubborn resistance. He felt foolish.

"Sometimes," he admitted, "I think I know more than most people. My mistake."

"Some of us," the sheriff said, "do get that way."

The doctor was surprised again. The sheriff was actually grinning up at him, embarrassedly.

THE END

4 silly syllogisms



1. All harness horses wear collars. Your Uncle Joe wears a collar. Therefore your Uncle Joe is a harness horse.
This syllogism wouldn't fool you for a minute. It might sound like reasoning, but you'd know it was phony without even taking a second look at Uncle Joe.



2. All Airedales have big feet. Most policemen have big feet. Therefore most policemen are Airedales.
Would you fall for this one? If so, just try calling the next policeman you meet an Airedale and see what happens.



3. All turtles bask in the sun and go swimming. All bathing beauties bask in the sun and some also go swimming. Therefore some bathing beauties are turtles.
If you'd never seen a bathing beauty, you might get tricked into believing this one. Actually, you know the only connection between the two is an occasional turtle-neck sweater.



4. Coffee is a hot, mealtime drink enjoyed by many people. Postum is a hot, mealtime drink enjoyed by many people. Therefore Postum **MUST** taste like coffee.
This one—which is just as silly as the others—has really taken in a number of people.
They think of Postum as a coffee substitute. They expect it to taste like coffee.
Now—why *should* they expect Postum to taste like coffee—any more than they'd expect coffee to taste like tea? Actually, Postum is a distinctive, hearty, delicious drink in its own right. Millions of Americans love it for its robust, full-bodied flavor! Just catch a Postum fan as he's about to lift a steaming cupful to his lips—he'll tell you!

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Enesco's colorful *Roumanian Rhapsody*. Set X-MX-203 . . . \$2

Invasion

Continued from page 17

The water for miles around us is dotted with LCMs and the larger LCTs. There will be the 2½-ton "ducks" and a dozen other types of landing craft. The big LSTs with our heavy stuff must wait until we consolidate our forces on shore. Our planes are strafing up and down the beaches and in back of the beaches, hitting anything that looks as though it might conceal a machine-gun nest. In close we'll hop overboard and start wading ashore.

Machine-gun bullets whine past us. It's hard to keep from ducking, but that wouldn't help. There are no foxholes in shallow water. We land, confident, just as we were at Tarawa, that the preliminary weeks of bombing and the intense naval barrage has knocked out all real German opposition. We rush forward, finding cover behind stone walls, rocks, anything that's there, and then our little dream world of security is shattered by the sharp explosion of the German mortars.

You can't hear mortars the way you hear shells. They don't warn you. Months before, these mortars had been calibrated so that their shells would drop right where we're huddling.

The Enemy's Guns Are Good

The Germans call their heavy mortar the 8-centimeter. It weighs about 125 pounds and is manned by a crew of three. It is much like our own 81-millimeter M-1 and its range is deadly up to 450 yards, and good up to 1,300. He's also throwing his light grenades at us from his famed *Leichter Granatwerfer*, a neat little 5-centimeter affair. It lacks the knockout punch of the heavier mortar but its two-pound fragmentation bomb is deadly if it lands in a group of men.

They are also tossing high-explosive grenades at us from rifles. An ingenious launcher with special sights is clamped on the left side of the German rifle. It is nasty at close range, but the grenades usually explode two seconds after they land, so, if our eyesight is good, we may be able to run away from them.

Our beach masters yell into their phones, and we know that, within a minute or two, low-flying Mustangs will be looking for the mortar and machine-gun nests. They were so well camouflaged that they didn't show up on our aerial photographs.

What is happening here in our small sector is happening north of us, south of us; the whole coast is defended exactly the same. Perhaps two hundred thousand men are huddling behind whatever cover is available.

We look around and take stock. Bostons fly low over us, laying smoke. That will bother the aim of the machine gunners, but the mortars keep coming. We remember one rule of amphibious landing: "Don't dig in; force the action. . . . Get in closer. . . . Force the action." We remember how the 36th Division was hurt badly at Salerno because it dug in instead of forcing, getting in to close quarters. We remember General Eisenhower's anger on that occasion. The 36th was brave, all right, but bravery isn't enough. Courage without cunning is a passport to death in amphibious warfare.

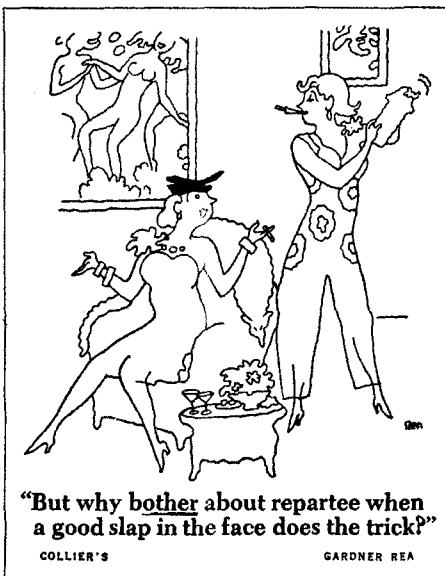
But how can we advance? Look at that heavy, thick barbed wire. It's too high to climb over. As we look, our commandos and rangers go to work. Calmly they work in teams of two and they carry long lengths of pipe; bangalore torpedoes which explode paths through the barbed wire. We rush through, and then our officers yell angrily at us to wait. Oh, yes—mines. We'd forgotten about them. Now

we're a hundred yards inland, and the sappers crawling along look for mines.

If you see a sign that reads *Achtung Minen*, don't laugh and throw a rock at it. Some of our boys did that at Dieppe. They're not with us any more. In our training we've become familiar with the "bouncing babies" (S mines), the Teller mines, and we know about trip wires and those little three-pronged igniters that stick up just above the ground. These we can see. We can't see the platter mines buried beneath a few inches of sand or dirt. Follow the sappers and you'll live longer. They can usually (though not always) spot the buried mines. Sometimes the Germans use plastic mines. We can't spot those at all because our antimine detecting apparatus only works against metal mines.

You might see a nice shiny Luger lying there on the ground. Pick it up and henceforth you'll have to deal cards with one hand. The Germans are adept at leaving booby traps around. As you walk or crawl ahead, you keep your eyes peeled for wire. A thin wire laid among grass is hard to find, but if you trip over it you're apt to explode ten or fifteen grenades.

You see a farmhouse that looks as though it might provide protection from the machine-gun fire, which is still rattling. Open the door of the house and you'll be opening the door to Kingdom Come. The



chances are that the house is well booby-trapped.

Your officers, in training, always warn you to stand back and blow the doorknob off with a few rounds before you touch the door. Once inside, don't tread on the loose boards; don't move a picture; don't knock over a chair. One or all of them will be booby-trapped. You see a fountain pen lying on a desk. Go on, take the top off—you'll only lose a hand. The Germans are great at booby-trapping.

Maybe you're a sergeant and you don't like the sight of German bodies lying around. Send a detail to bury them. Sure. But first turn them over with a very long stick. These bodies may be booby-trapped. They were at a place called San Stefano in Sicily.

Meanwhile, our airborne troops will be causing some trouble inland. To date, we have had very little success with our parachute troops. This is in no degree due to any inherent training faults or defects in the men themselves. On the contrary, our paratroops are the best trained and hardest men we have. To date, the weather has crossed us up. The 82d Airborne which took part in the Sicilian invasion was scattered by an unexpectedly high wind and its effectiveness was spiked.

Lately we have been leaning more to gliders, and thousands of these carrying troops will penetrate inland to come down in cow pastures or on roads or anywhere else. Our gliders are superior even to the German gliders and they can land anywhere in comparative safety. Of course, being slow, they are vulnerable while in the air, but once aground, glider-borne troops will knock off many a pillbox, machine-gun nest and road block which would otherwise cause us trouble.

Look back toward the beach. Things seem fine. Our big LSTs have landed our M-4 tanks, our M-10 tank destroyers, trucks, bulldozers, some medium artillery and plenty of ammunition and ack-ack guns. We're firing everything at the enemy mortars and machine-gun nests—rifles, carbines, grenade-throwing rifles, Browning automatic rifles, light and heavy machine guns and mortars. Men carrying the powerful "bazookas" (our own rocket guns) pass you to get up ahead in anticipation of attack by tanks. Our planes now are well inland, strafing, and our medium bombers are flying low, trying to locate pillboxes or reinforcements coming along roads. Things are moving according to plan.

Here and there a man draws a sharp breath, clutches at his stomach and falls forward. Now and then a man stares dully at a shattered arm or screams as a bullet finds a nerve center that makes him lose control. Medical men move swiftly, quietly, efficiently.

In the "Hedgehog" Area

We keep going inland fast. We're six miles from the beach now, thousands of us. We're puzzled by the lack of trees. They've all been cut down by the Germans to deny us the cover they might have provided for us. Our tanks are with us and we feel better. We've left hundreds of German dead behind us. Now we're in the "hedgehog" defense area. We know things will be tougher. Those first six miles were fairly easy. Where were those big coastal guns the Jerries have bragged about, those huge things we've seen in newsreels? It looks as though our naval guns have knocked them off as they did in some of the Pacific landings. Let's see now. What did they tell us in training about the second line of defense? We could expect concrete-and-steel pillboxes so well camouflaged that we couldn't see them.

It was like that at Tarawa. In past amphibious operations, we have seen these pillboxes and turrets so heavily covered with earth and sod that only a direct hit by a big shell would knock them out. They're there ahead of us somewhere. That's what they told us when we were training and—hold your hats, kids—here they come. And we're six miles inland now.

Then the earth trembles. They're throwing everything at us. We can't see where the firing is coming from. Their gun emplacements rise only slightly from the ground and they are so placed that they provide interlocking zones of fire and mutual fire support. They fire weapons varying from machine guns and antitank guns up to light artillery. The ground between them and us has been leveled to insure long fields of fire. Our soldiers have seen before how well the German builds his defenses.

The heavy smoke and noise of battle swirls around us, and the bitter smell of the exploding charges makes us a bit light-headed. We fire everything we have. We're fighting by the book. Our tanks on our flanks are blasting away, so that even-

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South Wind Heaters

REG U S PAT OFF.



tually we can do a quarterback sneak right through the center. We yell for smoke and more smoke to screen us from the murderous fire that never stops coming. Thousands of us are lying now, swearing or praying, and stretcher bearers, bending low, try to remove the more seriously wounded.

The Bostons swoop down to give us that precious smoke. Others buzz angrily over the enemy, trying to locate the beautifully camouflaged concrete-and-steel pillboxes and blockhouses. They have to wait for the flash of guns and they have to be bobbing and weaving constantly or they'll fall easy prey to the Jerry ack-ack guns.

Now from great heights, Focke-Wulf 190s and Messerschmitt 109s and 110s dive through our umbrella of fighters. Many are knocked down. Many get through and they blast plenty of our light fighter-bombers to eternity. A piece of cake, hey? Why, we're getting murdered. We hug the ground and chew some of our K rations. Only the piece of chocolate tastes good. We've lost all track of time and are surprised to find that it's nearly sundown.

"Come on!" our captain shouts. "Get in close to 'em. Get movin', soldiers. Force 'em! Get in close!"

We send smoke ahead of us, using our 60-mm., 81-mm. and 4.2 mortars. The enemy fire slackens a bit. We send up a short prayer of thanks to our Air Forces. They never let you down. If we can get close to those lousy pillboxes, we know what to do. We've done it a thousand times in training. We've seen the pictures of Tarawa. But we have a nasty two miles to cover first. The whole area is covered with antitank obstacles, and the tanks have to go through them. There are ditches (booby-trapped), traps, mine fields, bands of barbed wire and thousands of anti-personnel mines. Our weary sappers go ahead. Our tanks try to cover them.

The smoke clears and ahead we see the vague outlines of a large pillbox. We are so well trained that we don't have to wait for orders. Our machine gunners aim for the slits; our tanks blast it point-blank, and we crawl on our bellies close enough to send our flame throwers into action. The yellow smoke and flame roars toward the pillbox, laps eagerly at the concrete

sides, squirms toward the slits and pours into the pillbox, burning everything in there to a crisp.

We lie beside the concrete walls of it, panting but happy. Now this will give us some protection. You look around but don't see many familiar faces. Many of those familiar faces are now buried in scrubby underbrush or are at the bottom of ditches. You try not to think of that. You're ten miles inland. You've made it in one day.

After the Day's Operation

Well, that was the plan, and you know that our big stuff, the lovely 155s (which all G.I.s call the Long Toms), have landed by now and are coming up. And then mercifully the dusk comes, the firing from ahead slackens and, for the moment, you relax. But you don't have a restful night. We've come in ten miles, but we have to consolidate; have to get our communications working, so that our commanders can pick up a phone and talk to headquarters, which is probably established in a captured blockhouse back near the beach.

Our air protection isn't too good during the night. The Beaus and the Bostons and even the Mosquitoes are up there, but the Jerries have been waiting for this. They drop chandelier flares, and the flares hang there, glowing like a giant celestial Christmas tree, and you hear the scream of their Stukas and you think they're coming right at you and you alone. Our ack-ack fills the night with streaks of red and gold and purple tracers, but the Jerries dive through it to drop bombs and to strafe us with millions of rounds of cannon fire.

We haven't considered the intangible elements. Things never go exactly according to plan. It's like football. You design a touchdown play and you take out every man who figures to stop you—and then some player comes from nowhere to smother the plan.

At Salerno, the thing we didn't figure on was a large mine field laid in the water off the beaches the 36th was to land on. In Sicily, an unexpectedly strong wind and a heavy sea sprang up to hamper us at the moment of landing. And at Bari! You remember the story of Bari. We had

THE Guilty

WALTHER GROSS

XXXVI



ALTHOUGH he may not be very well known outside of Germany, few men rank higher in the Nazi regime than Doctor Walther Gross. As head of the Office of Racial Policy, he is Adolf Hitler's expert on breeding, riding herd on the biological urge, and even deciding what children may be brought into the world. By preaching "pagan freedom from Christian inhibitions" (an approval of illegitimacy), he whoops up the production of Germans, and by sterilization, emasculation and the separation of sexes, keeps down the birth rate of Inferior Peoples.

Rape, of course, marks the first stages of conquest in every occupied country, for the Fuehrer himself commands the release of animal appetites. "I shall not spoil the fun for any of my brave lads," Hermann Rauschning quotes him as saying at the time of the Polish invasion. "If I demand the supreme effort from them, I must also give them the right to carouse as they please, not as it suits a lot of churchgoing old women."

After a week or so, however, Doctor Gross takes over and lays down strict rules for control of the mating impulse. Women are rounded up by the Gestapo and driven into brothels, where rigid supervision guards against both disease and conception. Inmates for the bagnios of the Reich are also collected from the enslaved countries. Cardinal Hlond, the venerable Catholic primate of Poland (whose present whereabouts is not known) bears this testimony in his report to the Vatican:

"The recruiting of girls and young women for brothels went on under pretext of sending them to Germany for forced labor. On arrival at the points of assembly, the young women of pleasing physique were segregated from the others, examined by medical specialists and sent to Germany under special escort. According to the depositions of two Cracow doctors, there are now eight young girls under treatment in the dermatological department of the municipal hospital there. After passing a month in one of the houses mentioned, the poor creatures are returned to Poland to be cared for."

Not only is prostitution controlled but likewise the marital relations of the population. In all Slavic countries, wives and husbands are kept apart as a general rule, but where this is not possible, prison is the penalty for failure to practice abortion. Permits are issued for childbearing, but only in sufficient number to produce "hewers of wood and drawers of water."

"These stupid racial streams," explains Doctor Gross, meaning those other than

German, "have always been the plague of Europe. Every increase of these parasite peoples through births would be contrary to Germanic interest. We have, therefore, adopted racial measures to limit their births to a minimum."

In non-Slavic lands, on the other hand, Doctor Gross urges "spontaneous matings," supremely confident that every woman will be "shiveringly submissive" at the approach of "radiant, tall and vigorous" German youths. Nevertheless, as may be gathered by this decree for the conduct of the army of occupation in Holland, Doctor Gross warns that spontaneity must have a serious purpose: "Intercourse with Dutch girls should not be considered as a merely physical function. Every soldier should be conscious at every moment that he is the representative of the Fuehrer and should try to make an understanding of his aims in his companion. . . . Girls who become pregnant in consequence of their sexual relationship with a soldier shall be granted full moral and material assistance."

Despite his confidence in the irresistible sex appeal of German youth, Doctor Gross takes no chances. In the non-Slavic countries, women are dragooned into "breeding camps" where they are serviced by selected Germans. When a child is born, it becomes a son of the Reich, and the mother is kicked back to her family.

According to Doctor Gross' own admission, one of his most interesting "experiments" is being carried on in France. The Gallic race itself must be stamped out, of course, and to this end more than one million prisoners of war are being detained in Germany. Left with a comparatively clear field, the doctor is testing a cross between Gallic blood and the noble German strain. The "better type" French girls, taken into "protective custody," are placed in "homes" and bred to Germans like so many brood mares.

Doctor Gross, in reporting results to the Fuehrer, rejects the protests of the Vichy government as baseless and unwarranted. "Frenchwomen," he insists, "can have no possible cause of complaint, as they will derive much joy one day from the many blue-eyed sons of German fathers, whose genius will lead our neighbors to new greatness."

Not even the most painstaking research has been able to develop any information as to the background of Doctor Gross. German refugees now in the United States insist that he was never heard of prior to Hitler's seizure of power. Probably a practitioner in the Berlin slums, yet today the master of life and death over millions, born and unborn.

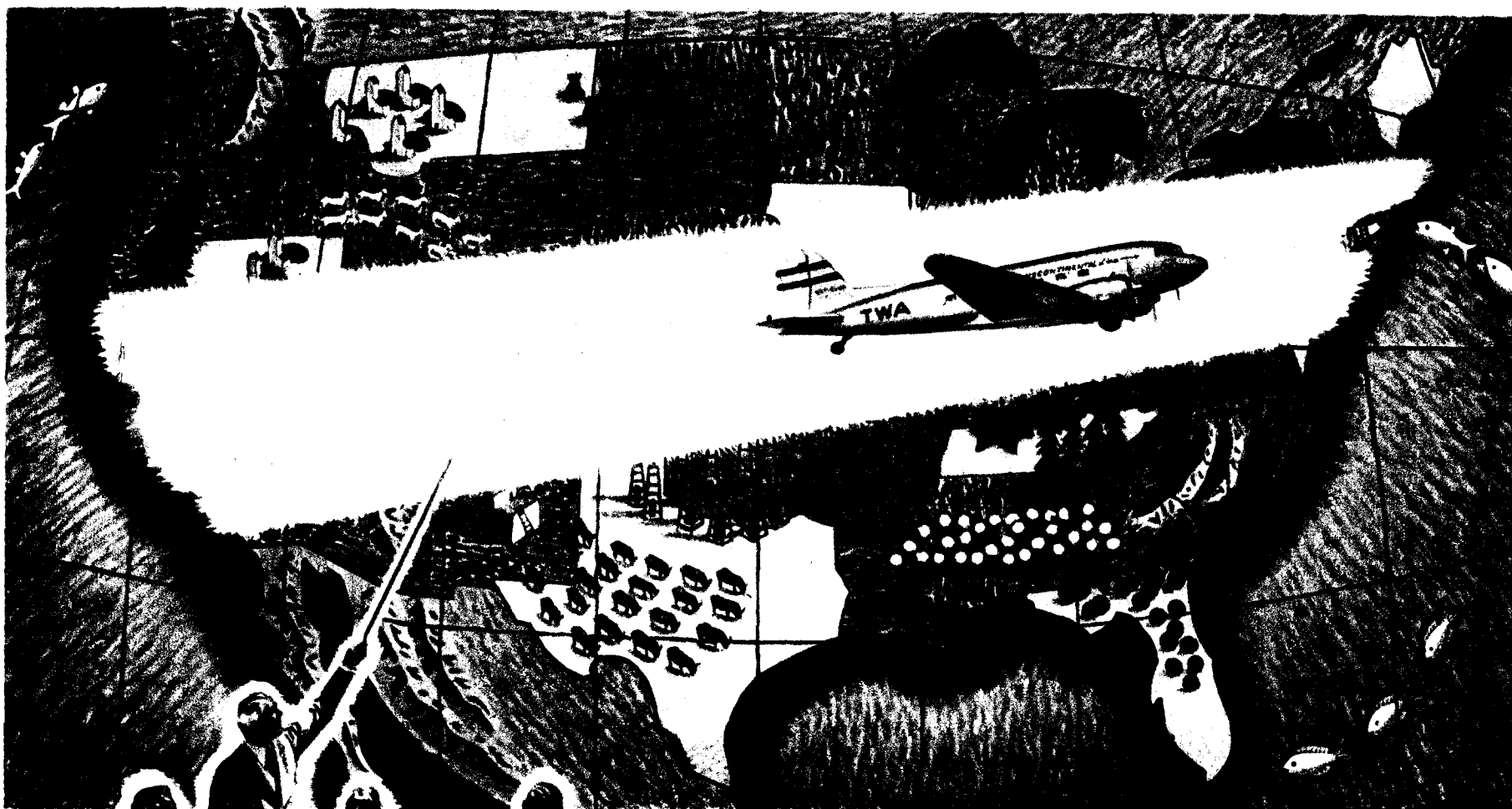
G. C.



COLLIER'S

"Junior just said his first word!"

ROLAND COE



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a convoy in the harbor, and the Germans sent their bombers over.

It wasn't a big raid—ordinarily the attack from our ships and shore could have handled it easily—but a German plane made a lucky hit. A bomb landed on a loaded ammunition ship. It exploded and ignited another ammunition ship close by. They were the only two ammunition ships in the convoy. Before the two ships finished burning and firing shells, some fifteen other ships were destroyed. We'll be up against that sort of unexpected accident when we invade. We'll lose ammunition ships and LSTs and some of our big naval ships, no matter how good our air cover is. We're bound to lose them.

However, let's suppose that things have gone according to plan. We're ten miles inland and we're well established. Our casualties have been enormous, but that was to be expected. We landed about 5,500 men at Dieppe. Our casualties: 3,350. Our casualties at Tarawa (a comparatively small operation) were 3,500. It is an axiom of amphibious warfare that casualties increase relatively to the number of troops landed. If we land 200,000 men on our initial assault, we must expect well over fifty per cent casualties. If we land a million men, the percentage of casualties will rise sharply.

The Enemy Lies in Wait

Let's suppose that we've become well entrenched; we're consolidated, we're dug in, and our big stuff has been brought up. We own a bit of the continent now. Will the Germans rush forward with peace offers? Oh, no. The Germans expected this. They had no intention of making their real stand on the beaches or behind the beaches. Real, strong, permanent defenses that close to the coast would long since have been spotted and destroyed by our bombers or naval guns. They meant to do the maximum amount of damage to us, using a minimum amount of weapons and with a minimum of attrition or loss themselves. This they have done.

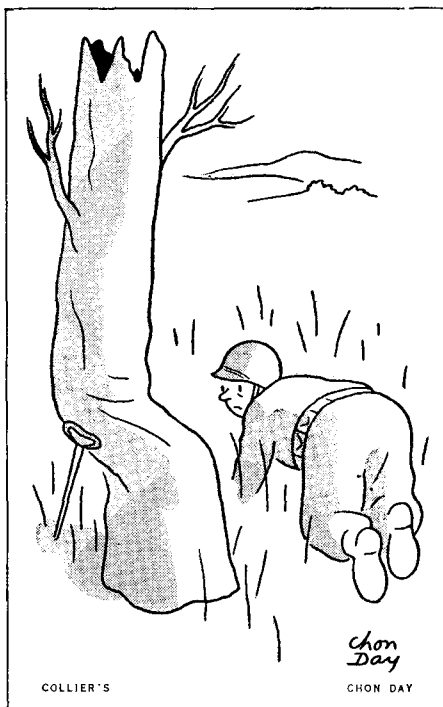
It will take us some days—maybe weeks—before we can really go to work on their main defenses. Huge ammunition stores must be brought in and stored. Airfields which we have captured must be demined and prepared for our own use. Strips of steel matting must be laid for emergency airfields. Meanwhile our bombers will do everything they can to pulverize the main German defenses inland. This will be difficult; maybe impossible. These German defenses extend in for fifty miles.

The second line of defense is the brain child of the late Major General Fritz Todt, who headed the engineering corps. To make invasion impossible, he built what the Germans call a second Westwall (previously he had built the first Westwall which so impressed France that it was never attacked). Todt was killed in an airplane accident in 1942, but not before his brain child had grown to terrible maturity. A favorite of Hitler's, he was able to requisition everything he wished. He took all of the concrete output of the conquered countries. We will have literally to blast our way through concrete for fifty miles. This is equally true of the Mediterranean invasion zone, another Todt masterpiece.

The Germans have been carefully husbanding their fighter planes this past year. In fighting they have been using a new technique. Instead of inveigling our aircraft into dogfights they have been fighting at long range, blasting away not at a single plane but at a formation. And their Mauser MG-151 20-millimeter cannon, which fires 900 rounds to the minute, is a beautiful and destructive weapon. Then they have the rocket cannon, about which only our Intelligence knows. This long-range shooting has minimized their casualties. We hear a lot about the Focke-

Wulf 190, but fighter pilots have told me they fear the Messerschmitt 109 even more. One was brought intact to our Wright Field, and mechanics, who had never seen it before, removed the engine completely in less than twenty minutes. That means that a Messerschmitt 109 which we cripple can be reborn overnight by the German maintenance staffs. During the attack on the main defenses, we'll be up against the Junkers 86P medium bomber with its fine Jumo 207 Diesel engine, an aircraft which was recently observed flying 44,000 feet over England. It has a fine bomb sight, the 7-C built by Zeiss. That is a difficult plane to bring down. And there will be hundreds of Stukas diving at us.

They have the two-engined Junkers 86 and, incidentally, those wishful thinkers who believe that the Germans are so short of standard metals and alloys that they have to depend upon *ersatz* material might be surprised to know that in this plane alone 600 pounds of magnesium is used. And it might be a shock to those who think that we are the only ones developing new stunts in planes to know



that the Dornier 217 bomber has an unusual and very effective dive-bomber brake on its tail. The Luftwaffe, too, is the pioneer in new methods of de-icing. The Junkers 88 uses hot air which is collected in a heat exchanger around the exhaust manifold. It is then piped through the leading edge of the wing to a point near the ailerons where it is exhausted. These are the German planes which we'll be up against when we start the real invasion from our ten-mile mark inland. And their ack-ack is (as recent heavy losses on bomber raids indicate) nothing short of magnificent. They use the same fine 20-millimeter Oerlikon that we do and they use their rocket guns very effectively.

The most common word in German military language is counterattack. They proved this in Tunisia (Kasserine Pass), in Sicily (Gela, Troina and a dozen other places), and in Italy (Nettuno where our first beachhead was so easily established until counterattacks came). We are assuming that we have our ten miles well consolidated and now we are ready to move on farther.

Our men and our staff think in terms of attack. This will be especially true of the invasion with belligerent General Montgomery in charge of Tactical Forces. And so one night, or early one morning, our whole line (which may extend two hundred miles by now) will begin the advance to forestall the inevitable counter-attack which canny Montgomery and

Eisenhower will have anticipated. We are ready to slug it out with them. This is it. This is the Sunday punch we're throwing. What have they got to meet it?

Plenty. The main defensive belt is crisscrossed with new roads, new supporting airfields and it is pockmarked with heavy artillery. Virtually all of the guns which once faced Germany in the concrete fastness of the greatest white elephant of all time, the Maginot Line, were captured intact and they are waiting for us no matter where we invade. The big stuff starts pounding us as we advance. Our smoke again hinders their aim and our low-flying planes, at terrific cost, try to locate and eliminate the enemy gun emplacements. But these guns are not in the open. They are well hidden on hillsides and in camouflaged concrete and steel embrasures. They are hard to find and harder still to knock out except by direct bomb or big shell hits. (That's the way it was at Tarawa.)

Then, as our tanks come up and fan out, we hear the whine of the shells from the German 88s. We know from experience in Sicily and Italy about this gun. The Germans thought so much of it that they refused to unveil it in Spain. They call it the 88-millimeter or merely the Flak 36, because it started life as an anti-aircraft weapon.

The British Eighth Army first learned of this gun and, of the 29-pound projectile it throws, at Knightsbridge in Libya. Rommel saved it for the big British attack, and when he opened up with it, the 88 knocked off 230 out of 300 British tanks sent to ferret Rommel out. Its range is 16,000 yards and it fires twenty rounds a minute.

The Guns Against Our Tanks

These 88s planted in the mountains behind the beaches at Salerno were used with deadly effect. They are now using an improved version of the Flak 36. When used as an ack-ack gun, its range is 36,000 feet and it has the amazing velocity of 3,200 feet a second. Used as an antitank weapon (its chief purpose in the invasion), its projectile can penetrate six and a half inches of homogeneous armor at 1,000 yards. Our tanks, fine as they are, will suffer severely from the 88s. We will suffer, too, from their 50-millimeter Pak 38, introduced in Egypt in 1941. It weighs 2,000 pounds and though it isn't as effective as the fine British six-pounder, it's a nasty gun to have against you. The tank boys don't like it a bit. Nor do they like the heavy 75-millimeter gun or the 76.2 millimeter Putilov captured from the Russians.

We'll be seeing them and we'll be seeing the 105-millimeter howitzers, used with success against the Russians as well as the 20-millimeter automatic cannon, and the Czech 4.7, made by Skoda for use against light tanks. Poland and France lost thousands of their antitank guns, the 25-millimeter Hotchkiss and the well-thought-of Puteaux, and they'll be around to bother our tanks.

By now, our observation planes and our Intelligence will bring us the depressing news that German reserves are arriving in great numbers. From where? I mentioned the roads built by Major General Todt and improved by his successor General Speer. These roads (our planes can't cover them all) are so designed that within nine hours ten divisions of German troops can be brought up to any point along that 1,800-mile front. These are fresh troops who have been waiting for this chance to distinguish themselves. Ten divisions—150,000 men!

But we must advance. This is our destiny. We've been trained for this. Every other operation—North Africa, Tunisia, Sicily, Italy—they were side shows. This is the main event. We advance and find that the Germans are not loath to come out and trade punches. We see their tanks

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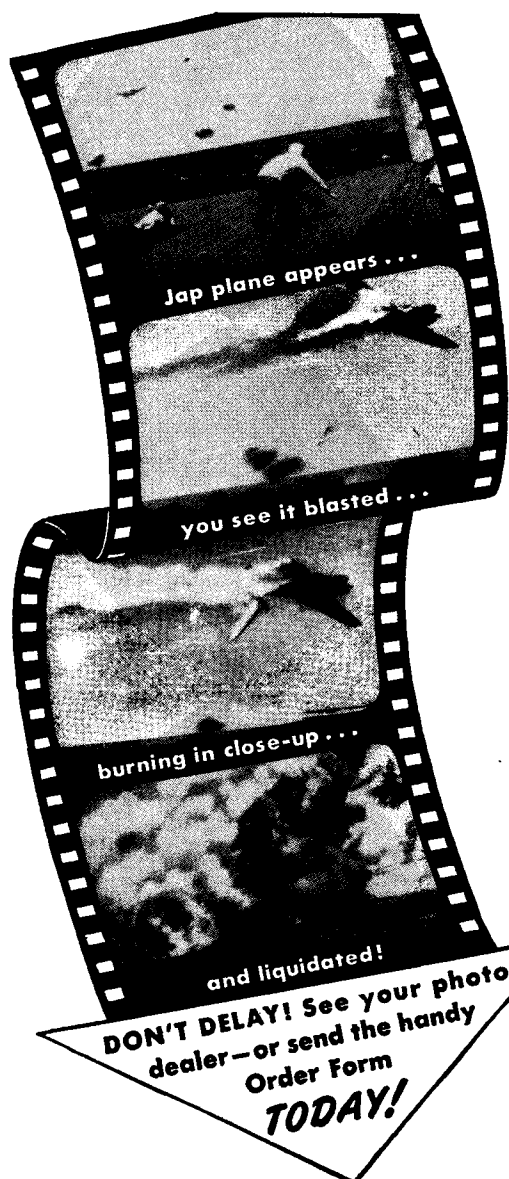
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crawl through the haze of smoke. Our own fine antitank guns blast away at them. Shells explode all around them, and now and then one lurches drunkenly and dirty yellow smoke bellows from the slits. But others which are hit come right on. They're hard to kill—these steel monsters. What was it you said about *ersatz*, about the German shortage of alloys? Listen, chum, only a few weeks ago, German tanks captured in Italy were shipped home to the Aberdeen Proving Grounds for dissection. What did we find? We found there were more alloys used in the armor of the Mark IV tanks than had been used in similar tanks captured a year ago.

With the tanks will come the German infantry. Are they well equipped? Those I saw in France, Russia, Libya, Sicily and Italy were superbly equipped, and their courage and cruelty matched the hardness of their weapons. We are justly proud of the miracle American industry has performed in giving our Army weapons, but it must be remembered that German industry had a start of several years over us, and that Krupp, Oerlikon, Brno, Solthurn and the rest had given the German army an almost insurmountable advantage over the rest of the military world when war broke out. The standard infantry weapon for Fritz is the Mauser Karbinger 98K. It is effective up to 700 yards.

Other rifles, all excellent, which we will see are the Gewehr 98 and the Kar 98B. Ammunition for these rifles (all of which are chambered for 7.92-millimeter cartridges) is of various types—the heavy 196-grain pointed bullet, armor-piercing, tracing, aluminum core, incendiary, and an explosive observation bullet which contains a small smoke-producing charge for spotting the location of a hit.

Trying to find an answer to our own magnificent Garand, the Germans have developed the Gewehr 41W, an interesting weapon, gas-operated, which holds ten rounds of 7.92 ammunition. The infantry uses a submachine gun which they call the Schmeisser 9-millimeter "machine pistol." Loaded, it weighs ten pounds seven ounces. It was used by the parachute troops who took Crete so quickly. It is a simply designed gun with few parts to get out of order.

They have another good submachine gun they call the Kugelspritz (bullet squirt). The German infantry still uses the good old 9-millimeter Luger and an even

better pistol, the 2½-pound Walther P38.

But it is the machine gun which is the real mainstay of the German infantryman. The infantry regiment carries 112 machine guns; twelve to each rifle company and four to a platoon. The MG34, which hurt us so in the close hill fighting in Italy, is the pet of the infantryman. It is a lovely gun. Barrels are easily changed after 250 rounds have been fired. The oddly shaped butt stock is of plastic. Plastic is one *ersatz* that has not lessened the effectiveness of German weapons. The MG42, a newer version of the standard machine gun, is now in operation, and thousands of them are lying in wait for us today.

Field Pieces of the Germans

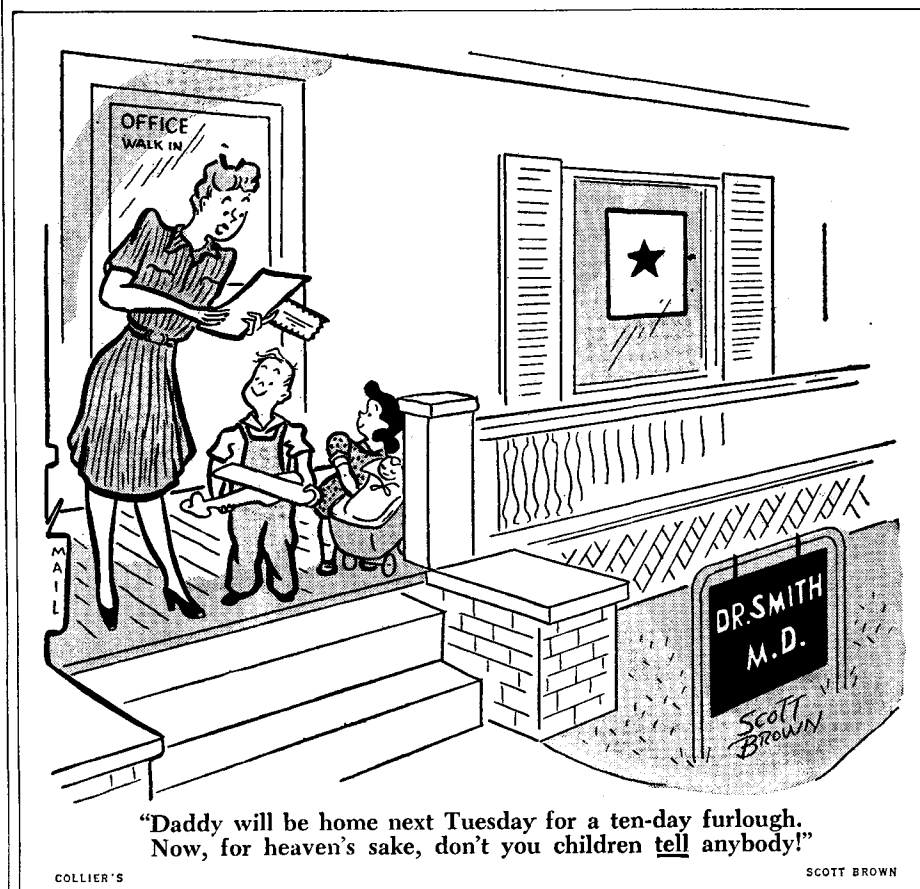
The German infantry has four basic artillery pieces which we know all about and don't like to get in front of very much. There is the little 7.5-centimeter light infantry howitzer, a very compact weapon with a broad shield protecting the gunners. There is the trim 325-pound Leichter Gewehr 40, something brand-new in field guns. Then they have two standard weapons—the 10.5-centimeter light field howitzer and the 15-centimeter infantry howitzer.

When we get down to the point where the big guns and the tanks have had their say, and it comes to trading punches with their infantry, those are the weapons we will have to face. They are good weapons and they will be manned by veterans.

I have only mentioned some of the more obvious defenses, the better known weapons they have waiting for us. What of the defenses and weapons we don't know about? There will be plenty of surprises, plenty of unpredictable problems.

Does this all sound depressing? Not necessarily. It will be the biggest fight we've ever entered. I have talked to a great many high-ranking Army and Navy men, and all agree that it will be the most daring military operation in world history. But when General Eisenhower gives the word to go, it will be because he thinks the chances are good. I have the complete blind faith in General Eisenhower that is shared by all war correspondents I know. If he says we can do it—we can do it. And then there is the comforting thought that, on that first roll—sometimes the dice come seven.

THE END



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YOUR OWN COMMAND

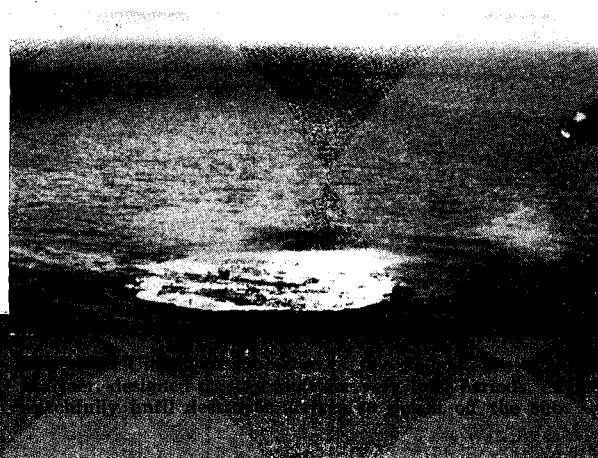
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Official Navy photos show Martin Mariners Sinking Nazi Sub



Night Call

Continued from page 47

the handwriting of his daughter-in-law. Isabel affected a round backhand but with long loops and upthrusts that were as thin and tall as herself. Tom's picking her out had been part and parcel of that side of him he couldn't understand: Tom's going into psychiatry rather than surgery, for instance, and wanting to live in New York instead of coming back west.

Jessie always made excuses for Tom, but it baffled him. He took a certain pride in the articles Tom had in the journals. Tom always sent him a copy. The articles came out in journals he never took. They were good; he recognized that. A patient paid Tom twenty-five dollars for an office call as against the two he had always asked. Care of the mind brought more money than care of the body. But as he used to fuss to Jessie, "Tom puts all his energy into caring for minds that'll always show the cracks even after you get 'em mended."

"Bodies show cracks, too, even after they're mended," Jessie had said. Jessie always had an answer.

TOM was in the Army now. Secretly Dr. Benton thought it might be a good thing. If Tom got a good epidemic of dysentery he wouldn't have much time to worry about his patients' minds.

Dr. Benton wondered at Isabel's writing him and a little fear stirred in him lest something had happened to Tom. Tom was overseas.

"Dear Dad," Isabel wrote as she always did, though it sounded far more familiar and affectionate than she was. Isabel was cool and remote and too thin, he always felt, for warm, normal feelings.

"... As you know, Penny has been at Miss Frost's ever since fall because I have been working practically full time at the Red Cross and it seemed best from many angles for her to be in boarding school. She seemed very happy at first, but a few weeks ago I had a letter from Miss Frost saying they found her very difficult and undisciplined, and last week Miss Frost wrote that they would not take the responsibility of keeping her there any longer. She borrowed an old car from a delivery boy and ended by running into another car! After Mother's and Father's tragic death in an auto accident you can imagine how frantic I have been! ! !"

Isabel's exclamation points were eloquent downward strokes of her pen.

"I am at my wit's end about her. Tom said when he left and has written since that if I had any difficulty to write you. I forgot to mention that I have been down sick myself and the doctor says it is due to overwork and worry. I don't feel that I can cope with Penny alone just now.

"Could we come out to visit you for a time? Tell me frankly if it would be inconvenient. If you could let me know as soon as you get this letter, I can sublet the apartment the first and have money for the trip.

"Penny sends her love with mine,
"Isabel."

His cereal was cold but he ate it methodically. Isabel's letter made him feel as though he had been out in a strong wind. Isabel must be desperate to write like that, asking to come here. She and Tom had only been home once, before Jessie's death, and then they had stayed only a week. He had visited Tom and Isabel in New York. It was very different from life in Calloway, Montana. A doorman took Tom's car at the door. They lived on the eighteenth floor. He remembered the living room with the white rugs and the windows all along one side. The view from those windows was different from the one he saw now out of the

dining-room window. Then he came back to the letter again.

"If you could let me know as soon as you get this letter..." Isabel had written. He got up stiffly and walked to the phone. Tom's wife and Tom's child, asking to come here! Tom telling them if they had any difficulty to write him. His hand shook a little as he dialed the number of the telegraph office.

He was still excited when he talked to Sadie Kaplan. As Sadie told her neighbor, "I agreed to take care of the old doctor, but I never said I'd run the house for a whole family. He wants a turkey the night they come! I tell you so much excitement'll be the death of him at his age."

It was a raw day in February when they came. Dr. Benton was chilled through standing on the platform waiting for them. He should have gotten out the old beaver coat he used to wear for country calls.

Then he saw them: Isabel as thin as a rail in black with a business hanging down in back that made her look like a widow, but with some green somewhere about her. And Penny... He had looked past her for a moment; she looked almost like another woman. She was as tall as her

mother, and as thin, but the thinness was of a different kind. Her head was bare and her hair hung down around her shoulders. Her lips were so bright he was glad Jessie couldn't see them.

"Dad!" Isabel cried out, kissing him through her veil. "And this is Penny."

Penny kissed him a little dutifully he felt.

"Penny, I told you your lipstick was too heavy; you got it on your grandfather!" Isabel took out a handkerchief to wipe it off his cheek. "Dad, you were sweet to wire so quickly. You know Tom sailed?"

"Yes, I got his card. He'll like that better than kicking around here in some camp. Here's the car over here."

Sadie had dinner ready. The house smelled like Thanksgiving.

"Well," Dr. Benton said as they sat down at the table, "it's pretty nice to have a family again."

"Dad, I know you're rushed to death so you go right ahead and don't have us on your mind. Penny's going to high school and I'll keep busy here." Isabel tapped her cigarette ash into the saucer of the coffee cup. Dr. Benton noticed how white her face was against the bright gash of red her mouth made.

"No, I'm not rushed to death," he said with reluctant honesty. Then he noticed how sulky Penny's face was. "You make yourselves at home," he said, wanting to see Penny's face brighten. "This is your home, you know. I think your father was pretty happy in this house, Penny." But when he saw no response in Penny's eyes he added, "It'll take time but we'll get shaken down."

It did take time. Sadie Kaplan gave notice twice in the first week. Each time the old Doctor offered to raise her salary or worked on her sympathy or grew angry.

"You can see for yourself, Sadie, that girl doesn't know much about running a house in a town like this," he appealed to her.

"I guess that's so, but she can learn same as the rest of us have. It wouldn't hurt that young one to do a little instead of hanging around the drugstore talking to the boys. My grandson was telling she's the highest-stepping girl there is up there."

Dr. Benton frowned. "I imagine she feels she has to show off a little, just at the start," he said. "She'll settle down." But Sadie left.

THERE began an uncomfortable regime of poorly cooked meals, late breakfasts gotten together frantically by Isabel in house coat and without make-up, and Penny calling over the stairs:

"Granddad, let me drive the car up this once? I'll be late."

"Penny, you know you're not to touch a car again for a year! Hurry along and I'll drive you," Isabel called back.

"Oh, Mother, don't be such a goon! And I can't stop to eat, either." Isabel would throw her mink coat over her house coat and tie a bandanna over her pin curls and drive the child to school. Then Dr. Benton took over.

"Your father used to walk up to school, Penny. I think you can."

"Gad, Gran, I'd have to get up an hour earlier."

"Well, I'll see to that, Penny. I'll get you up at seven sharp."

He got into the habit of fixing breakfast himself. He usually had it all ready and poured out his first cup of coffee when Penny came down. The two of them ate together in the kitchen and he saw to it that she ate more than a glass of milk and half an orange.

Sometimes he stole a glance over the

WAC TALK

Like other Army and Navy personnel, the members of the Women's Army Corps have coined their own slang. If you hear a Wac say, "I'm off on an orchid hunt, kids—and no PFC. My night maneuvers are gonna be with a varsity crewman," you'll know what she means after you've studied this glossary:

Barracks bags ... Ones under the eyes

Costume jewelry ... Insignia

Dry ammo (ammunition) ... Cosmetics

G.I. necklaces ... Identification tags

G.I. Nylons ... Regulation cotton stockings

Gruesome twosomes ... Shoes

Hair warden ... Camp hair-dresser

Hip kits ... Girdles

Hobby Lobby ... Colonel Hobby's headquarters

Night maneuvers ... Dates

Orchid hunt ... Furlough

PFC ... Pray for a corporal

Varsity crewman ... Naval officer

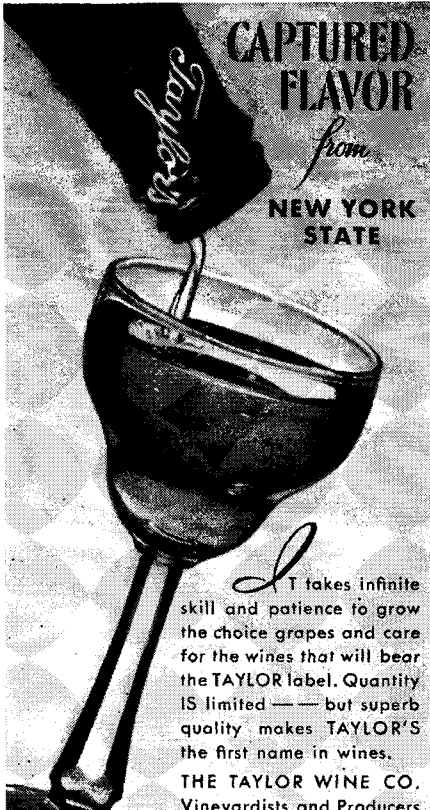
Wac hack ... Cough

Wac happy ... To feel good

Zebbras ... Officers with sleeves full of stripes

J.A.B.

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Speaker HEATABS TABLETS OF concentrated HEAT

So you're bored!



YOU'RE young... and you're bored. You have a job, and the days are all right... but the nights are dateless and long. All the men your age are in the service... and you're lonesome.

Ever think that the men in North Africa... the men in the Pacific... the men on all the far-flung battlefields of this war might be lonesome, too? But their lonesomeness is bearing fruit. They're fighting with a fierceness that has no equal. They're fighting to get home to you.

There is something you can do about this boredom of yours... something big and exciting. This war is costing 12½ million dollars an hour. Dig deep into your salary... deep enough to *feel* your part in this war... and do it regularly!

And the next time you think that this is a tough time to be young, think of the men who are young and may die that way... without a shot at being bored comfortably... luxuriously... at home. Knowing that your War Bond dollars may be the means of bringing just *one* extra man back home safely by ending this war a little sooner, can you be bored?

FACTS ABOUT WAR BONDS

1. War Bonds cost \$18.75, for which you receive \$25 in 10 years—or \$4 for every \$3.
2. War Bonds are the world's *safest* investment—guaranteed by the U. S. Government.
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**LET'S ALL
BACK THE ATTACK!**

PUBLISHED IN COOPERATION WITH THE
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THE MAKERS OF

EX-LAX
THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

top of the paper and looked at her. He hadn't made up his mind about her yet. If he could get a good breakfast into her every day and get a little flesh on her, that might help, but he didn't feel he counted for very much with her.

Evenings after dinner Isabel wrote Tom. Penny sprawled in the chair under the light listening to the incessant jangle of the radio and making indifferent motions at her homework. Dr. Benton retired into his office across the hall each evening after dinner. His faded sign still read "Office Hours 10-12, 2-5, 7-8:30."

He kept the routine up, although sometimes he spread a magazine out on the big old desk. It took about two yarns out of the magazine to last till 8:30. Sometimes, he had an insurance examination or two. He knew the other doctors were too busy. They said, "Take it around to old Benton, maybe he can do it for you." Perhaps they added, "He was first-rate in his day." There was something about the insurance exams that made him bridle a little, but he did them.

He wasn't very happy about Penny. She was Tom's girl; she must have good stuff in her, but it didn't show up very clearly.

Expenses were high. He couldn't quite believe the bills at first, but he would never say anything. As long as Isabel and Penny wanted to stay here they were welcome. He dropped in to see Ed Finn at the real-estate office about selling a couple of lots he had hung on to all these years.

PENNY didn't do well at school and Isabel told her she couldn't go to a movie that week end. Penny stormed and wept until Isabel gave in Saturday night and let her go.

Dr. Benton kept out of it, but he shook his head. Isabel must have seen him. "Do you think I spoil her, Dad?" she asked. "Tom always handled her, you know. Tom was wonderful with her."

"I wonder," he said slowly, "if you say a thing if it wouldn't be better to stick to it."

"I know that, but she does miss New York so; there isn't much for her here. Next fall, I'll have to try another good school. Oh, Dad, a couple of very attractive women came to call this afternoon: Mrs. Drinker and a Mrs. Walsh. They said they used to play with Tom. Do you know them?"

"I brought them both into the world," Dr. Benton said. "Sally Drinker had chicken pox right after she was born and we weren't sure she'd ever..."

"They invited me to a luncheon tomorrow. Sally said she didn't know you were still practicing."

"Sally Drinker isn't long on sense, nor her mother before her," Dr. Benton grunted, but his pride was a little hurt. He took his medical journal over to the couch to read and Isabel went on upstairs.

When Penny hadn't come home at eleven, he was disturbed.

"Isabel, what time is that child supposed to come home?" he called upstairs.

"Why, she should be through by this time. Do you think I better go for her?" Isabel came to the head of the stairs, dressed for bed, cold cream on her face.

"No, I'll walk down for her. She mustn't go this late again."

"I'm afraid that'll tire you, Dad." Isabel's voice was solicitous.

"Little walk like that!" He pulled on his coat and hat and tramped out. The cold struck at him sharply but he resisted turning up his collar. He set out at too brisk a pace and his shortness of breath angered him, but made him slow down. It had been a long time since he had walked downtown of a winter's night.

When he came to the movie house the lights above the entrance were out. He pushed open the door and went up to a girl in limp purple satin pants.

"I came to get my granddaughter," he said and went on past her into the theater. The glare of the screen made him blink. As he watched, a man dangling from a parachute was shot down; a plane burst into flames. With an effort he turned his eyes away from the dazzling screen and looked over the audience. It was hard to see anyone at first, but he took the seats, one row at a time, until he found Penny's blond head in the third row from the front. The light from the screen fell on her pale face. He put his hand on her shoulder.

"It's time to come home, Penny," he said.

She turned angrily. "I can't. It isn't over." She shucked deeper into her seat.

"Penny!" He took hold of her arm. "I want you to come now." He could feel Penny resisting. Then she glanced self-consciously at the people farther along the row and slid out. He waited until she went ahead of him up the aisle. Out in the lobby she tied her bandanna under her chin. Her eyes flashed. Her too red lips were pouting.

"I don't see why you had to come for me as though I was a child!"

Dr. Benton didn't argue with her, but he held the door open for her as they went out into the cold.

"Where's the car?"

"I walked down."

Penny pushed her hands deeper into her coat pockets. They walked along the dark Main Street in silence for a block or more.

"It looked like a thriller," Dr. Benton said.

"Guadalcanal Diary was better. Gee, I wish I could take flying lessons. You and Mother won't even let me drive the car when I can drive better than either of you. Girls in Russia are doing everything at fifteen!"

"You have plenty of time," he said mildly.

"Oh, you think there's no hurry about anything!" she stormed and kicked a piece of snow out of the way. He was puffing a little now from keeping up with Penny's brisk pace, but he wouldn't stop. He wondered what Tom with his psychiatric training would do with his daughter.

"You need to hurry and grow up, Penny. You've been acting like a child ever since you came out here."

There was a stormy silence then Penny burst out, "I hate this place!"

He had an uncomfortable feeling of defeat. He kept still rather than blunder in any deeper. Isabel was waiting for them when they came in. Her eyes were as angry as Penny's. Her voice was shrill with reproach.

"Penny Benton!" He went into his office. Jessie had been a gentle-voiced woman. He couldn't stand the shrill note in Isabel's voice.

WHEN he went up to bed the house was quiet. The stairs bothered him. He took them one at a time since nobody was around to see him.

When the phone rang at two-thirty it didn't wake him at first. The phone was by his bed, but he never had calls at night. The phone went on ringing. His voice was husky when he finally answered.

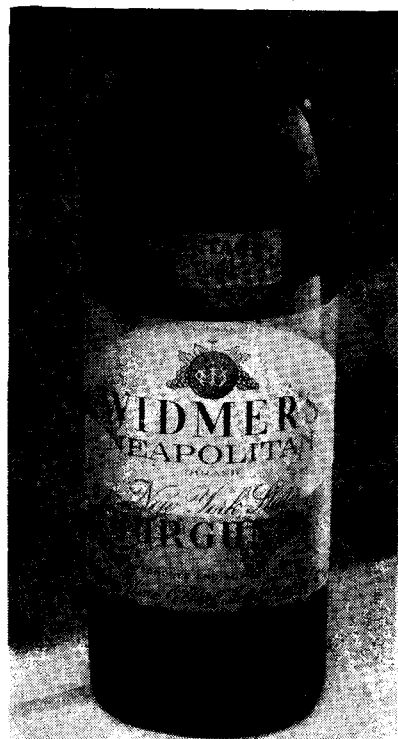
"Yes, this is Dr. Benton." He fanned the air trying to find the blasted bed light.

"We can't get a doctor; we've tried all over town and they're all busy or out on calls or can't come. We've got a child here that's awful sick. Could you come out, Doctor? You took care of my father years ago."

He was slow in answering. His brain seemed to move slowly.

"Please, Doctor. My wife's nearly wild! The doctor we talked to said to bundle the boy up and bring him into town, but he's too sick."

"How far out do you live?" he asked



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cautiously. He hadn't driven at night for eight or nine years now. The man sounded worried. Then it was almost as though Jessie were there in the big bed beside him, nudging him to go; almost as though he could feel her getting into her bathrobe to go down and make him a cup of coffee before he left. "All right, I'll be out," he said. He sat on the edge of the bed a minute to get his bearings. He went over to close the window. It was snowing now. Then some old excitement stirred in his thin blood. This was like the old days.

He had trouble getting the car started. The snow came against the windshield like goose feathers. The wiper couldn't keep up with it. He didn't see as well as he used to; that worried him. Then he had an idea. He left the motor running and went back into the house. He tried to go as softly as he could up the stairs but his high galoshes made a clumping sound. He clumped down the hall to the little end bedroom that used to be Tom's and turned on the light.

PENNY was lying on her stomach, her head half under the pillow. For the second time that night he put his hand on her shoulder. And for the second time she shook it off.

"Penny, can you wake up?" He had doubts about the wisdom of his idea; she looked like such a child. He sat down on her bed in his old beaver coat and cap. "Penny, I've got to make a call out in the country. How'd you like to come along and help me drive?"

She sat up looking like a tousled pup with hair over her eyes.

"You betcha!" He hadn't expected her to be alert so fast.

"Put on some warm duds then," he told her. He wondered if it wouldn't have been better to have asked Isabel to go with him.

When Penny came downstairs he looked at her with approval. She wore some corduroy pants and a cap with a visor and a sweater under a fur coat. Her face was brighter than he had seen it since she had been here. She had stopped to spread on lipstick as thick as butter.

"I thought I'd borrow Mother's fur coat. I need one but she thinks I'm too young. Almost every girl at Miss Frost's had one."

They left a note for Isabel and went out to the car like two thieves in the night.

"I'm taking a pretty big chance doing this, Penny. I don't know that you can drive. All I know is what you tell me and that the last time you drove you smashed

into another car." Then he looked at her.

"Oh that! The old rattletrap the butcher's boy let me take didn't have any brakes and I was going downhill and..."

"You ought to know enough not to depend on your brakes," he said sternly. "You want to shift into first or second so you have your car under control. If you put on the brakes too fast on these snowy roads you'll get into trouble."

"You ain't kiddin'," Penny said. "Can I try it now?"

Well, he'd let her try it. Her red-mittened hands looked like a child's on the wheel. She pushed the choke in and decreased the roar of the motor with a touch on the throttle.

"Gran, you'll flood her leaving the choke out like that and it's bad for the car to race the motor!" He smiled to himself at the severity of her tone. "Gosh, Gran, why didn't you buy a new car before they froze 'em? 'Course they oughta let a busy doc get a new one any time. Do they? Have you got priorities, Gran?"

He started to say he didn't need a car very much any more, but he filled his pipe instead. The child got a nice purr out of the old car. They went by the hospital so he could pick up a tank of oxygen to take with him. He saw the surprise in the night supervisor's face when he asked for it.

"I'm in a great hurry," he added peremptorily.

"Gosh, I like to drive at night," Penny said.

"Your Dad used to like to go on night-calls, too," he told her. "If your Dad would hear the phone ring at night he'd be out in his nightshirt, hanging over the stair railing saying, 'Can I go along, Dad?'"

That started him and he found himself telling her about trips he had made other years. "Here, don't get above forty or you'll break our necks!" But there wasn't too much danger on the straight open road so late at night.

"Now then, you stop here and slide over and I'll take it from here," he said when they neared the turnoff onto a country road. Plenty of fresh snow covered the old ruts.

"Oh please let me, Granddad," she begged.

"Well, take it easy, then." If he could see better, but he didn't know but what she was safer than he was. They didn't talk now; it was hard enough to keep the wheels in the snow-covered ruts.

"Gosh, Gran, I wish you had a radio in this car!" Penny said suddenly, when

"What a day! And you still look neat and fresh! What's the inside story on that?"

"That one's easy, Bob. Wear a Van Heusen Shirt—its collar can't wilt!"



Van Heusen Shirts

Give your neck a break!

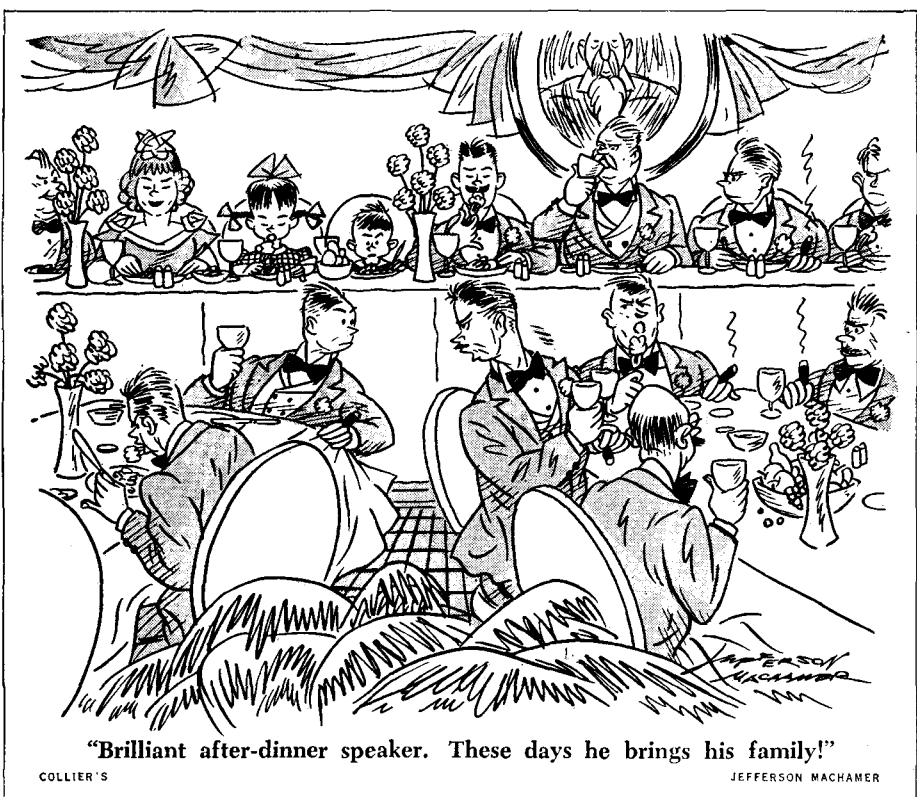
Here's the one white shirt that's different — it has the famous Van Heusen collar attached. Stays neat and fresh-looking from morn till midnight. Can't wilt or wrinkle, because it's woven in one piece. Can't be ironed wrong either, because the foldline is woven in.

Give your neck a break today — put it inside a Van Heusen Shirt! Sanforized and laundry-tested, \$2.25 and up. Phillips-Jones Corp., New York.



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"Brilliant after-dinner speaker. These days he brings his family!"

COLLIER'S

JEFFERSON WACHAMER

BUT YOUR FRONT DOOR WAS UNLOCKED SO WE WALKED RIGHT IN! WE HAD NO IDEA YOU WERE AT THE TABLE!

ARE WE GOING TO STAY, POP?

YOU NEVER SAW ME PASS UP AN AUNT JEMIMA PANCAKE SUPPER!

I GET SO EXCITED WHEN WE HAVE COMPANY!

FORGET IT, BESSIE! ALL WE NEED IS MORE CHAIRS! THERE'S ALWAYS PLENTY OF AUNT JEMIMAS IN THIS HOUSE!

I ALWAYS KEEP AN EXTRA PACKAGE FOR TIMES LIKE THIS!

AND AUNT JEMIMAS ARE SO EASY TO FIX WE'LL HAVE 'EM READY BEFORE YOU CAN GET YOUR WRAPS OFF!

YOU'RE LUCKY TO DROP IN JUST WHEN WE'RE TRYING THIS NEW ORANGE SAUCE!

LUCK, NOTHING! WE LOOKED IN THE WINDOW! MOVE OVER!

"Folks **SMILE**
from ear to ear
when they eats my
AUNT JEMIMA
PANCAKES!"



ORANGE SAUCE ON AUNT JEMMA
A tested, taste-applauded idea for a nourishing new main dish . . . or as a dessert surprise! You'll be serving it often!

ORANGE SAUCE FOR 1

¾ cup sugar	½ cup orange juice
2 tablespoons cornstarch	1 teaspoon grated orange rind
½ teaspoon salt	4 teaspoons lemon juice
1 ⅓ cups water	1 tablespoon butter

cornstarch and salt. Add water. Cook

1½ teaspoon salt
1½ cups water
1 tablespoon butter

Combine sugar, cornstarch and salt. Add water. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly until mixture thickens. Then place in double boiler and cook 15 minutes.

Stir in other ingredients, and serve hot over Aunt Jemima pancakes. It's a delicious combination! (Tip: If you're serving 'em for dessert, make your Aunt Jemimas in the tiny 2 inch dessert size.)

GOOD ANYTIME — *Specially for lunch and supper!*

GOOD ANYTIME — Specially for lunch and supper!

GET BOTH the Red box for pancakes and waffles — the Yellow box for buckwheats

RECIPE



NOT RATIONED

He didn't feel so very tired, after all.
THE END



COLLIER'S

"I hope you'll excuse the way the place looks"

DAVID B. HUFFINE



Co-operative canine + co-operative Ansco = a swell dog picture.



Why not get *your* womenfolk like this? Try it—on Ansco film.

The film that remembers you're human

IF YOU'RE JUST an average shutter snapper like me, you probably wouldn't call yourself an expert.

But *I* give myself this much of a break . . . I use the film lots of experts use.

It's called Ansco, and it's the film that remembers you're human.

The inside story

Here's what I mean: I know darn well that I don't always get my exposures exactly right. But that doesn't keep me from getting swell pictures—be-

cause Ansco film helps cover up my little mistakes.

The experts call this quality *latitude*. I call it a *margin of safety*.

Whatever it's named, it sure helps step up my batting average!

Pictures that satisfy . . .

Take a tip from my experience—start shooting with Ansco film. I'm sure you'll start getting better pictures, just as I did.

You haven't a thing to lose, you know. Ansco film

doesn't cost a cent more; and it's guaranteed—"Pictures that satisfy or a new roll free."

A sweet proposition, isn't it?

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CAMERA NEWS! Coming—after the war—new and improved editions of our famous cameras like the PIONEER, the CLIPPER, the CADET. And that's not all—we're planning some very important camera surprises. Keep your eye on Ansco!

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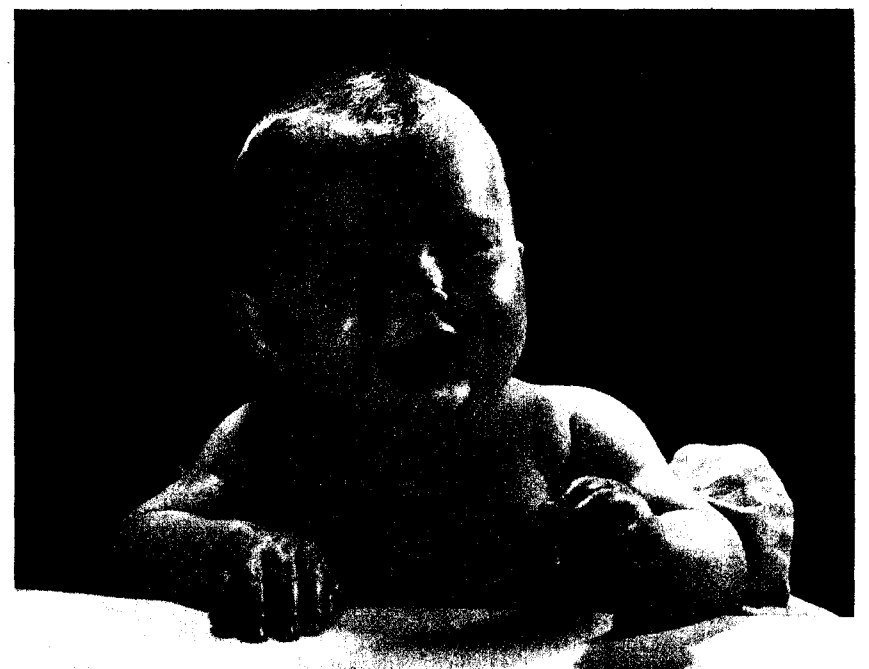


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**THE FILM THAT REMEMBERS
YOU'RE HUMAN**



Notice the sunlight . . . the shadow detail . . . Ansco film gets 'em both.



Ansco film deserves at least *half* the credit for this one!



A Teddy bear wins the benign attention of Sir Arthur Harris, Lady Harris and their lovely daughter Jacqueline

The Man Germany Hates Most

BY W. B. COURTNEY

RADIOED FROM LONDON

The commander of the R.A.F.'s famed bomber force is a tweedy Briton who wants someday to open a pub in Oregon . . . and dispense beer and blueberry pie. Until that day comes, he's busy pasting Germany's industrial cities

THE Germans call him "Murderer" Harris. So you might very well expect to meet an ogre—that is, if you read or listen to the news from inside Germany. You certainly don't meet a softy. You meet a man who conducted a genuine Second Front long before that phrase became a public byword, who tied up and sealed and did everything but deliver on a salver at 10 Downing Street the doom of Germany before an Allied keel or an Allied foot touched the western beaches of Europe; a man who has a stern job which he fulfills with patriotic zeal, with sharp intelligence, with outstanding technical skill and professional wizardry. That the job happens to be the systematic

destruction of a nation's power to make war is not a matter of his choosing.

Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Travers Harris (called Bert to his face by his friends and behind his back by practically everybody) has many distinctions, including what I would say is the biggest and most useful and important single air command in this war. You wonder of which of his distinctions he is proudest. He holds the Royal Air Force Cross, Knight Commander of the Bath and The Order of the British Empire. Another is that, as Air Officer Commander in Chief of the R.A.F.'s famous Bomber Command in its mass night saturation attacks on the cities of the Reich, he is beyond doubt the Allied airman best known to the Germans. Surely it is no small distinction that Harris is the one man on this earth whom Hitler and his Nazis hate more than any other—more even than they hate Churchill. They have said so themselves.

In a rage, as the Bomber Command's ventings on Berlin grew in strength and frequency, the official German radio spokesman snarled: "It was a pleasant surprise for Harris when Churchill gave him the task of waging war against German

women and children. You have only to look into his eyes to know what to expect from such a man. He has the icy-cold eyes of a born murderer."

However, it is my guess that Sir Arthur is proudest of the fact that he is the only air chief marshal of this or any other war who began his career as a bugler.

There is a nice double edge here. Buglers immemorially have been the most hated by men of their own side, the comrades they have to wake up. Now at the other end of thirty years in the army, this quondam bugler is the man on our side most hated by the other side, the nation he is putting to sleep.

Sir Arthur and Lady Harris and their daughter Jacqueline live in a garden home in an old-print English countryside. Although Sir Arthur puts on his slippers and his notorious wine-colored smoking jacket and settles into the true frame of a relaxed father and husband, the line separating him from his Bomber Command remains fine indeed. Moments of preoccupation, the quick fadings and returnings of his smile give him away.

Perhaps there's a mission on tonight. But he has done all he can. The rest is up

to his boys in smoke-gray blue. He is freed of everything—except the main thing, the responsibility. Occasionally he will pop out for a look at a target picture through the stereoscope in the sunroom. Or abstractedly thumb one of the books of huge reconnaissance photographs—a collection known in air-war circles as the "German Doomsday Book"—study it with compressed intensity and then he is quickly back at the fireside.

A third of a century ago, no one could have imagined that he would become one of the master shapers of the victory pattern in history's greatest war, for his first adult decision was taken to avoid a military life. Later, he sidestepped a chance to join the Royal Navy. He decided to fly simply because he hated walking.

Sir Arthur, born April 13, 1892, at Cheltenham, a small town in Gloucestershire, is what the English call a "West Country Man." Harris, Senior, was in the Indian Civil Service. Many of his friends were officers and he fancied that type of life for his vigorous, husky son. But Arthur, restless, adventurous, a lover of the wildest outdoors, felt differently. He preferred what he calls "Darkest Africa" and, in 1910, went to Rhodesia. He mined gold. He drove mail coaches, a sixteen-mule team, and the first automobile that came to Rhodesia. He hunted big game. He became a tobacco planter. He was, at twenty, a successful colonist.

The Makings of a Bugler

Then one day late in August, 1914, back from a trek in the bush, he learned that his country had been three weeks at war against Germany. The only vacancies in the first Rhodesian volunteer regiment were for one machine gunner and one bugler. He failed to convince the officers that he knew anything about machine guns. But he remembered having blasted a few wobbly notes out of a bugle once. Luckily the Rhodesians held no audition.

The Rhodesians made one of the longest slogs in the history of British forces, so that when the victorious regiment was disbanded before the war's end and young Arthur came back to England to continue fighting, he had one desire—to sit.

Like most daring young men of his generation, he had considered this new thing—flying. One could sit in planes. No record marches. So he learned to fly at Brooklands. Careening over the post-card landscape of Surrey in a training biplane twice as fast as he had ever driven a car in Rhodesia, he knew this was what he had always wanted. And his instructors grinned and knew him for a born airman. He became a second lieutenant in the Royal Flying Corps.

Promotion came fast. He commanded a flight—the smallest operational unit part of a squadron—in France. In the Zeppelin days Captain Harris commanded the first night-flying experimental detachment for the defense of London against this strange peril. An enduring interest in the potentialities of night bombing and night air warfare was born. At once his especial genius came topside. No haphazard mucking about in the darkness for him. He sat down and thought it over, then fashioned a sky map, marked off different levels for his patrols to create in effect a moving fence against the dirigibles—and one of his men, Flight Pilot Leefe Robinson, bagged the first Zep to be knocked off in an attack over England and won the Victoria Cross. A machine gun that jammed at the last moment was all that kept Harris from getting one himself.

He finished the first World War as a major at twenty-six. He began the second as an air vice-marshal, at forty-seven. Between lay fruitful experience, travel, study—fixing and gathering his massive determination behind his belief in bombing as

(Continued on page 79)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JOE DEARING

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In War — your War Bonds will buy
radio equipment that helps our fighting flyers



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THE present-day RCA radio-phonograph pictured here gives only a hint of the even finer instruments RCA plans for after the war. So far, the final designs for them are not even drawn. They must,

and will, wait until the last RCA "war radio" has been built—and Victory is ours. Remember, a bond today helps speed that day. Keep on backing the attack! After the war, RCA's electronic knowledge

will also be employed to bring you the glories of television, plus RCA-developed FM Radio Circuit. RCA leads the way . . . in Radio . . . Television . . . Phonographs . . . Records . . . Tubes and Electronics.

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY



SCHICK INJECTOR BLADES ARE BACK!"

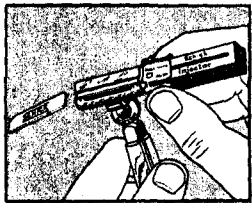
Keen-edged Schick Blades are getting a warm reception all over the land. Now that they're back... now that we're able to meet civilian as well as military demands... it means smoother, more comfortable shaves for millions. Those who had to lay their Schick Injectors aside for lack of blades can now go back to real shaving luxury.



It's back to work for the razor that made shaving history. Discover again these revolutionary Schick Injector features—the only basic improvements in safety razor design in over 35 years!

AUTOMATIC BLADE CHANGE

...an exclusive Schick Injector feature. A pull and push on the Injector shoots out the old blade, slides in a fresh one instantly. Nothing to take apart or re-assemble. No fumbling with sharp blade edges or messy paper wrappers.



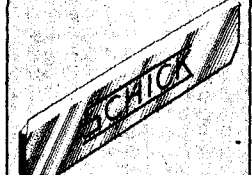
SOLID GUIDE BAR

...has a sure-grip surface that stretches and flattens the skin just ahead of the blade. Pops up whiskers for closer, more comfortable shave. Corner guards protect against nicking and scraping.



DOUBLE-THICK BLADES

...just as long but twice as thick as ordinary blades. 3 times as thick as paper-thin ones. So they take and hold a really keen edge. Oil packed in special cartridge, cutting edges are suspended in space.



P. S. If you own a spare Schick Injector razor, pass it along to a friend... so that he, too, may know real shaving luxury. For—although Schick Blades are back—we still can't get the material for new razors.

SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR and BLADES

Magazine Repeating Razor Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

Naval Engagement

Continued from page 15

Amanda said calmly, "I have no mother. I—"

"Too bad," he broke in. "A girl needs a mother to guide her." He took a swallow of rye-spiked beer. "But I like girls like you. They're bound to meet up with trouble—and trouble is my middle name."

Amanda said, "I think you're bragging."

"Oh—so you insist upon references." The blue of his eyes darkened, and his mouth became satirical. "Well, once upon a time there was a girl named Sylvia. Only I called her Silver, because she was that sort of a girl. To look at. Shining and—"

He paused there, obviously lost in the past, suddenly and completely. Being very sorry for himself.

Amanda decided to bring him back. Being a psychologist's daughter and a smart girl herself, she guessed his Silver had become tarnished.

"I take it Silver lives somewhere in Hartford," she said. "And you arrived unannounced. You gave her a ring—surprise, surprise—and found her engaged or away?"

HE CAME back. "You mean I found her engaged—surprise, surprise," he said savagely. "So I *didn't* give her the ring. How would you like it—just as a souvenir?"

He reached into a pocket, drew forth a plush jeweler's box, tossed it across the table at her.

Amanda eyed it. She picked it up and opened it. Then she looked up at him.

"You—a sailor—bought this?" she asked.

"Oh, I won it in a crap game. I'm lucky that way," he told her. And then as, after another lingering look at the ring (it was gorgeous), she snapped the lid back and pushed the box toward him, he added peremptorily, "I said it was a present. Didn't you hear me?"

Amanda had. But he was plainly a little drunk and being ridiculous. So she just looked at him.

"Nice girl?" he jeered. "Your mother tell you never to accept presents from strange men? Well, you just tell her the guy who gave it to you had decided to either throw it in an ash can or present it to the first bit of fluff and lipstick he ran into."

His eyes were as dark as thunderclouds, and his voice ripped like lightning, but Amanda had to laugh.

"I'm sure Mother will be relieved and, of course, I'm flattered."

"I thought you said you had no mother—"

"Oh, I meant that I've disowned her. Any woman who would leave me with Miss Weatherbee—"

"Who is Miss Weatherbee?"

"She runs a lodginghouse. I've got a room there—"

"Swell," he said. "Let's go there. It's an idea—what are you laughing at?"

"The idea," said Amanda.

"What's so damn' funny about it?"

"You'd be surprised," said Amanda, picturing Miss Weatherbee. She again thrust the box at him. "Take back your ring, sailor. How would I explain it to Mother?"

"Oh, just tell her I gave it to you—in exchange for just one sweet kiss from your lovely mouth—"

"Fair exchange is no robbery, but that would be. Besides, I promised Mother, when I left home, I wouldn't kiss any man I wouldn't marry—"

"Okay. Bet I kiss you. Bet you the ring—"

He was talking loudly.

Instead. "Put it on," he commanded, more loudly than ever.

Amanda glanced about and decided she'd better.

"Thank you," he said satirically. "I was afraid you were waiting for me to kiss it on."

"Oh, I wouldn't expect that," said Amanda. "For though I wear your ring, I hardly know you. Not even your name. Your middle name is Trouble—but first and last?"

"Johnny—Johnny Simpson," he said. "Just call me Simp for short—appropriate."

Amanda couldn't help saying, "Maybe you've got something there but go on—tell me all about you." Maybe, she thought, that would change his mood. But it didn't.

"I was born at an early age," he said. "I grew up without any brains, joined the Navy and—"

He paused, poured another glass of beer, spiked it—heavily. Amanda started to protest but decided it might not be wise.

"And aside from being salty and giving you an awful thirst, what's the matter with the Navy?" she asked.

"The Navy? Nothing. Except the uniforms—"

He paused there. An air lieutenant had just strolled in for a quick one.

"Look at him," said Johnny, eying the well-tailored back as it moved toward the bar in back. "Ain't he something?"

"So," said Amanda, but to herself. "It's like that. Your Sylvia met a flier and that's why you're this way. You're just a she-sick sailor."

But her she-sick sailor was going on. "I wonder if *that's* the guy. If so, I think I'll punch his nose."

He rose, and Amanda realized that he was very drunk. In his effort to keep erect, he staggered against the chair.

"Please sit down," Amanda began. "Please—"

She stopped there. The waiter who had served them was bearing down on the table with a bigger and better waiter—better anyway for what Amanda guessed was their purpose.

The bigger waiter had a split nose and a cauliflower ear. He was nice, though. Outside on the sidewalk, he looked at the bill Amanda slipped him, at the rock on her hand and said: "Don't worry, sister. When he sleeps it off, he'll be sorry. Just keep him out of the way of the police. They'd turn him over to the Navy and he'd get six months in the brig probably."

HE STOPPED and, still holding Johnny on his feet, emitted a whistle that practically shattered Amanda's eardrums but produced a taxi—like rabbits out of a hat.

"Take the sailor and his girl wherever she says, Jack," he said, still the master of ceremonies. "And when they get there, you just help the lady get him in."

He closed the taxi door, and the driver turned to Amanda.

"Where to?" he asked, reasonably enough, but that, to Amanda, was the sixty-four-dollar question.

Johnny opened one eye. "Prospect Avenue," he said. "Number in phone book."

Then he collapsed against Amanda's shoulder, dead to the world. The driver looked at him, then at Amanda again.

"Well," he said, "make up your mind—not that I care. The meter's turning."

Amanda said, in sheer desperation, "Where would you take him if you were me?"

"Police headquarters or the city dump," the driver assured her. "What's a girl like you doing, getting herself engaged to a



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guy who can't hold his liquor any better than that baby?"

He nodded at Johnny, and Amanda looked at Johnny. He was blowing bubbles like a baby. He looked like a baby now, his young face relaxed. And he looked like—well, like all the lost or injured puppies she had taken home because she had to, no matter what anybody said.

TWENTY minutes later, the taxicab driver was fingering another bill Amanda had produced.

I seem to be paying for the ring in installments, she had thought ruefully as he beamed at her.

"Wouldn't be surprised if he came out of the fog in an hour," he began, and then stopped abruptly.

Miss Weatherbee, who by some miracle had not been in evidence up to now, now was.

The taxicab driver, after one look at her, took off his cap. That was the effect of Miss Weatherbee on him, though she wasn't even looking at him. She was looking at Amanda who had slipped quickly to her knees beside her bed, on which Johnny lay outsprawled.

"So," said Miss Weatherbee, in a voice that if cubed could have been used to ice cocktails. "This is—"

Amanda looked up, quickly. "Shh," she said. "I'm taking his pulse. The doctor said I should as soon as I got him here."

And, another miracle, Miss Weatherbee relapsed into silence while Amanda wondered if Johnny had a pulse and, if so, where he kept it. Giving up the search, she rose, smiled at Miss Weatherbee sweetly.

"He gave me such a scare," she explained. "But I think he'll be all right now. The doctor said he would be if I could get him some place where he could just be quiet for an hour or two—"

"Doctor? What doctor?" Miss Weatherbee demanded.

"Why—I never asked. We were at the movies, and all of a sudden Johnny said he felt funny, and next thing I knew—"

"Johnny?" Miss Weatherbee looked at Amanda's sailor. "You mean him?"

"Of course—I forgot you wouldn't know him. We've been engaged practically forever, but it was only today I got my ring. See?"

Amanda extended her left hand. Miss

Weatherbee blinked, but held her ground. "In my day," she said stiffly, "no girl with any self-respect would let any man, even her fiancé, enter her sleeping apartment, under any conditions. There are hospitals, surely, where—"

"Oh, of course," said Amanda. "I wanted Johnny to go to a hospital but the doctor said that was silly; that it was just traveling all night in a day coach, then eating something that disagreed with him."

"His boots," Miss Weatherbee wailed, anguished. "On one of my best spreads—"

"I was just going to take them off," Amanda said. "Perhaps if you'd help me with him, I—"

She stopped; from Miss Weatherbee's expression she knew she could expect no help. Miss Weatherbee, allergic to the male, just turned to the taxi driver.

"You help her," she directed.

"Yes'm," said the taxi driver meekly.

Then, as the telephone sounded below, and Miss Weatherbee departed to answer it, the taxicab driver looked at Amanda.

"Lady," he said, "when bigger and better liars are born, I'll still bet on you."

He stooped, took off the shoe that Amanda wasn't busy with, and then, straightening up again, handed it to her.

"And now," he said, "I'll get out of here before the old girl gets her second wind and starts third-degreering you again." He departed.

Amanda looked at Johnny, who looked as sweet and innocent as a little celestial choirboy, singing hymns, only it was his nose that was singing them.

MISS WEATHERBEE was still at the telephone, but the taxi driver was right, cross-examination would be resumed. Amanda's father had said a psychologist could tell a woman's past, present and future from the contents of her handbag. Amanda hoped to do as well with the contents of Johnny's pockets, before Miss Weatherbee returned.

She had never "rolled" a man, but she had seen the trick done in the movies.

"And say what you will, the movies are educational," Amanda decided, as she rolled Johnny.

Her first trove was treasure, a roll of bills.

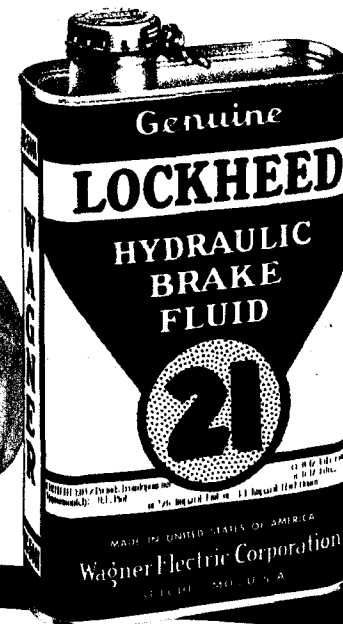
"So you held out on me, Johnny," she remarked. "What do you mean—a sailor's income? You must be awfully good at craps."

She went on. A handkerchief, none too

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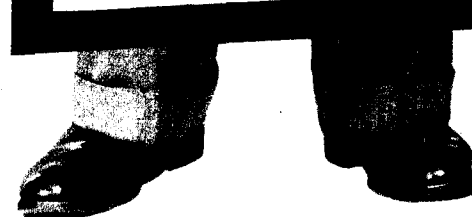
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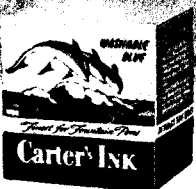
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clean. A billfold. A snapshot, torn across. She put the two pieces together and achieved a vision of photogenic loveliness. Sylvia, unquestionably. For across the lower part was written: "Always my love, darling . . . Silver."

Amanda looked at the picture some more. Sylvia was exquisite, Sylvia was—

Amanda hastily tucked the remains of Sylvia's picture, Johnny's roll and billfold in one of his shoes, and then pushed both shoes far under the bed.

Miss Weatherbee was returning, and Amanda, bracing herself for questions, received a bombshell instead.

"The neighbors have been calling," she informed Amanda, in a voice that suggested the neighbors' interest had done Amanda no good. "I've told them the young man is your fiancé and that I am telephoning your mother to come at once. If you will just give me her phone number—"

Once when Amanda had been much younger, a schoolteacher had forced her to write, "Oh, what a tangled web we weave, when first we practice to deceive," a hundred times. Now she felt it should have been a thousand.

"Oh, I've phoned her," said Amanda automatically. "She's coming as soon as she can get here."

"And when will that be?" Miss Weatherbee asked.

"As soon as the train arrives," Amanda said. She was getting in deep, she must get out of the house and phone her mother.

So before Miss Weatherbee could question further, Amanda added hastily, "If she should come while I'm gone, just bring her up. I've got to go to the drugstore to get a bromide—the doctor told me to."

Long distance was busy. It took Amanda forever to get her mother—and a lot more money to make her mother understand the situation and how dire her need was. But finally Mother got it.

"All right, I'll come," she said; "bringing your grandfather's old hoss pistol—ready to shoot the sailor or you, or both."

Amanda said, "Thanks, you're a good egg—"

Her mother said, "I wish I could say as much for you. At the moment, I'm sorry I ever laid you."

AMANDA was halfway back to Miss Weatherbee's when she remembered she had said she would buy a bromide. So she went back and bought it, wondering if arsenic might not prove cheaper in the long run. Keeping Johnny out of the brig was proving expensive.

But at least she could see her way out of the web she'd woven. Engagement rings often came off before the wedding, as even Miss Weatherbee must know. Sooner or later she'd tell Miss Weatherbee her engagement to Johnny had proved a mistake; but what she was looking forward to was what she would say to Johnny when he became sober. And the sooner the better, she thought.

But she was wrong, as she discovered when she got back to Miss Weatherbee's. The latter was waiting for her, in the front hall.

"Is he all right?" asked Amanda, trying to look sweet and apologetic and anxious, all at the same time. "I hope he hasn't been any trouble. I had no idea I'd be gone so long."

Miss Weatherbee looked at her. "You brazen hussy!" said Miss Weatherbee—just like that.

Amanda stared at her. What had happened now?

"Oh, don't try to look innocent," Miss Weatherbee went on. "I suppose you never dreamed that that sweet, lovely boy—"

"Sweet, lovely boy," echoed Amanda, doubting her ears.

70

"Would recover consciousness," Miss Weatherbee continued inexorably, "and tell me what really happened."

Well, that was that, Amanda decided. Johnny had come to, while she was away, gummed everything. Miss Weatherbee obviously knew there was no engagement. He was right: Call him Simp. He had no brains. She'd kept him out of the brig where he belonged, and now—

"So?" said Miss Weatherbee. "No more lies? Nothing to say for yourself?"

"Not a thing in the world," said Amanda. "What's the use?"

"None at all," Miss Weatherbee assured her. "But you stay right here while I call the police—"

"The police?" Amanda repeated, startled. "What for?"

"For you," said Miss Weatherbee. "And you needn't beg or plead. A girl who will pick up a sailor who is fighting for his country, put knockout drops in his ginger ale—"

"Knockout drops! Ginger ale!"

"Steal a valuable engagement ring from him—"

"Me? Why—"

"It's there, right on your finger, you can't lie out of that. And you needn't tell me you didn't take his money, his billfold—"

Amanda broke in with, "Did he say I did?"

"He did and—"

MISS WEATHERBEE stopped there. She had lost her audience. Amanda was on her way upstairs. She soared over them, arriving out of breath but full of fury at the threshold of her room.

And there he was. Sitting up, eating something from a tray. A tray that Miss Weatherbee must have prepared herself.

He looked up, said, "It's you. Why, I thought you'd ditched me." And the imp actually beamed at her, as if he were glad to see her. His eyes approved her.

"Did anybody ever tell you you had lovely legs—too?" he went on. "Well, I'm telling you now. Reminds me of a phrase I read somewhere, 'Her legs made a glamorous pattern'—"

He stopped there, not just because he was too polite to interrupt a lady but because he *couldn't* interrupt her. Amanda had the floor and what she said practically ricocheted off him, the bed, the floor and the ceiling.

"Listen," he begged, when he recovered from the first shock, but Amanda wasn't listening.

So "Listen," he said again, but louder. And then he was out of bed, in his stocking feet, bellowing at her. "Listen, you little fool. I come to in a strange room, minus my shoes, my roll, my billfold. How would I know where they were? Or be able to explain how I got here when the old gal began to ask questions? I thought I'd been rolled, that somebody had dumped me here—"

"Rolled by me, I suppose. So you had to tell her—"

"Hey, hey. I didn't tell her *you* did it. I thought you'd walked out on me, somewhere along the line. I thought—"

"That I stole your ring? I suppose you forgot you *made* me put it on?"

"Oh, no—I remember that perfectly." He stopped bellowing and began to grin. "Best idea I've had in a long time. A girl who would stick to a guy the way you did—"

"Get stuck," Amanda interpolated bitterly. "Do you know what Miss Weatherbee is doing now?"

"Miss Who?"

"The old girl who brings you food to eat in my bed but who won't even let me have a box of crackers in the room. She's phoning the police—"

"For me?" he asked, looking startled.

"For me," said Amanda. "Because you told her you were rolled and—"

"Good grief!" he said, and was out of the room almost before the words were out of his mouth.

Amanda didn't know whether he slid down the banisters or just did a nose dive. He was downstairs in any event in no time flat, talking to Miss Weatherbee.

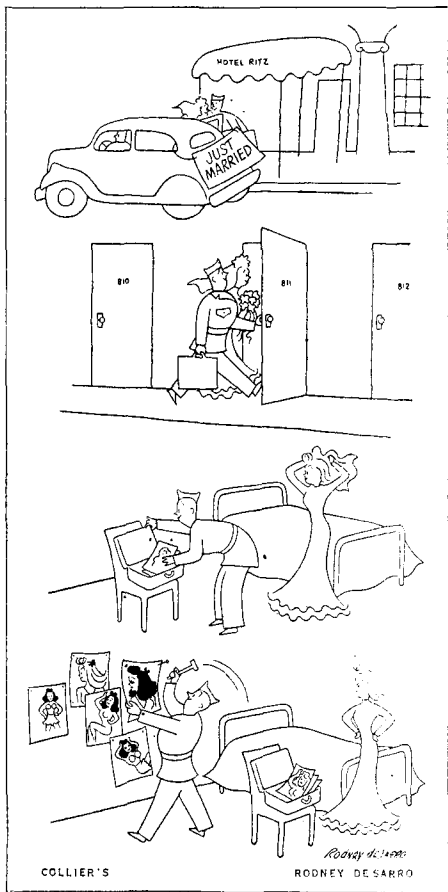
"Listen, beautiful," he was saying. "It's all a mistake. I was sort of delirious when I came to and—and she wasn't there. And everything got mixed up. You just call the police and tell them wrong number or something, and then come up and help me with the poor kid. She's practically having hysterics."

AMANDA heard it all, without straining her ears. She was at the head of the stairs herself. She retreated hastily as Johnny started back up them.

"She'll be up as soon as she calls the dogs off," Johnny reported. "And you leave the rest to me. What the devil is your name, anyway?"

"Amanda."

"Too formal, darling. I'll just call you Mandy. And you just follow my lead and I'll have her eating out of your hand, feeding you in bed. All that these old gals that act like crabs need is a little pet-



ting—" He broke off, drew Amanda toward him. "Hey," she protested. "I'm no crab and I don't need any petting."

"It's an act. Snap into it. Here she blows. Be hysterical if you can—"

"If I can? Any girl who has been out with you would—"

"Shh. Hide your face against my shoulder and sob or something," he whispered. And then, aloud: "Come in, Miss Weatherbee." His arm tightened around Amanda.

She buried her face against his uniform. "Boohoo," she sobbed.

"There, there, Mandy darling," Johnny soothed. "It's all right now. Miss Weatherbee's a grand person and all for us, now that she knows—" He paused, possibly for inspiration—or perhaps just to kiss Amanda's ear.

"Boohoo," went Amanda again.

"Now that she knows I was sort of delirious. Maybe a touch of malaria . . . Ouch! What's the matter, honey?"

"The doctor thought you ate something that disagreed with you," Amanda said, and then sobbed anew, "Boohoo."

"Or eating something that disagreed

with me," Johnny went on. "That and being so hungry for a sight of Mandy."

With that, he put a firm hand under Amanda's chin, deftly tilted her face up and kissed her—on her eyes, her nose and her startled mouth.

Then "Ouch!" Johnny said again. He kissed Amanda swiftly but warily, broke the clinch and turned to Miss Weatherbee. "You don't know what it means to me to find Mandy in a place like this with you to look out for her," he told her. "When I'm far at sea, I'll be remembering all this—and how good you've been to Mandy and me."

With that, he drew Miss Weatherbee toward him and kissed her—not her eyes, her nose and her mouth, but her cheek. But that was enough to make Miss Weatherbee, to Amanda's utter amazement, look like one of those women who hang over the radio listening to Sinatra.

"There's just one thing you could do for us—if you would," Johnny added. "If you could get us another tray, so that Mandy and I could eat here together, that would be another lovely memory."

Amanda said, quickly, unthinkingly, "Well, of all the nerve!"

Johnny silenced her. The way she might have expected he would—the fox. "I know," he admitted. "But if Miss Weatherbee could—"

"Oh, I'd love to," said Miss Weatherbee, and she was actually fluttering as she left the room.

Johnny turned to Amanda and grinned. "Well—am I good?" he demanded.

"Experienced, anyway," said Amanda. "Did you get all that practice kissing Sylvia—or elsewhere?"

"Oh, here and there," he said. His blue eyes met hers. "But I wouldn't mind getting it all here hereafter if you'll keep your feet on the ground. What's the idea of kicking my shins—twice?"

"Oh, the first time you were off the beam as to why you were sick, the second time because—well, I suppose anything to win your bet?"

She drew off the ring. "So nice to have met you—goodby. You'll find your money and your billfold in your shoes under the bed, also a picture of Sylvia. I hope you remember tearing that in two. I didn't."

HE LOOKED at the ring but refused to accept it. "You can't do that to me, not now. Or to Miss Weatherbee. Think of the thrill we're giving her. Put it back on, wear it."

"Me—why should I?"

"To keep me from losing it in another crap game. I may need it some day."

"Still hopeful about Sylvia?"

"Sylvia is down the drain, darling. Sylvia was just the brass ring you grab from the merry-go-round. Another guy got her. Let him go for a ride."

"You weren't taking it that way a couple of hours ago."

"A man can learn a lot in a couple of hours."

"Oh—you mean you're off women now? I don't believe it."

"I know what you're thinking. I've heard that one, too. But the real truth is there are lots of girls in every port, looking for a sailor."

"And you can pick them. You admitted it—"

"And ask them to help me pick a present for you? Something special. From every port. Okay—but pipe down now. Miss Weatherbee is coming back. You put on the ring. And do you suppose Miss Weatherbee has any shin guards around the place—or doesn't she play hockey?"

"Don't be absurd—and what do you want shin guards for?"

"Let me show you," he said, taking her face in his hands just as Miss Weatherbee came in.

THE END

Collier's for April 8, 1944

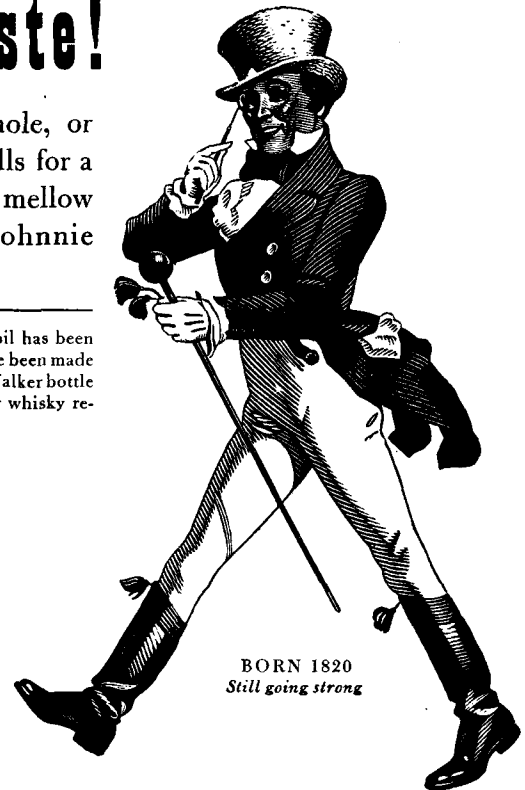


What a golfer went around in, back in 1820

BUT he's still Tops in taste!

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ON TIME

BY JOHN O'HARA

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

was being very urbane, very Gallic, very continental about the whole thing, as though every afternoon at four, he greeted young women who were walking out on their husbands because they had fallen passionately in love with someone else.

There was admiration but no disrespect in his eyes as he brought her the first drink. The admiration gave way to pity, and a tiny impertinence appeared after she had waited two hours and had taken her sixth drink. Then she went home. Frank had tried to get in touch with her through their own secret underground, but she had not replied.

"First call to lunch, dining car forward." He was standing over her, smiling down. "Hello, Laura."

"Why, Frank," she said, pleased that she did not sound as startled as she felt.

"Would you like to break bread with me?"

"Why, yes, thanks." She got up and they made their way to the diner. They did not speak until they had ordered. She hoped that the years and the glaring sunlight had as little effect on her as they had on him. He was still very handsome.

"I'm very pleased," he said.

"Why? At what?"

"That you speak to me. For ten years, I've wanted to tell you about that awful day. I know you think I'm as low as they come. I know you think I should at least have telephoned, but you never gave me a chance to tell you what happened. Do you know what happened?"

"What happened, Frank?"

"I broke my leg. Literally. I was on my way to Luigi's and I was hit by a taxi. When I woke up in the hospital it was too late to call you even if I could have got out of bed, which I didn't for nearly three months."

"Really?" she said.

"And of course there was no one I could get to phone you that day, even if I'd been conscious. No one else knew."

ALL at once she saw a way to wipe out the humiliation of those ten years and that one afternoon. "Frank, I have a confession to make."

"You have? Confess."

"I wasn't there." She looked at him steadily and, she knew, convincingly.

"What?"

"I never went to that place. I did come to New York. I was going to meet you, but at the last minute I was afraid."

"But, Laura," he said, a most unarrogant man. "When I got out of the hospital, I asked Luigi. He said yes, he remembered a lady waiting for me."

"It must have been one of your other girls. It wasn't I. I just couldn't do it. I couldn't walk out on Bob that way. Then when I went home I was so ashamed for being such a coward. That's why I never returned your calls. I was too cowardly."

"You weren't there." He said it slowly, stupidly. "I can't believe it. I can't believe it."

"It worked out better this way," she said. She was heartless, cruel, but it was so exhilarating to get back ten years in so few minutes.

"Well, I suppose so," he said. He was taking it very well. He forced a smile. "Punctual Laura, the one time when you really should have been on the dot, you didn't show up at all."

"Well, better never than late, as they say," she said sweetly.

L AURA was the first person to take a seat in the Pullman. It was always that way with Laura. Whether for a train, a dentist appointment, the theater, a dinner party, Laura was always punctual. It was almost a failing with Laura. She was well aware, for instance, that in her home town, her friends would look out of their windows, and seeing Laura on her way to a luncheon or other meeting, they would say, "We have plenty of time. Laura's just leaving." Her punctuality often meant she had to wait for people. Indeed, sometime ago, she had been kept waiting a very long time. And now here was the man who had made her wait, taking his seat at the other end of the car.

After ten years, she still knew him before she saw his face. He had a magnificent build. She remembered sharply the power to crush her that was in those shoulders, and at the fresh sight of him, she experienced a longing that she loathed. Just in time she pretended to shade her eyes with her hand as he turned around before sitting down.

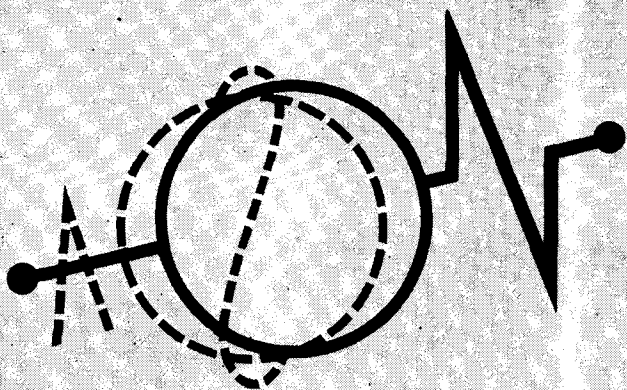
The train started. Frank was deep in his paper, and a dozen Pullman chairs away from him, Laura was left with her humiliating memory of an afternoon a decade ago, an afternoon when she had waited, and waited alone. She remembered the place so well, as indeed she might: an inexpensive, characterless ex-

speak-easy which he had chosen because no one knew her there. "I'll telephone them to expect you, and you go straight through the bar to the last booth. You won't know anybody, but just in case." He had been so touchingly considerate, as always, the arrogant kindness of the strong.

When she went into the place, the proprietor seemed to recognize her. "Yes, lady, you are meeting Mr. Hillman. Right this way, please." He accompanied her to the booth, took her order for the first drink. She had left her bags in the front of the restaurant, and there was not the slightest doubt in her mind that the proprietor sensed what was going on. He

Men who have read this story do not like it. Women do. One girl—young—says that Laura's behavior was "characteristically feminine." What do you think?

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE



aims these guns

QUEER THINGS come out of an engineer's head!

And when they're things like the amplidyne, something exciting usually happens.

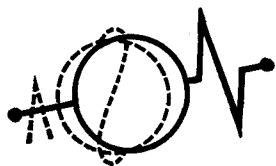
When Japanese dive bombers pounce on one of our big battleships, a wall of steel flies up to blast them. The ship's deck bristles with antiaircraft guns ... and many of these guns leap to instant aim because the amplidyne transforms the gunner's slightest hand pressures to precise, controlled surges of power.

When—somewhere over Europe—a turret gunner in one of our big planes sees a Messerschmitt diving out of the sun, he twists a "handlebar" and the amplidyne-driven motor whips his guns around smoothly, even against the push of a 300-mile-an-hour wind.

When—on the home front—the flying shear slices the metal strip speeding from a steel mill's rolls, it's the amplidyne that makes the shear cut swift and true.

And it's the amplidyne that saves precious seconds in bringing the log to meet the whirling sawmill saw.

Already applied in hundreds of ways, tested and proved in battle and in industry, the amplidyne should have even greater accomplishments ahead of it. The amplidyne is another product of General Electric engineering and research—which today are devoted to the building of better war weapons, and which tomorrow will be devoted to better living in the peacetime world to follow.



The amplidyne, represented by this symbol, combines two electric generators in one device. By utilizing a short-circuit—the nuisance that blows fuses in your house—a small voltage is amplified so as to control precisely and almost instantaneously the speed and power output of electric motors. *General Electric, Schenectady, N. Y.*

The employees of the General Electric Company are on their jobs producing war goods and buying over a million dollars of War Bonds every week to hasten victory.

Hear the General Electric radio programs: "The G-E All-girl Orchestra" Sunday 10 p. m. EWT, NBC; "The World Today" news, every weekday at 6:45 p. m. EWT, CBS.

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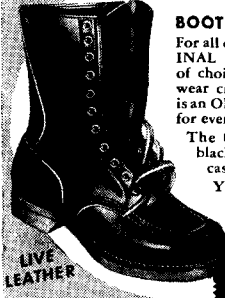
The Voice, surrounded by squealing fans. L. to r., Haila Stoddard, Jane Arrol, Clifton (Sinatra) Webb, Peggy Wood, Doreen Lang

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Original CHIPPEWA BOOTS

BOOTS FOR EVERY PURPOSE
For all outdoor work or sports, ORIGINAL CHIPPEWAS are best. Made of choicest leathers by master footwear craftsmen. In peacetime there is an ORIGINAL CHIPPEWA BOOT for every purpose, as for example:
The UTILITY boot as illustrated—black waterproof 10" welt—mocasin type pac.
Your CHIPPEWA dealer's stocks may be limited right now, however, he may have the style you desire. See him.



LIVE LEATHER

Look for the ORIGINAL CHIPPEWA label on every pair

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CHIPPEWA FALLS WIS

Dr. Edwards' Great Formula For CONSTIPATION

Benefits Nation of Sufferers!

Ever Feel Like This?
HEADACHE—NO PEP
MENTALLY DULL
UPSET STOMACH

If liver bile doesn't flow every day into intestines—constipation often results.

So take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets tonight to pep up bile flow and insure gentle yet thorough bowel movements. Olive Tablets being purely vegetable are wonderful! Used successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards for relieving patients with constipation and sluggish bile flow. Test Olive Tablets tonight! Follow label directions.

DR. EDWARDS' OLIVE TABLETS

Actors Speak Louder than Words

BY PEGGY WOOD



Between road shows, the cast Noel Coward's successful comedy, *Blithe Spirit*, entertained wounded servicemen from coast to coast. Here's how they do

WHEN Noel Coward's *Blithe Spirit*, after two years on Broadway, was slated for a transcontinental tour beginning last October, we the cast began to wonder what we could do to entertain servicemen along the route. We knew we couldn't do *Blithe Spirit* them; the scenic effects are peculiar, and transportation would be too much of a problem.

We wanted, however, like the rest of the theatrical profession, to keep our work going while we were on the road and the simplest and most effective answer seemed to be a revue that would need scenery or lights, could be played from the tail of a truck or performed in a hospital.

Aside from Clifton Webb and myself, none of our small cast had ever tried singing songs nor had ever tapped a toe, so our five fellow members, plus two understudies and two stage managers, decided to try anyway.

At a meeting of the entertainment industry last September, Clifton and I proposed the revue idea to representatives of the USO and the Camp Show organizations. They said we had something. They were units made up of actors playing around New York, and on the West Coast, which provided entertainment

These convalescents at Mare Island Naval Hospital testify to the show's success.

the receiving hospitals, but we had been told that war casualties were generally moved to their own districts, far from professional entertainment facilities.

Well, we were off to cover the country from coast to coast, so we proposed to take our talents to these comparatively isolated points. The Army said it was all right with them, and we set to work. We hunted for numbers, dug up sketches, and found a couple of lads who could write an opening number for the whole cast. We rehearsed nights after the show and during the day at any place we could get a piano.

We had a man extract some hot vocal harmony from a Sinatra record of Sunday, Monday and Always for the female members of the company. It has since become the style to give imitations of The Voice, but Clifton Webb was the first to think out a production number complete with squeals and swoons from the ladies. I can't tell you what Webb does to that microphone in his satire, but it is more than an enlargement of what Sinatra does himself.

Hildegard Halliday, Mildred Natwick's understudy, turned out to be rich in monologues from her night-club material, and I don't know what we would have done without her pep talk by a Girl Guide sort of woman, giving advice on how to collect money for a drive by "shaking your can in Times Square and through the Dixie Bus Terminal." When Valerie Cosart, as accompanist, found her classical musical education a handicap to rhythm songs, she cheerfully threw Chopin into Shubert Alley and worked eight hours a day to learn how to do what is known to the trade as "play pianna."

Haila Stoddard, our "Spirit," who had never opened her mouth in song before an audience and was paralyzed with fright at the notion, not only sings with success but is enlarging her repertoire. Mildred Natwick does a sketch about the Stage Door Canteen in which Haila plays Gypsy Rose Corio, who wants to show the boys what they are fighting for. I do a special arrangement of old and new numbers. Webb does a double number with Haila and, of course, the Sinatra thing. In Philip Tonge, we have discovered a resourceful and witty emcee. Jane Arrol and Robert Callay assist, and we all double in everything. With a few props, that's our show.

Booking for the Show

Our advance man, that lonely soul who travels three weeks ahead of us, arranging for our arrival in the Coward opus, finds out where the nearest military hospital is, tells the commanding officer about us, and when we get to town, the AWVS or the Red Cross or perhaps the Army itself provides a car and a station wagon to take our clothes and things to the hospital.

By clothes we mean evening frocks for the women. We found that the boys want to see something besides uniforms and starched white caps, so we chose bright colors. We indicate changes of character by slipping a tweed jacket over an evening dress or adding a feather boa.

Our first performance was in Baltimore. There was no hospital available, but we were so steamed up to perform that we begged the Coast Guard station to be our guinea pig. We knew it wouldn't be a real test of the show; these lads were strong and vigorous, and our carefully planned Follies was not designed for the boisterous, but we discounted that. The response was so overwhelming it went to our heads, and we saw ourselves as Heaven's gift to the armed services.

The contrast between that reception and our first show for the wounded at Devens, Massachusetts, was sobering. We had told one another what to expect, but even our actors' imaginations boggled at the actuality. It wasn't that the men were

visibly ill or miserable; it was more that they had been through things the memory of which shadowed all else and removed them from normal contact with those who hadn't shared their experiences. They laughed—some—at our quips, they seemed attentive, they were certainly quiet, and their applause contained a sound new to our ears and constricting to our hearts—the sound of crutches being thumped on the floor.

The curtains closed on that effort, and we shot down the chute from our insufferable smugness to a conviction that we had probably made the boys sicker than they were before. But Valerie dashed up from her plane on the floor of the auditorium with the news that the boys had crowded around her after the show to tell her how much they liked it.

We had said we would entertain in the wards, too, if it was possible. Naturally, we understood that those patients still in bed would be tired by an hour and a quarter of entertainment, so Hildegard and I selected bits of our repertoire and with Valerie and a portable miniature piano we set forth.

A Diffident Audience

I had been warned of the silence in wards when strangers appear and I wasn't surprised when every head turned away as the nurse announced who we were and what we were going to do. One boy, with his leg in a cradle, pulled the sheet up over his face to shut out the sight of us. One went on writing a letter, another reached for a book. I batted down my emotions and began to sing.

Pretty soon I saw the sheet come down off the boy's face, just a little. By the time Hildegard had finished her piece, he had pushed the cover down to his waist and was laughing. The boy with the letter paused in his writing, and the boy with the book was smiling up over it.

Doreen Lang, who plays the maid in Blithe Spirit, and all sorts of parts in our Follies, took a gardenia from her coat and gave it to a boy in that ward. He held it in his hands carefully and, as the fragrance reached him, his eyes filled with tears. "It's so beautiful," he said. "I wish I could send it home. I never saw anything so—in fact"—he looked up at the nurse standing by his bed—"I don't think I ever saw a real one before."

Most but not all of our audiences are made up of ambulatory patients. Some come in wheel chairs, some are trundled in on cots with attendant nurses. In one place, the whole rear of the auditorium was ranged with beds so tilted that the patients could see as well as hear.

We give them our best. It may be a little rowdy in spots, but it's never raw. We don't "play down" in any mistaken idea that these boys want elemental stuff. Their taste is broad but never low. We are not "under the auspices of" any organization, we are just, as we sing in our opening chorus, Blithe Spirits:

*"We haven't got performing seals
Or guys who slip on banana peels.
We haven't got a loud French horn
To drown us out when we get too
corn-y;
Bear with us, we'll do what we can
For each and every fighting man.
We actors—
Who speak—
Louder than words!"*

Other traveling troupes can do the same thing. Somebody in every company can play the piano or an accordion, somebody knows some funny stories, somebody can hoof, somebody can learn a monologue. Altogether, it will add up to a show. It may break your heart to see youth in pain or misery. But what does your heart matter?



*"I told you nothing could keep us apart, Wilbur,
if you got rid of your '5 o'clock Shadow'!"*

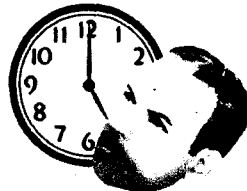
*"It's wonderful, Honey... Hey, you're not sitting
on my Gem Blades, are you?"*



So you wouldn't worry about Gem Blades at a time like that! Well—brother—she's probably in the bag because Gems kept his face free from "5 o'clock Shadow".

Try genuine Gem Blades yourself. They're thicker, tougher, super-keen. They keep you face-neat longer. Cost less, too, because there's never a dud in a pack!

AVOID '5 O'CLOCK SHADOW' WITH



GEM
RAZORS and BLADES

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Mission for Miss Stark

Continued from page 14

Here in America, on leave after more than three years of continuous service in Arabian countries, Miss Stark goes about quietly, visiting friends and occasionally lecturing.

Her clothes are very feminine. Not even on her roughest mountain-climbing expeditions did she wear men's clothes, she says. She wore skirts, both from choice and for protection. And when she approached a strange Arab camp she always advertised her femininity by taking her hat off and shaking down her long hair.

"It's against the etiquette of Arab tribesmen to shoot a woman. Not that I ever had any trouble," she explains. "I must say the Arabs were always charming to me, perfectly charming."

Through this disarming, humorous talk shines an uncritical faith in the proposition that the British Empire can do no wrong. "The Arabs are fundamentally democratic just like the English," she says, "and that's why we get along together. Unless their minds are perverted, they understand that England has no wish to curtail their freedom."

Palestine's troubles will disappear, she says, "if only outsiders will stop interfering with the sensible British policy there. There is now one Jew for each two Arabs in Palestine, and that's enough for the time being. To permit unlimited Jewish immigration would be like forcing food on a person who has just eaten a big dinner. The British White Paper rules that Arabs must give their consent before more Jews can come in—and what is unjust about that? Palestine has belonged to the Arabs for 2,000 years, and we can't just turn it over to the Jews entirely—not without civil war, we can't. In time, the Arabs will agree to admit more Jews, but it is important not to force the issue by violence."

And if anyone points out that the White Paper violates earlier commitments by England and by the League of Nations to make a home for the Jews in Palestine,

Miss Stark's reply is: "The British government is doing the best it can under difficult circumstances."

It is her belief that England wants to see all the Arab nations develop into free independent democracies—possibly a federation of democracies—in spite of the empire's great military and economic interests in the area.

"Our interests can be protected just as well by free arrangements with free people. You in America should not find this incredible, in view of your own Arabian activities. Is not your government about to sponsor a pipe line for oil through Saudi Arabia? Yet you have no wish to govern the land in which the pipe line will be laid."

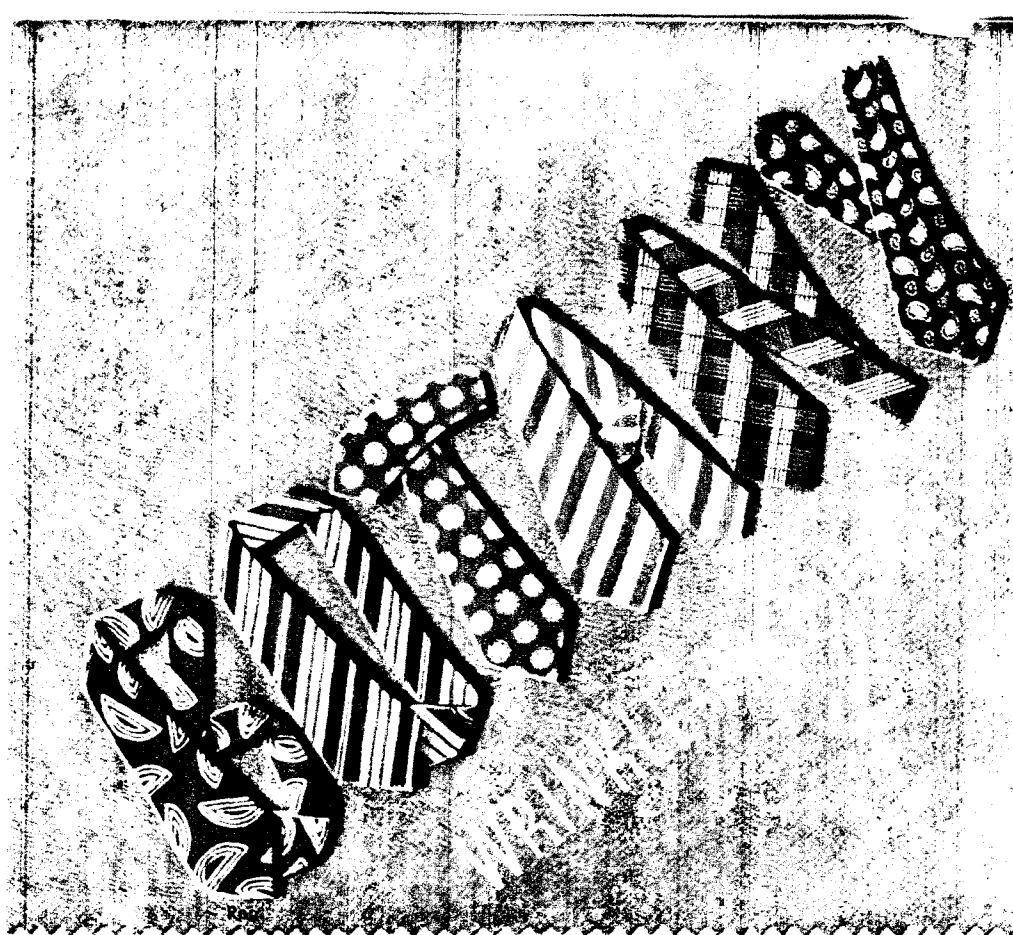
During the last fifteen years, Miss Stark has watched the whole body of Arab nations "coming suddenly modern."

Transformation of a Town

"In 1918, Amman, the capital of Trans-Jordan, was a primitive town of 2,000, with no electricity, no water supply," she says. "Now it's a thriving modern city of 43,000. It's like that everywhere. The Arabs are coming to life after centuries of sleep. It is thrilling to see, and I am eager to get back to help them as much as I can."

Miss Stark's strange career developed by chance. "I think it all started on my ninth birthday," she says, "when an aunt gave me a copy of the Arabian Nights." Her art-minded parents—her British father was a sculptor, her Italian mother, a painter—encouraged her to learn something about early Arabian bronzes and pottery.

Later, during an illness that lasted three years and kept her housebound first in Devonshire, her father's home, and then in her mother's villa near Venice, she began to study Arabic, "not seriously, just to pass the time." She yearned to visit the romantic-sounding East, but her doctors told



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her that travel was out of the question and she must resign herself to the life of a chronic invalid. "It was too dreadful. If I so much as went into the garden, my mother came running after me with a cushion and a wrap. I thought I would rather be dead." One day in 1927, she rebelled and set about getting tickets for her first trip to Syria.

She decided then that she "would never bother about her health any more," and in spite of "terrible pains" during her first year of travel, in spite of narrow escapes from death by pneumonia, dysentery, malaria and a ruptured appendix, she never has bothered about it.

Her only object in the beginning was to enjoy herself, but her interests expanded as her travels lengthened, until she was a recognized explorer, holder of several Geographic Society medals, and the author of a half-dozen books about her experiences; until she knew the language and the people as well as a non-Arab can know either.

She had been a nurse in the first World War, and in doctorless areas she frequently set broken limbs or bathed infected wounds in strong permanganate solutions.

Miss Stark's only criticism of her fellow Britishers in Arabian lands is that the women among them didn't trouble to make the acquaintance of the natives. "The British appear to be popular wherever they go, until they bring their wives to live with them."

While traveling in a remote region, Miss Stark fell desperately ill with measles and pneumonia. A runner was started to the coast, two weeks away, to get medical help. But Miss Stark was afraid to wait. She started for the coast herself by donkey, riding in the terrible heat for three days during the crisis of the illness. She collapsed in an Arab camp, where an Afghan chemist offered to give her an intravenous injection—at her own risk.

"If I make a mistake, you will die," he said. Miss Stark took the risk. Finally, in response to the runner's message, help came. Four British planes landed on the desert and took her to a hospital in Aden.

In Aden, where Miss Stark was stationed for almost a year, her task was to give the Arabs a British version of the war news. There were no Arab newspapers and few radios, so her procedure was to have news transmitted over loudspeakers in the public square at twilight.

"The mullah (the priest) would read

it out, intoning it like a churchly chant," she relates. "It was impressive. I always prepared them for bad news; you'll remember we had a lot of it—Dunkerque, the fall of France, the loss of Somaliland, just across a narrow strip of water from Aden. Yet, even with thousands of Somaliland refugees pouring into Aden, even when Aden itself was bombed, our Arabs stayed loyal."

Miss Stark went to Egypt with the first convoy that went up the Red Sea after Italy entered the war. "We were bombed—it was a wonderful sight. I stayed on deck and took pictures."

Landing in Cairo at the same time as the first R.A.F. Spitfires, Miss Stark invited young Egyptian leaders to tea in her flat and with them evolved the Brotherhood of Freedom, "to study democratic principles in preparation for the coming independence of all Arabs." The Brotherhood proved a potent weapon against Axis propagandists, who preached that the British meant to open Palestine and Egypt to unlimited Jewish immigration, with Arabs relegated to slavery, and freedom an idle dream.

Expert Job of Propaganda

Egypt's Brotherhood grew to a membership of more than 35,000, put out its own mimeographed newspaper and was sturdily carrying on by itself when Miss Stark traveled on to establish similar organizations in other Arab countries.

In Bagdad, Miss Stark had a taste of imprisonment during the Iraqi revolt. Along with some 350 other Britishers, she was herded into the British embassy and kept there for more than a month while German and British planes fought it out in the air overhead.

"Every morning while we were combing our hair on the balcony we'd see bullets whizzing by from the anti-aircraft on the roofs of the building on either side of the embassy."

The revolt failed. The reason, Miss Stark says, was "because, at heart, the Iraqi favor England, and the revolt was a trumped-up affair arranged by bribery with a few military leaders."

Miss Stark's Brotherhood still carries on among the Iraqi. The other day in Chicago she received the Brotherhood bulletin from Bagdad. One item read: "We send to Miss Stark greetings and wish her all success for her work in America and a speedy return to us."

THE END

Sepia St. George

Continued from page 21

viewpoint is that the fighters are signed to give boxing exhibitions and that they fulfill their contract merely by entering the ring and squaring off against each other.

When these discouraging facts were called to Doctor Powell's attention, he wasn't a bit dismayed.

"It doesn't hurt anybody," he remarked, "to say a good word for the public once in a while."

This point of view in a boxing commissioner is almost as unusual as Doctor Powell's Christian name.

"When I arrived on the scene," he said, toying with a letter-opener, "Negro mothers were naming their offspring after great men. My neighborhood in Newport News was just chock-full of George Washingtons, Abraham Lincolns and Crispus Attuckses. I guess my mother just wanted to do the opposite so she made up a name for me nobody ever done heard of."

Despite his distinctive name, Doctor Powell is always being confused with Harlem's other Negro newspaper-publishing Doctor Powell—the preacher, city coun-

cilman and radical editor, who is listed in the telephone directory as Doctor A. Clayton Powell, Jr. The two Doctor Powells frequently get each other's mail and phone calls.

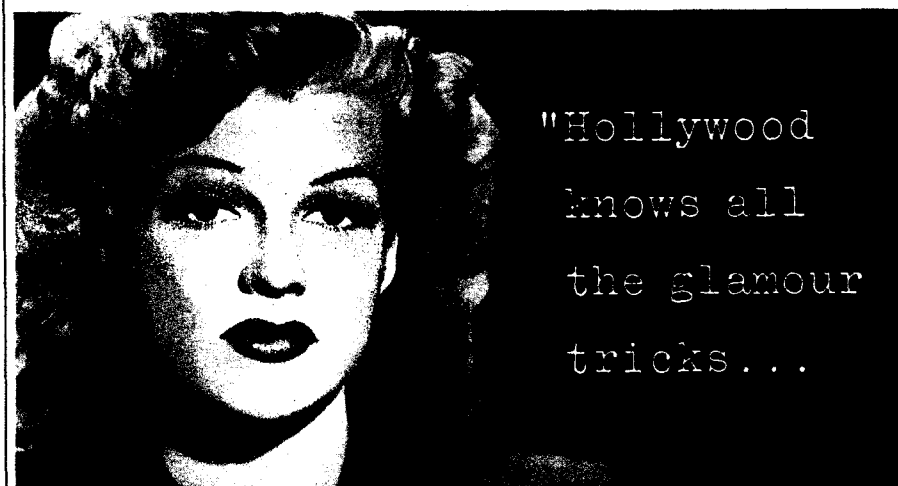
People are always misspelling Commissioner Powell's first name and giving him the wrong middle initial. However, on his photograph which hangs over his desk and which he has thoughtfully autographed for himself, it is spelled correctly. Under his own photo is one autographed "Doctor P. H. M. Savory." Doctor Savory is Commissioner Powell's closest friend and business associate.

Between them, they run the Victory Mutual Life Insurance Company, the Amsterdam News, the Community Personal Finance Corporation and a check-cashing business.

Several years ago, Doctor Powell's other interests encroached to such an extent on his time that he was forced to give up the X-ray work in which he had specialized. His loan office was then located over his X-ray laboratory, his newspaper plant

RITA HAYWORTH speaking:

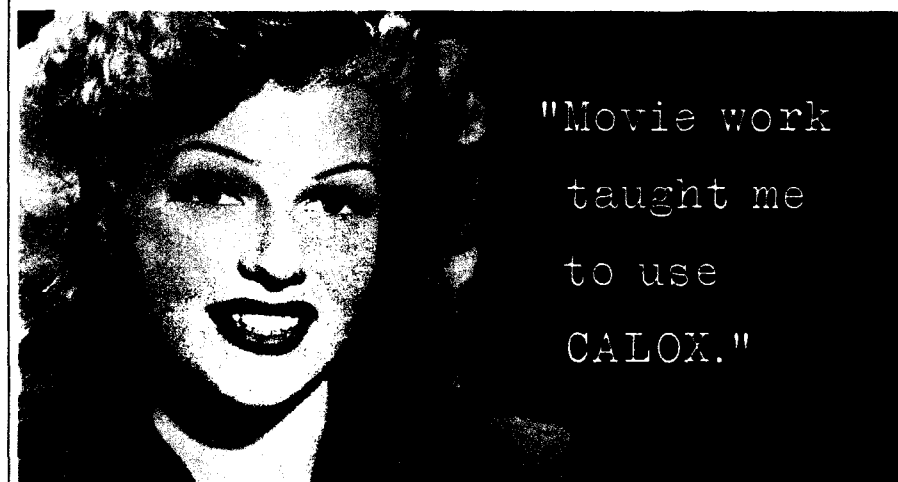
Star of Columbia's new Technicolor production "COVER GIRL"



"Hollywood knows all the glamour tricks..."



"Such as teeth that shine beautifully."



"Movie work taught me to use CALOX."

A MOVIE STAR OF 1964?

Could be! Anyhow, those new teeth are worth the same careful Calox cleansing that Rita Hayworth chooses... for the same good reasons.

1. **SILKY-SOFT** Calox cleans gently. Contains no strong chemicals, no harsh abrasives.

2. **ORIGINATED BY A DENTIST** for home care, Calox cleanses efficiently, scientifically. Emulsifies freshly deposited tartar. Loosens mucin plaque.

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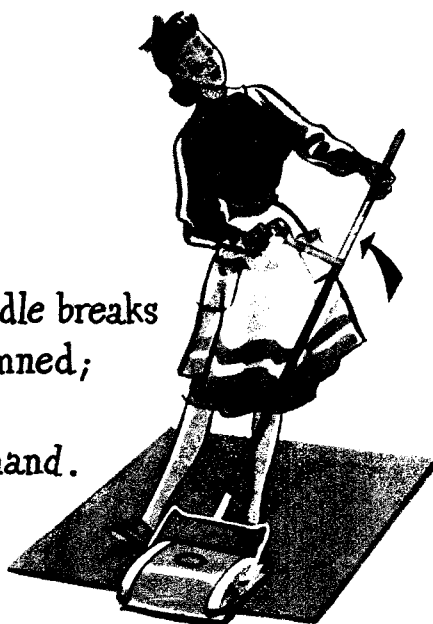


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Securely and in shape
Just write them out and stick them on
With handy Texcel Tape.

And though the sweeper handle breaks
The work goes on as planned;
It gets a temporary mend
When Texcel Tape's at hand.



For pages torn in cooking books,
For packages and such,
No fuss or fuming—Texcel Tape
Goes on with just a touch.

For Texcel is an improved tape
Whose "stick-um's" bonded on.
It won't come off, it won't dry out
Before the judgment dawn.



Since all the Texcel Tape that's made
Is being used for war,
Buy Bonds and Stamps till Victory
Returns it to your store.

Texcel Tape

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A Division of Johnson & Johnson
New Brunswick, N.J.

was in another section of Harlem, and his insurance headquarters somewhere else. Doctor Powell, an athletic-looking six-footer approaching the half-century mark, kept in good physical trim by hustling from one of the enterprises to another.

Frequently he would have to drop an X-ray plate which he was studying for traces of duodenal ulcers, and dash off to write an editorial for the Amsterdam News. Or he might have to break up an editorial conference in order to dash over to his check-cashing office to analyze a hunk of paper for its rubber content. Now, all his enterprises are housed under one roof in a four-story loft building on Eighth Avenue.

Doctor Powell's story sounds like a Horatio Alger plot gone Harlem. His mother, still living, was born in slavery. She had a strain of Indian blood, which accounts for her son's Pequot profile and tall, sinewy physique. Doctor Powell probably would have spent his life in the shipyards of Newport News, as his father had done, except for a stroke of luck.

Next door to the Powells in Newport News lived a Pullman porter. A frequent traveler on this porter's run was Doctor Joseph S. Wheelwright, now deceased, who was head of the staff at Doctors' Hospital, New York City, and the Southampton, L. I., Hospital. Needing an orderly at the Southampton Hospital, Doctor Wheelwright asked the Pullman porter if he knew any deserving colored boy who might want the job. The porter recommended young Clilan Bethany Powell, the boy next door, and thus engineered a friendship to which Dr. Powell admits he owes everything he has in life.

Vacation Money for College

With the money he earned during the summer vacations at Southampton, augmented by loans from Doctor Wheelwright, Powell worked his way, first through Virginia Normal College at Petersburg and then through Howard University. Doctor Wheelwright, who had encouraged him to study medicine, helped to place him in Bellevue Hospital, New York, after he had received his degree. The young colored intern was assigned to the X-ray department, at that time the largest in the world.

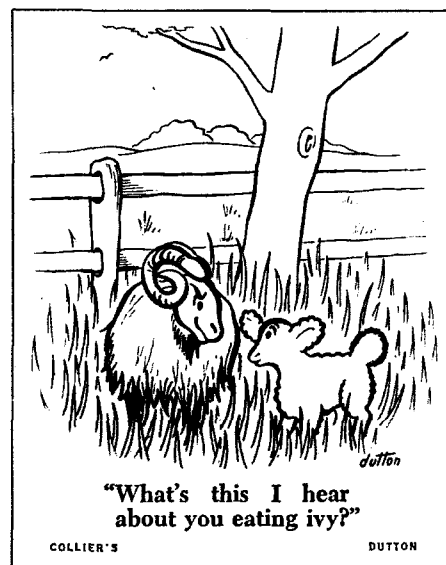
After completing his term as an intern Doctor Powell served on the staff for a year, then joined the staff of Harlem Hospital, and finally, with money loaned to him by his patron, opened his own X-ray laboratory.

One of his best customers was a West Indian Negro, Doctor Philip Hugh Maxwell Savory, who had been an honor student at McGill University. Doctor Savory sent him several hundred dollars' worth of X-ray work a month. Grateful to his new friend, Doctor Powell bought fifty-five shares of stock in the Victory Life Insurance Company of Chicago, at Doctor Savory's urging, and was elected a director of the company. Shortly thereafter, the company plunged into bankruptcy.

With a \$40,000 personal stake, Doctor Savory undertook the job of salvaging the insurance company, enlisting the aid of Doctor Powell. Between them, they so impressed Federal Judge Evan A. Evans, who conducted the bankruptcy proceedings in the Chicago Federal Court, that he took the unprecedented step of permitting them to use the assets of the insolvent organization in changing it from a stockholders' to a mutual company.

As a result of the two doctors' efforts, all claims were paid off, and \$10,000,000 worth of insurance was saved for colored people who could ill afford to lose it. Today the company has assets of over a million dollars and 24,000 policyholders. Doctor Powell is its president.

In 1936, Doctors Powell and Savory



bought the bankrupt Amsterdam News, Harlem's leading newspaper, for \$5,000, paid off claims totaling \$43,000, and built the paper into a profitable and influential organ with a circulation of 45,000.

At first, Doctor Powell engaged several alleged experts to run the paper. They were running it into the ground when he decided it was high time he himself learned the newspaper business and took over as publisher. Doctor Powell engaged Dan Burley of Chicago as his managing editor, and the choice was a happy one.

Dan is the chap who invents the jive dialect that Negro musicians talk. He has all Harlem chattering it now, and occasionally a slice of jive will find its way even into one of Doctor Powell's editorials. Fortified with his knowledge of jive talk, Doctor Powell should get along famously at Boxing Commission meetings when the double talk starts to fly.

Governor Dewey had two reasons for appointing Doctor Powell to his boxing commission. The first was the selfish and practical one that the Amsterdam News had supported him. In the previous campaign, the Amsterdam News lent its influence to re-electing Governor Herbert Lehman. Governor Dewey's other and more idealistic reason for naming Doctor Powell was that he recognized the justice of having a Negro on the commission to represent the interests of the members of his race who now constitute about 70 per cent of the active boxers. The governor singled out Doctor Powell because he was convinced of his honesty and ability after making a careful checkup.

Doctor Powell, who has proved himself to be a man of system, thinks the chaos in boxing is due to the lack of co-operation between various administrative bodies.

"I'm for closer relations between the New York Commission and the National Boxing Association," he said. "We should work for a unification of the boxing laws and universal recognition of one champion in each division."

These suggestions are considered radical by the best minds among boxing commissioners, particularly Doctor Powell's associates, who believe that confusion is the normal state of affairs in pugilism. Doctor Powell thinks it's the duty of boxing commissioners to get around and find out what's going on.

Doctor Powell is cautious in talking to an interviewer, even though he is in the interviewing business himself. Ripping off a statement to the press on his typewriter is one thing; giving opinions extempore is another. He prefaces most of his remarks with, "This is off the record, isn't it?"

Getting him to supply anecdotal detail about himself is like a major operation. He says, "I don't remember many anecdotes."

Maybe he'll think of a few for what ails boxing.

THE END

The Man Germany Hates Most

Continued from page 66

one gathers muscles for a leap. He learned to handle all types of R.A.F. planes and flying boats, the larger the better. He fought on the northwest frontier of India and immediately perceived and incorporated into his doctrine a truth that the Germans are just now learning—that air-power cannot be used to hold a static front. Its true application is to advance an offensive front.

In the United States in 1938, as senior R.A.F. officer of the British Air Mission, he founded his many warm friendships among the American High Command. These are important to England now. Of more practical importance to England, when Germany struck in 1939, however, was his choice of American planes for the R.A.F., notably the Lockheed Hudson twin-motor bomber, one of the most useful sky bulwarks in the early days.

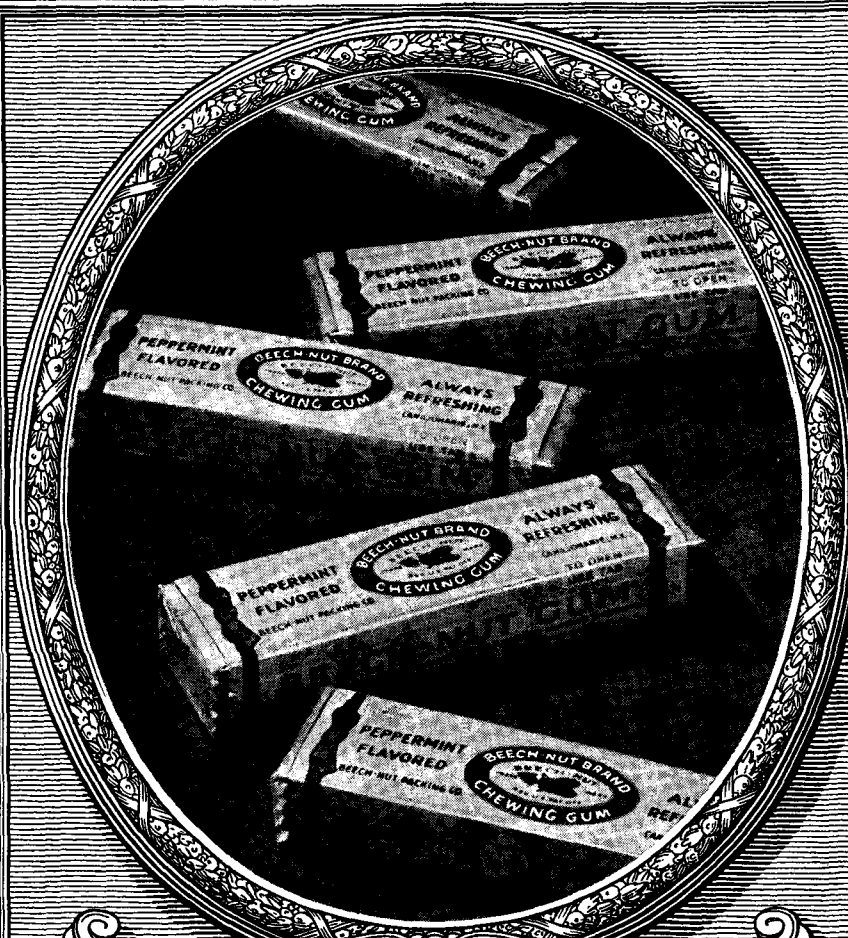
Years of preparation came to a head. In February, 1942, Sir Arthur was made

Air Officer Commander in Chief of Bomber Command. In March, Lubeck became the first of Germany's "missing cities." In April, Rostock left the atlas. In May, Cologne, second largest Reich city in area, began to dissolve under the first thousand-plane attack—1,043 to be exact—in history. Two years to the month from his assumption of leadership, Berlin was having its 2,500-ton nights. More than 150 heavy attacks had been made on Germany, excluding Mosquito raids, and about two hundred thousand tons of bombs had drenched her from the all-British aircraft of Bert Harris' Bomber Command alone.

To appreciate this, to realize what air warfare really amounts to nowadays, remember that "raid" is an obsolete word for heavy bombing. A thousand bombers approximate the combat strength of a land division of 12,000 men. And behind them on the ground are fifty or more men for

ANSWERS FOR THE PRONUNCIATION TEST ON PAGE 32

1. **TRIBUNE**
PROFITIOUS
POSTHUMOUS
BROCHURE
 Accent first syllable, as in GLIB-tune.
 Say pish, not pity, as in go-DISH-us.
 Accent first syllable with short o, rhyme with COST-you-muss.
 Accent last syllable, to rhyme with oh-SURE.
2. **MANIACAL**
BRAVADO
CUIRASS
RABIES
3. KHEDIVE
POTPOURRI
AU GRATIN
PIQUANT
 Accent the ni, man-NIGH-ah-cal.
 Accent the second syllable, as in ap-PLAUD-o.
 Not cue, but kwee, accent the RAS.
 Long a, as in BABY-knees.
4. **GALAPAGOS**
EXTRAORDINARY
VOCABLE
SUCCINCTNESS
5. DISHABILLE
LINGERIE
MAUVE
WORSTED
6. VEHEMENCE
CARNEGIE
IMPASSE
PASSE
7. VISE
PEREMPTORILY
EXCISE
FRANCHISEMENT
 Accent last syllable with long e, as in believe.
 Omit the t, accent last syllable, as in woe-poor-ME.
 Accent the "tan," as in so-ma-CAN.
 PEEK-ant.
 Accent the la, as in saw-PAPA-close.
 Run the tra and or together—ex-TROR-di-nary.
 Long o, to rhyme with WOKE-a-bull.
 Say suck, not sus, suck-SINKT-ness.
 Omit the h, accent last syllable with long e, as in miss-a-DEAL.
 Two syllables, accent final e long, first syllable short, lange-REE.
 Long o, to rhyme with Jove.
 Omit the r, to rhyme with PUSS-dead.
 Accent first syllable, as in SEE-the-hens.
 Accent second syllable, as in are-PLA-guey.
 Two syllables, to rhyme with Jim-PASS.
 Two syllables, to rhyme with Class-A.
 Two syllables, accent the first with long e, rhyme with SEIZE-a.
 Accent the emp.
 Accent last syllable with a z, to rhyme with neck-SIZE.
 Accent first syllable, to rhyme with RANCH-is-ment.
8. **PROVOST**
PROVOST
PROVOST
ARRAIGNMENT
9. ANTI
ALLIED
TRAVERSE
ARCHIPELAGO
10. SEISMIC
TUESDAY
URANUS
ORION
 Accent first syllable, as in OF-dust. (A college official.)
 Accent last syllable, omit the t, go-SLOW. (A military court official.)
 (adj.) Accent first syllable, omit the t, as in NO-go. (Provost guard, court, etc.)
 Omit the g, to rhyme with at-TAINment.
 Short i, to rhyme with PANTY.
 Accent second syllable—al-LIED.
 Accent first syllable, as in HAVE-hearse.
 Ark, not arch, as in darky-SPELL-ago.
 Long i, as in WISE-mick.
 Say tews, not tooz, and di (short), not day, as in MUSED-eh.
 Accent first syllable, YOU're-an-us.
 Accent the "rye," to rhyme with O'Brien.



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each airborne plane. A bomber attack involves maneuvers, tactics, feints, surprises, probings, foxings—something at which Harris excels—just like a ground attack. Moreover, the air division strikes over distances impossible for land divisions.

All Western Europe is Harris' battleground. Each misnamed raid is actually a major engagement. No commanding general in modern history, not even the imaginative and far-roving Napoleon, directed so many major battles as Harris.

Sir Arthur, as commander in chief, has made numerous contributions to the technique and science of heavy bombardment. Two are spectacular. The Pathfinders are of his devising. They are men picked for superb navigational and flying abilities, who go ahead like the cavalry scouts of old to find the enemy, then stay to pin him in brilliant light for the main hitting force. This saves time, reduces the work of the bombers and their chances for error. Second, by intensive study, organization, training and drive, he has cut down the time consumed in attacks.

Cologne had its gifts from one thousand bombers on May 30, 1942, in 90 minutes. Berlin got its 2,500 tons from a like force on February 15, 1944, in 20 minutes. Such "cascade bombing" saves crews by reducing the time they are exposed to the defenders, increases the attack's effectiveness by swamping the anti-aircraft crews and the air-raid protection system.

It takes an effort to realize that this robustly friendly man sitting here with his wife and child holds so much power under his hand. The German radio described Sir Arthur as "tall, sleek, well-groomed, with a clipped mustache. His eyes betray his blood lust and cruelty." True in one respect. He has a mustache, and there are signs that if he didn't clip it frequently, he could use it to tie his hat on. He is of more than average height, but neither overtall nor sleek. He is large and burly. He has flaxen hair, which somehow takes on a pink aura from his scalp, which is now beginning to show through.

There is nothing military in his bearing. Put him in plus fours and you'd never guess his profession. But you could pick him for a leader in any crowd. Determination, forthrightness, decisiveness bubble from him. He likes to read, and one of his favorite authors is Damon Runyon. Harry the Horse and the rest of Mindy's graceless mob fill in many a period of waiting at the other end of the telephone from the Bomber Command. At a navy party once, he learned that, by tradition, all Harrises are "Bert," just as all Clarks are "Nobby" and all Wilsons "Tug." So, he's been "Bert" ever since.

His morning performance, as Lady

Harris describes it, reminds you of Blondie's Dagwood. Less than five minutes elapse from the time he emerges from his room and bolts his breakfast till his car disappears in a lather of dust.

He and Lady Harris occasionally drop into a pub near their home, where the skilled oldsters of a craft ancient in that neighborhood like to gather and hold forth. Men who know their stuff are his favorite people and companions. The villagers reciprocate his respect, but not because of his R.A.F. job. Perhaps some of the gaffers don't even know what that really is.

What they remember is a day when the merry-go-round at the local fair got out of whack. It ran all right. Trouble was it wouldn't stop. Among the riders, the only ones who betrayed no sign of anything out of the ordinary, were a large man and a very small girl with pigtails. They whirled round and round, imperturbable and unsmiling. Finally, it stopped. Then it was as obstinate in starting again as it had been in stopping. Whereupon, the large man took off his coat. The little girl held it. He rolled up his sleeves and went to work. He soon had it going and stopping perfectly. That is how they best know the Air Chief Marshal in the pub

Chip Off the Old Block

Four-year-old Jacqueline is his principal relaxation. He talks and reads to her as to a grownup. She is not precocious, but an uncommonly intelligent, resourceful, attractive and grimly determined young lady. Outwardly and inwardly, she resembles her father, being not merely a distaff chip off the old block, but a wholly integrated fraction, a miniature.

Sir Arthur and his warm, personal American friend, Lieutenant General Ira C. Eaker, Allied Supreme Air Commander in the Mediterranean, plan to fish the Rogue River in Oregon after the war. The Air Chief Marshal says he would like to open a pub there. It would deal exclusively in beer and blueberry pie, you gather.

That is Bomber Harris, the man whose name German mothers use to frighten their children. The Germans will remember him for many generations as the man who lifted the face of the Fatherland, emasculated its militarism, rewrote its national song from *Deutschland Ueber Alles* to *Alles mit Deutschland Ueber ist*.

A great many Americans may have cause to remember him, I think, as the man because of whom, more than any other, their sons and husbands and sweethearts had a better chance of returning home instead of remaining pinned forever in the earth of Europe by a white cross.

THE END

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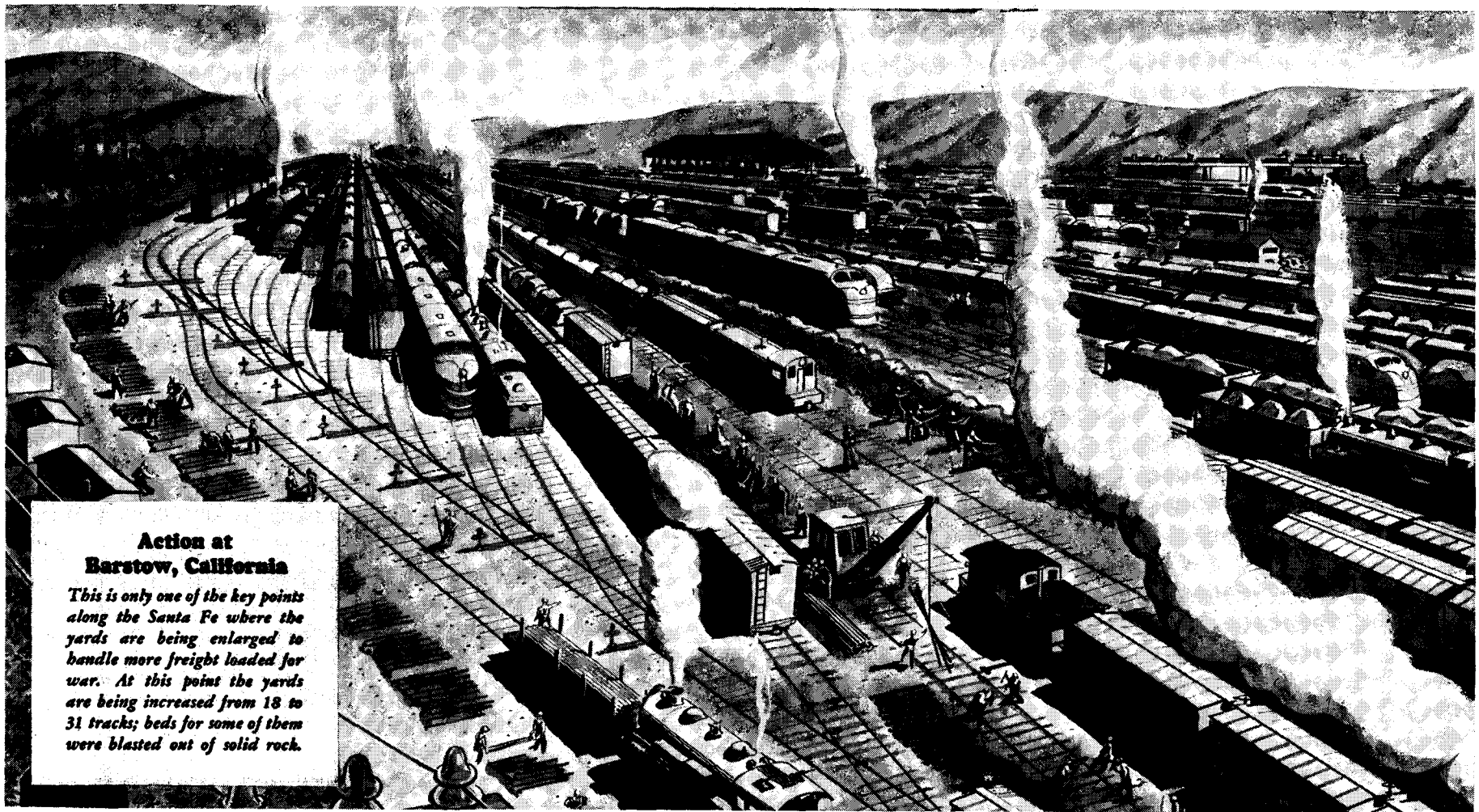
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Action at Barstow, California

This is only one of the key points along the Santa Fe where the yards are being enlarged to handle more freight loaded for war. At this point the yards are being increased from 18 to 31 tracks; beds for some of them were blasted out of solid rock.

Santa Fe is building for the time when "it's all over" in Europe, so we can do our part in helping our military forces throw a bigger load at the enemy in the Pacific.

Santa Fe yards at many important points in California have been enlarged to handle many more trains, and sidings are being lengthened to handle more cars.

Centralized Traffic Control systems are being installed at congested points along the line to speed up

vital shipments and conserve important manpower.

Water towers in the desert have been doubled in capacity to refresh twice as many thirsty locomotives.

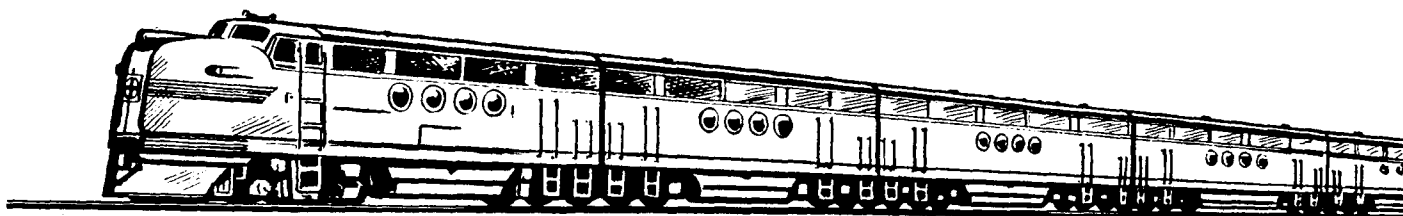
Modern cafeterias and dormitories have been built to feed and house Santa Fe's ever-growing army of workmen.

Literally as well as figuratively—when the time comes—*The Santa Fe Trail* will be the first lap on the Route to Tokyo!

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PEACE AND FUTURE CANNON FODDER



The Tiger: "Curious! I seem to hear a child weeping!"

WILL DYSON, IN THE LONDON DAILY HERALD

How About the Class of 1965?

COLLIER'S reprints herewith, from the London Daily Herald of Saturday, May 17, 1919 (shortly after the first World War), what is surely as poignant and prophetic a cartoon as was ever published. For those who came in late, it should be explained that the four persons depicted in the cartoon as having settled the fate of the class of 1940 were the four chief architects of the "peace" of 1918-39—Georges Clemenceau for France, David Lloyd George for Britain, Vittorio Orlando for Italy, and Woodrow Wilson for the United States.

We are now drawing toward another of these Great Assizes; another series of peace parleys to plot the world's course ahead from World War II. There is no sense that we can see in blinking the bleak possibility that these parleys will have no happier outcome than the previous ones; that they may succeed only in dooming the class of 1965 or thereabout to a third World War. But we can at least try

to figure out what were the big mistakes last time, and try to avoid repeating them this time.

It happens that a very valuable and illuminating book on this subject has just been published. The book is Stephen Bonsal's *Unfinished Business* (Doubleday Doran, N.Y., 1944, 313 pp., \$3). It is the secret diary kept by President Wilson's confidential interpreter during the Versailles conference and afterward, and only now made public by the author for what good it may do.

We think it can do a lot of good if it is read by enough people. *Unfinished Business* could serve as a sort of guidebook to what not to do when trying to engineer a durable peace.

For instance, Clemenceau's mortal hatred for Germany and fear of Germany's long-range designs against France have been shown by World War II to have been founded on facts. The old Tiger succeeded in selling the Allies most of his plans for

crippling Germany forever. Yet those plans failed. Germany in twenty years became the strongest European military power west of Russia—largely because the Allies left Germany's industrial apparatus intact and relied on it to produce money reparations for them.

Hitler proceeded to demonstrate that a nation which is willing to work to build up a war machine can do so on a very slender gold reserve.

Another mistake of the Allies in the previous war was their belief that if the Kaiser and his *Junker* ruling class could be kicked off the German people's necks, the German people would turn peaceable overnight. It just didn't happen, though the Kaiser obligingly skipped out to Holland just before the November 11, 1918, armistice, and never went back to Germany. The German people only looked around for another leader to symbolize their love of war and regimentation, and they found him in Hitler.

The birth of these mistakes is clearly depicted in Colonel Bonsal's on-the-spot, behind-the-scenes diary. So are the beginnings of President Wilson's historic losing fight to sell the League of Nations and the Versailles treaty to the United States Senate. There was a time, according to Colonel Bonsal, when even Senator Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts, spearhead of the opposition, might have compromised with Wilson. But the President's human stubbornness and belief in the righteousness of his cause kept him from applying here and there a few deft dabs of soft soap which might have changed the course of history.

There flits through Colonel Bonsal's pages, too, the quiet and friendly little figure of Baron Makino, Japanese envoy to the Versailles conference. Nobody, apparently, suspected Japan of having any deep designs against any other nation; and Japan had prudently sided with the Allies in World War I. Our fighting men are now trying to take apart the huge imperial structure many of whose foundation stones were unobtrusively laid by Makino at Versailles.

It's a preview of current history, this book of Colonel Bonsal's; and we'd say it is required reading for anybody who hopes the class of 1965 may escape the tragic fate that overtook the class of 1940.

Tax Limit Proposals

FOURTEEN states at this writing have joined in a most interesting movement. The idea is to have Congress call a constitutional convention to amend the Constitution so as to prevent the federal government from taking more than 25 per cent of anybody's earnings by income taxation, except in time of war.

The states whose legislatures have so memorialized Congress are Alabama, Arkansas, Delaware, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Mississippi, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Wisconsin and Wyoming—with the New Jersey and Virginia state senates also on the band wagon. If 32 states all told ask Congress for this tax-ceiling convention, the convention will have to be held.

We hope the convention will be held, and sooner rather than later. The power to tax is the power to destroy. Suppose sometime we should elect a President who just loved to spend the taxpayers' money on wild, impractical and hugely expensive schemes, plus a rubber-stamp Congress which would gaily okay all of this President's proposals. The end of it could be national bankruptcy.

The way to decide the matter is to hold this proposed convention, debate the tax-ceiling proposal from all angles in the democratic manner, and place a limit on the government's possible income-tax take (except in wartime) if the convention determines that such a limit is needed.

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Vegetables Below Sea Level—Near famous desert winter resorts are below-sea-level fruit and vegetable farms. Farmers at varying altitudes keep processing plants humming the year round.

Oranges Save British Babies—From colorful orange groves backed up against snow-capped peaks come millions of gallons of orange juice concentrate, supplying life-saving vitamins to British children. Our troops are fed canned and fresh juice to prevent exhaustion. The peel provides pectin—blood serum alternate used in the treatment of shock.



Parachutes Depend on Vineyards—Dusky grapes in the picturesque vineyards are the only source of tartrates for parachute rayons. Wineries also distill millions of gallons of

alcohol (for smokeless powder and synthetic rubber) from blackstrap molasses, which our Hawaiian cousins ship to us in returning convoy ships.



Growing Rubber Bushes—Great irrigation ditches bringing water from below Boulder Dam now feed the desert guayule bush. Pulled up after two years, it gives 20% of its weight in fine rubber.



Spice for Your Palate—The varied growth conditions allow farmers to grow spice and drug crops (whose imports stopped with the war), tough cotton for parachutes and beet seed for Russia. Brittle walnut shells are made into tough airplane plastics, and charcoal for gas masks.

Plan Your After-Victory Vacation Now—You'll want to get away for a complete change—to feel as free as the wind—once Victory is won. So spend your Victory vacation in Southern California. *Plan* your trip now. Regular purchases of war bonds—earmarked for this purpose—will make your trip a reality. Send coupon below today for special, free, full color folder which tells how much fun a few war bonds will buy.

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stands for *the pause that refreshes*,—has become the high-sign of kindly-minded people the world over.

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In news stories, books and magazines, you read how much our fighting men cherish Coca-Cola whenever they get it. Yes, more than just a delicious and refreshing drink, "Coke" reminds them of happy times at home. Luckily, they find Coca-Cola—bottled on the spot—in over 35 allied and neutral countries 'round the globe.



It's natural for popular names to acquire friendly abbreviations. That's why you hear Coca-Cola called "Coke".

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